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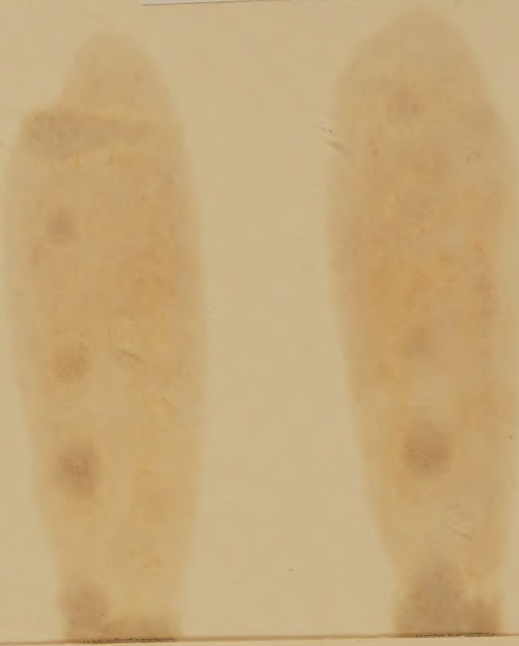

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SCHLEY AND SANTIAGO

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W. S. Schley

Rear Admiral U. S. N.

SCHLEY AND SANTIAGO

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of the* BLOCKADE and FINAL DESTRUCTION *of the* SPANISH FLEET under command of *Admiral* PASQUALE CERVERA, July 3, 1898.

By GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM, together with a PERSONAL NARRATIVE *of the* Fight, by *Rear-Admiral* WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, *U. S. N.*

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author during the Cruise, and during the Battle.

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"Mankind measures a soldier's ability by his successes. As victory is the aim of all strategy and tactics, it is proper that generalship should be judged by the results attained. The immutable principles of war should be carried out whenever it is possible to do so, but when they conflict, the leader must carry out those which offer the greatest advantages."

—Old Book on War Tactics.

TRIBUTE

TO

REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY

BY

Admiral GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

Commander-in-Chief of the entire Naval Force, Victor at Manila Bay, and President of the Naval Court of Inquiry:

"Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape. He was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

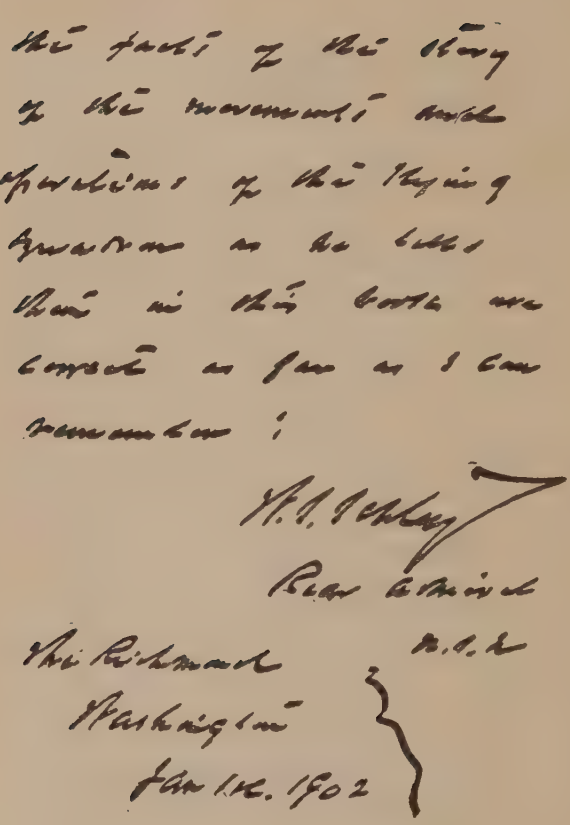
Dedication

To the
Officers and Men
of the
United States Navy -
who under the superior command
of Commodore Winfield Scott Schley
destroyed
the
Spanish Squadron
at
Santiago
July 3rd 1898
this Book is
respectfully dedicated

INTRODUCTION

Mr Graham carried with him in the Brooklyn from the beginning to the end of the campaign against Cornwallis' fleet: having in a position in the van of the fleet, opposite against the enemy's line, and in the same time;

the journal runs and criticisms of the author of the next manuscript



PREFACE

THE publishers present this book to the public as the first accurate, detailed account of the cruise of the Flying Squadron, the blockade of Santiago Harbor, and the destruction of Cervera's fleet, written by an unprejudiced non-combatant. The major portion of the book is written by Mr. George Edward Graham, war correspondent of the Associated Press, who was aboard the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship, during the entire five months of the Spanish-American War, when that vessel was flying the broad pennant of Commodore Schley. It has been thought fit to include in the narrative Commodore Schley's own story of the fight, told by him in detail since its occurrence, and after his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral. The book has the absolute and unqualified endorsement of Rear-Admiral Schley, and is the only volume of its kind so endorsed. Mr. Graham was especially quali-

fied for the writing of this work by reason of the fact that for fifteen years he has been a close and trained observer of great public events. His special duty aboard the Brooklyn was to correctly observe and report the operations of the fleet for the Associated Press, and during the important movements including the battle of July 3d, he was in a better position, and was better qualified, to absolutely correctly observe all of the stirring events than was any other man on any of the vessels. For, naturally, every naval officer engaged in action was particularly busy with the special duties required of him, while Mr. Graham's only duty was to record the events, which he did not only on paper but with the aid of a camera. The majority of the remarkable pictures in this book are from films taken by Mr. Graham, many of them during action, and they are here published as a whole for the first time.

The following letters from Rear-Admiral Schley and Captain Francis A. Cook, of the Brooklyn, are tributes to Mr. Graham which

aid in stamping him as the real historian of the Naval manœuvres off Santiago:

(PERSONAL)

North Atlantic Fleet, Second Squadron, U. S. Flagship Brooklyn, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, July 6, 1898.

MY DEAR GRAHAM: I feel that I should not let this opportunity pass without expressing to you my high regard for your courage and grit on the occasion of the destruction of the Spanish squadron, near Santiago de Cuba, on July 3, 1898.

You had facilities for observing and correctly recording the account of the action possessed by no other correspondent, being at all times in the forefront of the fight, and I should place great confidence in your report.

During the whole of the action, coolly watching the operations and fearlessly exposing yourself to the enemy's fire, you carefully observed the manœuvres of the vessels with a devotion to your duty that was in every way worthy of a Forbes or a McGahan.

Hoping for your continued and unvaried success, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
W. S. SCHLEY,
Commodore U. S. Navy.

George Edward Graham, Esq., Flagship Brooklyn.

U. S. F. S. Brooklyn, First Rate, Guantanamo, Cuba, July 5, 1898.

My Dear Graham: As you may soon leave us, I desire to congratulate you upon your courageous performance of duty during the action with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba, on the 3d inst. You were either under my personal observation or of the officers on deck, all of whom testify to your pluck and good work.

You remained in the open during the entire action, at the best point of vantage to observe the enemy and our fleet, coolly taking notes and thus contributing most valuable and reliable information to history and for instruction of future generations.

Yours was a devotion to duty, under heavy fire, with no other incentive than to serve the best interests of the trust imposed upon you.

With best wishes for your future, and most pleasant impress from an association on board, I am cordially yours,

F. A. COOK,
Captain, U. S. Navy, Commanding.

Mr. George E. Graham.

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SCHLEY AND SANTIAGO

TAKING COMMAND. *I.*

STANDING on the government dock at Newport News a pleasant morning, the 28th of March, 1898, with half-closed eyes one might have imagined, looking over the shimmer of blue water, that it was the days of '60; that just above, in the broad expanse of water lay the American fleet with old-fashioned woodwork, high masts, and masses of rigging. And just below, a uniquely constructed, original ironclad, the Merrimac, getting up steam and preparing itself for battle with this unprotected fleet, about in the same nonchalant manner as would a fox in a barnyard, undisturbed, select his prey. And then, up from the vicinity of Old Point Comfort there comes a little steel "cheese box," the Monitor, its deck so low in the water as to allow the light waves to almost rush over it, but with a single

formidable-looking gun pointing from its steel turret, and the American flag flying proudly from a staff on its after-deck. Those on the Merrimac see it, and in answer to the defiant wave of the red, white, and blue, there goes up the Confederate flag, the success of which means the division of the Union. Expectantly you wait for the terrible sea duel which ended in the defeat of the Merrimac and the salvation of the Federal fleet, but just then you open your eyes as there strides down the dock by you a lithe, active figure that in every motion of the body seems to indicate one born to command. It is Winfield Scott Schley of the United States Navy, carrying in his pocket his newly-dated commission as Commodore, and his orders to take command of the freshly-organized Flying Squadron, which, if war is to be declared between Spain and the United States, will hunt for the enemy's fleets at sea.

This is the same man who eight years before conveyed to his native Sweden the remains of the great Ericsson, the inventor of the first steel vessel, that in this very harbor had saved the Federal shipping to the glory of the Federal flag.

He stepped briskly down the walk, and to one of the young officers near him, he said, "Send word to Captain Cook that I wish to raise my flag very quietly. I don't want any display." In the offing lay the cruiser Brooklyn, the first-class battleship Massachusetts, and the second-class battleship Texas, and a very curious picture they presented. From the beautiful pure white, with buff trimmings, that marks the ships of the American Navy in times of peace, hundreds of men swarming like monkeys at their sides and over their superstructures, paint brushes in hand, were transforming them into sullen, gray monsters, absolutely devoid of beauty, but clothed in this Quaker hue for the purpose of making them less conspicuous to an enemy's gunners.

"That's supposed to be atmosphere they are painting those ships," said the Commodore, with a little laugh, as he waited for the barge to be sent to him. And then, pointing out to the ships, he said, "I'll take two more like those fellows and lick anything Spain can provide."

With him on the pier stood Lieutenant James H. Sears, his flag lieutenant, who was

to be very conspicuous throughout the future events, and whose solid advice and thorough wisdom were invaluable during the campaign. Lieutenant Benjamin W. Wells, flag secretary, was another of the group, and they, together with Lieutenant McCrea, navigator of the Brooklyn, composed the escort from the flagship.

It must be remembered that at this time war had not been declared, although the terrible happening in Havana harbor had made it almost impossible to believe that any other action could be taken by the United States government than that of driving the Spanish from the Western Continent.

Assignments like this of Commodore Schley's had been made daily, in absolute expectation of war, and in the shipyard just above the dock on which he stood that day, thousands of men were engaged in preparing and building ships for the conflict which was bound to ensue. At Havana a board of officers had sat in consultation, and in examination of witnesses to determine as to whether the Maine had been destroyed by Spanish treachery or by American carelessness. On the 25th of

March they had transmitted their report that the Maine had been sunk by an explosion from the outside, although they would not attribute this explosion to any hostile act of the government of Spain.

Everywhere the people were clamoring for war. Fifty million dollars had been voted by Congress for national defense; officers had been hurried to important stations; government officials were scouring the world for ships, ammunition, and coal; and everything indicated war, except the attitude of President William McKinley. Even at the moment that Schley was raising his flag as commander of the Flying Squadron, the President was still hoping for peace and for some amicable settlement of the difficulty, and every effort was being made to induce the Spanish government to withdraw peaceably from the island of Cuba.

This was the situation on this beautiful morning in March, when, at eleven o'clock, eight sturdy oarsmen pulled the Commodore's barge of the Brooklyn alongside of that gallant ship, with Commodore Schley in the stern sheets. As nimbly as a boy of twenty, this man of nearly sixty ran up the companion-way

to the deck, where Captain Francis A. Cook and Lieutenant-Commander Newton E. Mason received him aboard. In a few minutes the usual salute was fired, and up to the top of the masthead went the little blue Commodore's flag, which denoted the Brooklyn as the flagship of the Flying Squadron, and which remained at the masthead unsullied until it was taken down to replace it with the Rear-Admiral's flag in New York harbor six months later.

The squadron at this time consisted only of three ships: the Brooklyn, the Texas, and the Massachusetts; but notification had been sent that the Minneapolis and the Columbia, two fast cruisers, would join the fleet later on.

While the Commodore took possession of his flagship, true to his orders not to have any of the prevailing work stopped, the slapping of paint brushes went on, and by nightfall all three ships were clad in a somber grayness that at any distance, unless with a bright sunshine upon them, made them almost a part of the atmosphere, or at night, of the darkness.

I had been assigned by the Associated Press, which had received permission from Secretary

of the Navy John D. Long, to accompany the Flying Squadron, provided the acquiescence of Commodore Schley was obtained, and that room could be found for my accommodation aboard one of the vessels. The detachment of Navigating-Officer McCrea a few days after Commodore Schley took command, and the fact that there was no chaplain aboard the Brooklyn, fortunately secured a place for me aboard the flagship, and I was made at once a member of the ward room mess, with the requirement, however, that I would stay ashore at one of the hotels until orders were received to put to sea, so as not to excite the attention of the horde of special newspaper men who were applying for permission to go with the squadron.

I recollect with great distinctness my first conversation with the Commodore on the subject of my presence aboard. I presented my credentials, including a personal letter from a dear friend of his in Washington, Colonel Charles A. Boynton, and I must admit, with a great deal of fear and trepidation, because, while for fifteen years I had associated with public men of all classes, I had been given to

understand that the higher officers of the Navy were martinets of the worst kind. Summer sun never dispelled morning fog more quickly than Schley's smile and handshake dispelled that illusion. He questioned me closely about my former newspaper connections, dwelling particularly upon such points as would indicate to him whether I was to be trusted or not with matters not for publication. One of his first remarks to me was, "If you go along with me you will hear a great many more things that you must not write or talk about than you will things that you can make public." I told him that I thought my political training made me understand that thoroughly, and that I was perfectly willing at any time to submit my copy to his censorship.

His next remark to me was, "Can you fight?" I ventured that I hadn't very much experience in that line, and he said, rather severely, but with just a twinkle in his eye that gave me some encouragement, "We don't allow any loafers aboard a man-of-war, and if a lot of the men on this ship are killed during a combat, you'll have to help take their places." Then turning to Lieutenant Sears,

who stood near him, he said, "Sears, if this young man comes aboard put him at work with a six-pounder gun crew. He'll be handy." I saw no particular reason for Sears' smile or Lieutenant Wells' broad grin, for at that time I considered it a very serious matter. But at one thing I was thoroughly delighted, as is every other man who has met this fighter of such magnetic personality. He had impressed me, and yet not suppressed me. He had made me feel that he was a quick, brave, energetic commander, and in the same breath that he had a warm heart, and despite his rank would make himself not only the commander, but the personal, approachable friend of those beneath him.

And so as the days passed by, I, together with every man the Commodore came in contact with during these straining days of waiting, during the exciting hunt for Cervera's fleet, during the terrible hours of bombardment and battle, grew to love him with that love which men ofttimes feel for each other and which develops into lifelong, personal attachment.

And what of this man who sat in his cabin on the Brooklyn, giving decisive and quick

commands on the one hand, and giving pleasant, encouraging words on the other? Was he hunting for a hero's spurs, or seeking to make an original record? No; his record was already made in the annals of the American Navy. When but twenty-two and a midshipman in the Navy, he was called into the cabin of the Niagara in 1860, by Captain McKean, and told that war had been declared between the North and the South. Together with the other officers aboard, Schley was asked by the captain if he would sign the papers to stand by the old flag, and as will be demonstrated later, he signed.

It was this same Schley who, on board the U. S. Owasca, captured the first prize of the Civil War, and later displayed, in a very laughable manner, his ambition to command. Capt. T—— of the Owasca, while a splendid fighter and otherwise good officer, was sadly addicted to drink. The gunboat was lying under Fort Morgan, and each morning T———, who, during the night had accumulated a great deal of liquor-made bravery, would order the gunboat run in to fire a few shots at the Fort. The demonstration was invariably accompanied by

little damage to the forts, but loss of life and a good deal of damage to the gunboat.

Schley overheard the men in the ship complaining of this, and in an instant made up his mind to stop it. While he was thinking it over, Captain T——— came on deck and said, "Lieutenant, make ready to run in."

Quick as a flash came the evidently mutinous reply, "I'll be d—d if I will. It doesn't do any good, and I'm not going to sacrifice life for nothing."

"Afraid, are you?" sneered T———. "Well, we'll go in just the same, and you'll be court-martialed."

"No, you won't go in," answered Schley. Then, quickly, "Orderly, send the surgeon here."

The surgeon came, and the smooth-faced lieutenant said, "I want to know the condition of Captain T———, sir."

A brief examination, and the surgeon said, "He is intoxicated, sir."

"A file of marines!" called Schley. "Lock Captain T——— in his cabin!"

The Owasca was part of a small squadron commanded by Captain James Alden of the

Richmond. The day of this episode the quartermaster of the Richmond reported that a gig from the Owasca flying the captain's pennant was approaching. Supposing it to be the captain of the Owasca, Alden put on his full uniform coat, dressed the side, and the b'swain's mate made ready for his three pipes at the gangway.

When the gig came alongside, Lieutenant Schley sprang up the ladder and boarded the Richmond.

"I expected to see Captain T——— of the Owasca," said Alden, with perceptible sarcasm.

"I am the commander of the Owasca, sir," said Schley.

"Since when?" asked Alden.

"An hour ago, sir," replied Schley.

"Where is Captain T———?"

"Locked up in his cabin, sir, drunk."

"Who locked him up?" said Alden.

"I did. I first put him under arrest, and then shut him up in his cabin. Then I took command of the ship, and here I am to report for orders."

Alden was fond of a joke, and he was at first

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THE BROOKLYN'S JUNIOR OFFICERS.

disposed to laugh at the young officer's summary action, but quietly said:

"Well, the first order I give to you now is to lower that pennant in the gig. Go back to your ship, sir, unlock that cabin door, and restore Captain T——— to duty. Then report to me if the captain's illness still continues, and I will take action. Don't be in too great a hurry to take command of a ship, Mr. Schley."

Through the Civil War, Schley served with a splendid record, but during its continuance found time to return to Annapolis and marry Miss Nanny Franklin, the handsome and attractive daughter of a prosperous merchant there. But even his marriage could not keep him ashore if there were active duties at sea to be performed, and in his desire to make a record for himself in his chosen profession his wife encouraged him.

In cruising service, soon after the Civil War, he subdued 400 riotous Chinamen on one of the Chincha islands; some time later, in order to protect American interests which had become imperiled by an insurrection, he landed a force of marines at LaUnion, San

Salvador, and took possession of the Custom House.

In 1871 he landed a body of marines at Corea and attacked about six times as many natives as he had men, but thrashed them very soundly. In 1876 he went to the West African coast where pirates were menacing American commerce, and caught and punished a great many of them severely.

In 1884 the Navy Department issued a call for officers to volunteer for an expedition to rescue Lieutenant A. W. Greeley, who, while making explorations in the Arctic seas, had become lost. The call had hardly been made public before Schley was in the Department, volunteering his services. He was placed in command of the expedition with three ships: the Thetis, the Bear, and the Alert. He has himself written very graphically the description of this hazardous voyage. One incident in it is worth relating: The morning of one day found the fleet up against an ice pack, reaching almost as far as the eye could see and making a seemingly solid obstruction to the ships. Up in the crow's nest of the Thetis, the place occupied usually by a common sailor,

employed as a lookout, was Captain Schley. The thermometer was many degrees below zero and the wind blowing great gusts, which made it decidedly unpleasant even for the men on deck. His officers begged him to come down, but he remained there, taking a cup of hot coffee occasionally to help keep out the numbing cold.

Experienced Arctic navigators aboard told him that he would not be able to get through the pack; in other words, that they might as well abandon the expedition. But toward afternoon of that day, he called to his deck officer, "There is a rift in the pack, and we are going through." His officers tried to dissuade him from it, saying they would get caught and nipped, but he replied, "Gentlemen, there are times when it is a necessity and a duty to take risks. This is one of those occasions." The ships got through the pack; Greeley and his comrades were found in a dying condition which forty-eight hours more would have ended in death, and were rescued and brought to the United States by this intrepid commander.

In 1890 Schley was detailed to convey the

remains of Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, to his native Sweden; and in the following year he was ordered to Valparaiso, Chili, where civil war was in progress. The United States Minister Eagan had taken such action as had made the residents consider that the Americans were opposed to them and the intense feeling finally culminated in bloodshed, when two sailors of the Baltimore were killed by a mob in the street one night. It was here that Schley demonstrated his extraordinary diplomacy, for, after investigating the matter, he would certainly have been justified in bombarding the town. The men had gone ashore with the full assurance of the Intendata that they would be protected. Schley was surprised at night by the sudden visit of a friendly merchantman captain and several natives, who assured him in an excited way that his men were killed, and that his duty was to bombard the town.

"Not much," answered Schley. "I will think matters over and will investigate," and after sending Lieutenant Sears and his squad of marines ashore to look into the matter and bring the bodies off, he went to bed. In the

meantime, Sears and his marines were taken and locked up. Next morning, after making inquiry himself, Schley paid a visit to the Intendata, an old man, over eighty years of age, who received him with fear and trembling, and asked him to be seated.

"No," said Schley, "this is not a sitting matter. I want my men released at once, and put back on ship."

"You'll have to see the judge," said the Intendata.

"No, I won't," roared Schley, while the old man crept into the corner. "You order those men released, or you'll have trouble. And further than that, you'll pay indemnity for the two men who were killed last night, or I'll blow the tops off your buildings." Then he stalked down to his barge, went aboard his ship, the Baltimore, requested the German man-of-war and the English man-of-war, which were on either side of him, to change their anchorage, and prepared to carry out his word.

But in a very short time the Intendata sent word that the men were on their way to the ship, and that the Chilian government would take care of the indemnity.

MAN AND HERO. *II.*

WITHIN sight of the National Capitol, and in the town that gave to America Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," Winfield Scott Schley was born in 1839. The old Schley farm of "Richfield," an estate of some three hundred acres, lying about four miles north of Frederick City on the Emmitsburg 'pike, was the home of his father and mother, John T. Schley and Virginia Schley, and here were entertained many of the most prominent men and women of the South. A grandson of John Schley—a Bavarian who in the latter part of the eighteenth century came to this country and settled in the then small town of Frederick, Maryland—John Thomas Schley was a prominent figure in that state, and the charms of his wife, who had been Miss Virginia McClure, brought many friends from her native city of Baltimore.

Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of the Schley homestead came doughty old General Winfield Scott, the grizzled veteran hero of the Mexican War, and it was in honor of the friendship which existed between the two men that the baby boy was christened with the name which has now grown so beloved and so famous throughout the country, Winfield Scott Schley.

During his early boyhood, Winfield Scott Schley and his four brothers and sisters lived at the old home, and attended the adjacent school. During this time there were no startling events to recall, no wonderful characteristics that marked the boy as a future moulder of events and a man of deeds. His life ran along as smoothly as does that of any healthy, happy, normal American boy, until, when he was nine years of age, its even tenor was sadly interrupted by the death of his mother. Shortly after, the family moved into Frederick City, and here the youth became a student at St. John's Institute, until three years later, when he secured an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

It was during his course of study at the acad-

emy that Schley met his future wife, Miss Nanny Franklin, the attractive, accomplished daughter of a prosperous merchant of Annapolis, to whom he was married in 1863, three years after he had been graduated.

The first commission given the young midshipman upon his leaving his alma mater, was aboard the U. S. S. Niagara, and on this voyage occurred an incident which I have often heard him recount with glee, as an example of boyish nonsense and mischief.

The Niagara had been ordered to proceed to Japan to convey to their home the members of the Japanese Embassy. It was a long, tedious trip around the Cape, and diversions were few, so, when the ship lay too off the African coast and venders of monkeys, parrots, and all sorts of tropical pets came aboard, they were heartily welcomed. A few members of the embassy were greatly delighted with some particularly uncanny specimens of the *Genus Cercepithcci*, and accordingly several were transferred to the ships. Ordinarily monkeys, and particularly the marmosets, are huge favorites with the sailor, but these were extremely unpopular. Owing to matters

INDIVIDUAL HEROES OF THE FLEET.

1. Yeoman George H. Ellis.
2. Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson. 3. Lieut.-Com. Richard Wainwright.

diplomatic at that period, it was considered advisable to humor and please the Japanese in every possible way, and so Captain McKean and his officers made no open objection, but deep and earnest were the anathemas hurled at the simians in private. Having the entire run of the ship, no object was too remote, no mast too high, no belonging too personal, to escape the ravages of the monkeys. Sailors and junior officers were particularly incensed against them, and one morning, when their misdeeds had been especially flagrant, justice was meted out to them. Choosing a time when none of the embassy or officers were about, Midshipman Schley ordered the sailors to catch and bring to him two of the very largest and most aggressive ringtails, and at the same time called for a bucket of slush from the galley. Carefully and thoroughly each monkey's tail was greased, and then, with a shout, they were released and fled, chattering madly, to the topmost mast, from which they launched out with a leap to the lower studding sail which hung out far over the water, thirty feet from the deck. But the trusted flexile tails failed them, and slipping from cords, clutching and

shrieking, the two monkeys fell into the China sea, while the ship speeded on. Alarmed by the cries of their pets, the members of the embassy hurried on deck, but from that time on the ship was relieved of its pestiferous rangers, the rest of them being safely confined.

In less than a year from the time Schley left the Naval Academy, in fact, while the Niagara was still on her voyage, the heavy war clouds were gathering, but without news until they reached America, those on board were astounded by the announcement of the pilot that Sumter had been fired upon, and all the country was ablaze.

Staunch old Captain McKean ordered all his officers to his cabin for consultation, and, with voice trembling with stress of emotion, and with tears dimming his eyes, asked them to sign a paper that he had drawn up, and which stated that the signers would be true to their flag, and to the country which had nurtured and trained them.

And then occurred a most dramatic incident. Picture the low, rather dark cabin; a gray-haired officer standing in the midst of his men and asking them to decide the most momen-

tous question of their lives. There they stood, Northerner and Southerner, Easterner and Westerner, classmates, shipmates, all trained to defend the flag they had sworn to guard and cherish. Some marched up and signed at once, while others lingered, debating, torn by duty to country or loyalty to a section. Some, with tears, refused to put their names to the document, while others with the fiery Southern blood, strongly averred they too would stand by the Confederacy.

But almost among the first, Winfield Scott Schley stepped to the Captain's side, and looking for a moment up through the hatchway to where the stars and stripes fluttered at the masthead, he said simply but with deep feeling, "I stand by the flag, Captain. I'll sign." And who can say that for one moment Admiral Schley has ever swerved from his loyal love to that flag, which for so many years of his life has been the only emblem of his far-away country?

Admiral Schley's deep reverence for the flag is clearly shown in the following extract from a toast, "The glory that follows the flag," to which he responded at a banquet recently

given in his honor, words which should fill every American with patriotism:

" 'The glory that follows our flag,' is a significant sentence. The flag we all love and protect is the oldest flag in the world to-day. It is one hundred and twenty-three years old. Even the imperial flag of China, the oldest empire in the world, is not as old as ours, for its shape has been recently changed. Great Britain, Russia, France, have all altered theirs. The only change that our flag has undergone has been in the addition of stars to its beautiful galaxy. It is the flag of Washington. Under it we have gained every victory of our Republic, under it we have become rich, under it we have become powerful. It has meant liberty and happiness to whomsoever it has been carried. The honor that comes to those who follow the flag is the applause of the people. There is, perhaps, no place where the love of flag and the love of home is greater than in the Navy. We are much of the time on the outskirts of civilization, far from our friends, but the love of home and the love of kindred keep the fires of patriotism burning in our hearts. In my own experience recently, and from the

days of 1861, I have felt that the greatest honor came to him, however humble he might be, who could add something to the honor of the American name." Those conversant with naval history during the War of the Rebellion know what splendid work the young lieutenant did for the preservation of the flag during those years.

With all his wealth of adventure, and notwithstanding his literary abilities and delightful powers as a raconteur, Admiral Schley has studiously avoided rushing into print. While a brilliant conversationist, with a remark always apt and apropos, the Admiral's sayings are never made with an eye to seeing them heralded the next day or week. Like Admiral Dewey, Schley has kept "golden silence." But once has he ever published any story of an occurrence in his life, and that was an account, most modestly told, of "The Rescue of Greeley," issued in 1886 by Scribners. That bit of history, thrilling and intensely interesting from cover to cover, is yet a mere statement of fact, and the author evidently considered that in writing it, it was far more for the purpose of telling of Greeley's sufferings

and his near approach to death in the Frozen North than an attempt to himself pose before the public as a heroic rescuer.

Aside from his fighting qualities, Admiral Schley has been of great service to the Navy Department in other ways. Few who enter the beautiful harbor of New York bay know that its intricate system of buoying was planned by Admiral Schley in 1893; nor, that in 1892, while assigned to the lighthouse service with headquarters at Staten Island, it was Admiral Schley who first introduced the inductive telephone system for use on the light ships, and thus put these men exiled out in the ocean in touch with the main world.

During the early part of their married life, Admiral and Mrs. Schley had a home in Washington, and though he was away on sea duty the majority of the time, it was here their three children were educated. One son has inherited his father's martial nature, and although he did not enter the Navy, in the Army of the United States, Lieutenant Thomas Franklin Schley, 23d Regt., U. S. Infantry, is winning his laurels. The other son, Dr. Winfield Scott Schley, Jr., is a

surgeon in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and nearly gave up his life for the sake of science during the summer of 1901. His father, who had just been relieved from duty with the South Atlantic squadron and who was returning home, was in England when the news reached him of his son's dangerous condition. Cancelling all engagements, the Admiral sailed on the first steamer for America, and all through the hot weeks of early summer, was day after day by his namesake's bedside, cheering him on to victory in his fight with disease. The third child, a daughter, Virginia, was married in 1890 to Ralph Granville Montague Stuart Wortley, a brother of the Earl of Warcliffe. The Wortleys reside in New York, besides having a charming summer home in Connecticut overlooking the Sound, and with them the Admiral and Mrs. Schley spend a great deal of their leisure time.

Closely following upon the signing of the protocol on August 16, 1898, and shortly after the triumphant return of the fleet to New York, President McKinley honored Admiral Schley by appointing him as the representative of the Navy on the Porto Rico Evacua-

tion Commission, which within sixty days had completed its work.

Some time later, in conversation concerning the battle of July 3, 1898, Admiral Schley said: "Subsequently, in Porto Rico, I talked very frankly with Spanish officers. They said a great deal about their honor. We all admitted it. But one day I told them I thought there were four fundamentally wrong military traditions in Spain. First, the Spanish government thought that Spanish soldiers could fight without being fed; second, that they could be vigilant without getting sleep; third, that they could be loyal when they were not being paid; and fourth, that they were given a language so rich and sonorous and full of synonyms that they talked too d—d much, and did not learn to fight."

Admiral Schley has been criticised by some extreme believers in class distinction as a "hail fellow," and one who poses as a good comrade, with a hearty welcome and handshake to any, no matter how far down the social ladder, so long as his reputation for friendliness is maintained. Such an opinion is too unjust to be denied, as all who know the true, warm-

Captain Francis A. Cook.

hearted, loyal, generous man can witness. It is no footlight cordiality with him, but a warm courtesy that sees good in all, and refuses to believe evil of his most ardent enemies, until the proof is so positive it cannot be gainsayed, when he always has some kindly excuse to make for the offender.

An instance of this friendly thoughtfulness was seen in Annapolis, when the Admiral and Mrs. Schley were called there to attend the funeral of Mrs. Cook, wife of Captain Francis A. Cook, who had commanded the Brooklyn during the Spanish War. Hundreds of friends and admirers strove for a handclasp or a word with the Admiral, and the ovation grew with every moment. On his way to the Naval Academy, an old man, in working clothes and bearing a gardener's tools, passed the Admiral without speaking. Suddenly Schley turned, and overtaking him, said, "Why, John, don't you know me?" It was an old resident of Annapolis, and as he recognized the speaker, the men's hands clasped warmly, and for a few moments they stood amicably chatting, the Admiral inquiring about little personal matters relating to John Hughes that evinced

a retentive memory and a sincerity of purpose that evidently gave much pleasure to the old gardener.

On another page I spoke of Admiral Schley's reticence in writing or speaking of his achievements. Once in conversation he said: "Even one man's part in this many-act drama is too long, too full of changes and complications, too much entangled with the lives and acts of others, too intimately identified with the evolution of his own character and soul, to be seen by himself in its true proportions. He can only plunge into the sea of his recollections and bring up now and then a detached incident or name, perhaps trivial enough, perhaps of a significance unperceived at the time, yet destined eventually to be woven into that vast fabric of realistic fiction known as history. The real sum of his experience, or the memories of it, is embodied in his opinions. Opinions, as we know, are oftentimes variable; or they may be as set as the eternal hills, and yet be erroneous. The imagination sees more than the eye. Lifelong friendships which nothing else could shake are sometimes broken by differences of impression and memory—so

justly sensitive are men of war as to their personal records of bravery and honor.

"When General Zachary Taylor, after the Mexican War, became President," continued Admiral Schley, "he was overwhelmed with applications from veterans who had participated in the battle of Buena Vista. Every one of these old soldiers was able to give a detailed description of some incident in the fight, and would attempt to recall to the general circumstances which he could not in the least remember, but which he was obliged to conclude he had known and perhaps forgotten. At last the old warrior exclaimed, 'Was it a dream? Did I ever fight that battle at all? I thought I was there once, but if all these accounts are straight, my memory has tricked me.' And," added Schley, "that is the way with soldiers and sailors. Each man thinks himself the center of action, with all the rest revolving around him in secondary orbits. The spirit is right and proper enough, and such personal narratives are the raw material of history, but they require careful editing."

Few men, perhaps, have received more tributes of the love, honor, and esteem in which

they are held by the people, than has Admiral Schley. Among his most treasured souvenirs is a handsome gold-mounted, ebony cane, presented to him by the crew of the U. S. S. Baltimore when he was relieved from that command. "You know, sir," said the spokesman chosen by the crew, "that when you were an officer, regulations did not permit us to give you a present; but now that you have given up command of the ship, you are only a gentleman."

In 1898 a magnificent sword costing $4,200 was presented to Admiral Schley at Philadelphia, a gift from that city and other municipalities of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. A few months later, in 1899, at Carnegie Hall, New York, the Admiral was presented with a sword by the Royal Arcanum, of which he is a commander. The sword cost $2,000, and bears on one side of the blade the inscription, "Presented to Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley by the Royal Arcanum of the United States, in Admiration of his Victory over the Spanish at Santiago, July 3d, 1898," while on the reverse of the blade is etched a scene of the battle.

Baltimore has generously honored her son by several rich souvenirs of his gallant achievements. After his return from the Greeley rescuing expedition, Admiral Schley was presented with a magnificent gold chronometer and chain, the latter being in the design of a ship's hawser, with connecting anchors. Again, in the summer of 1899, at the home of General Felix Agnus, Rear-Admiral Schley was presented with a silver tea service from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Schley Testimonial Committee.

At a banquet held in Schley's honor in Baltimore, Tuesday, February 28, 1899, the state of Maryland, through its legislature, presented to the Admiral a superb commemorative medal. Two inches in diameter, the center is a heavy gold plate, bearing an exact reproduction, in colored enamels, of the Maryland coat-of-arms, even the ermine mantle being shown in detail. Separated from the plate by a narrow gold band, is a circle of large diamonds, and encircling the whole a wreath of acorn leaves in green gold, interspersed with the tiny nuts of shining gold. At equidistant points the wreath is crossed and held by narrow ribbon

bands of small diamonds. The medal is held by a twisted ribbon of blue enamel, the edge of which is set with one hundred and forty diamonds, and which bears the inscription, "Maryland honors her son, Winfield Scott Schley." Entwined with the ribbon is an anchor of diamonds, and two crossed swords, their hilts being studded with the gems. The whole is suspended from the base of the United States coat-of-arms, surmounted by an eagle, which is mounted on a blue ribbon, bearing the two golden stars of a rear-admiral. On the reverse side, directly opposite the Maryland coat-of-arms, is the cruiser Brooklyn, in bas-relief of gold.

The official record of Winfield Scott Schley is as follows: Appointed a cadet at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, September 20, 1856; graduated and warranted a midshipman, June 15, 1860; lieutenant, July 16, 1862; lieutenant-commander, July 25, 1866; commander, June 10, 1874; captain, March 31, 1888; commodore, February 6, 1898; rear-admiral, March 3, 1899; retired, October 9, 1901.

PREPARATION. III.

ON THE 29th and 30th of March, the nucleus of the Flying Squadron remained at Newport News, coaling and otherwise preparing for any emergency which might arise. The presence of Commodore Schley aboard did not disturb any of the routine; but on the 31st, under his orders, the squadron moved to a point just off Fortress Monroe, where a better view of the harbor could be obtained in case hostile vessels of any kind should enter. It was also considered a better anchorage for his fleet which, naturally, was to be enlarged. That day, indeed, the fast cruiser Columbia joined the squadron.

There was every indication that the ships would remain there at least until after war had been declared, a thing which did not seem to be probable for some few weeks, and so most of the officers sent for their wives and families, and domiciled them at the nearby hotels.

Despite the fact that this opened up a clear line of social duty and made of Old Point Comfort a sort of naval society rendezvous, the Squadron, under the command of Commodore Schley, became exceedingly active in perfecting arrangements for meeting an enemy.

A systematic method of coaling and provisioning was arranged so that each day's provisions used and each day's coal consumed would be replaced the same day, in the event that if war was declared and a hurried summons was received to proceed to sea, the fleet would be in almost perfect condition.

Nor was this all. Commodore Schley had no sooner taken command than he issued a series of orders for sub-calibre gun practice, promising that as soon as perfect results were obtained by these methods, he would allow the using of large ammunition to test the ability of the gunners at long ranges. So every morning for the weeks that we laid there, there could be heard the popping of these sub-calibre cartridges and the proficiency of the men was shown by the rapid destruction of linen targets placed at ranges varying from 1,000 to 1,500 yards from the vessels. Sub-calibre practice

consists in putting into a disk which fits in the breech of the large guns, a forty-four-calibre rifle cartridge and firing it in the same manner as a large projectile would be fired, but of course with a limitation of range.

There was a distinct rivalry among the ships over this kind of shooting, which was very refreshing and undoubtedly very helpful to the *esprit de corps*. During the afternoons the men were not allowed to rest either, but gun captains and ammunition captains trained their men in the careful handling of the large projectiles, cartridges and explosives. The flagship would suddenly signal also, at various times, not only of the day but of the night, for fire drills, for a torpedo attack, and to clear ship for action, and it was exciting indeed to see the alacrity with which the men accomplished these various manœuvres, one ship vieing with the other in ability to raise quickly the pennant announcing that the order had been thoroughly obeyed.

I have told a trifle in detail of these drills and the activity displayed upon the ships under Commodore Schley to dispel the somewhat erroneous impression that has been given

at times that the waiting period of the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads was a mere social frolic, in which officers and men alike took part. It is true that the officers who were not employed on watch or division duty had shore leave in the evening, but even then I have seen orderlies, in the middle of the festivities, rush into the ball-rooms or drawing-rooms of the hotels, notifying all officers to appear aboard at once, and amid great excitement a few minutes would suffice to find everybody back aboard ship. These calls were made for the special purpose of seeing how quickly ships could be gotten ready for any specific duty.

On April the 2d, the Minneapolis, another fast cruiser, joined us, and with the exception of the Texas we now had a very fast squadron. During the days that we waited there for the declaration of war to be made upon the finishing of the report of the Board of Inquiry in the Maine matter, then sitting at Havana, the extra precautions as detailed, in addition to the regular routine of the ships, were followed out daily, even in wet and stormy weather. Some of the things, of course, which took place during that period might to outsiders

have had a humorous aspect, but to us it was all exceedingly serious work.

I remember a crowd of us were sitting in the hotel at Old Point Comfort one evening, when a messenger rushed in, calling for officers belonging to the Columbia. The officers, amidst great excitement, started for the dock where their launches lay. A rumor at once arose that the Spanish fleet had been sighted off the New England coast, and that the Columbia was to go and find them, and, if possible, intercept them. The absolute ridiculousness of such a situation never quite dawned upon anyone just then, because tearful women and children were bidding husbands and fathers good-bye. But, when the Columbia had steamed down the bay, we who were left behind began to realize that while she might have been needed for some scout work, she would hardly have proceeded alone to destroy the Spanish fleet. It was true that the New Englanders, somewhat alarmed, had discovered numerous "Spanish fleets" hovering in their vicinity, and the Navy Department had sent to them to allay their alarm the unprotected cruiser Columbia. Her principal feat

during that cruise was to stove a hole in her bow and get laid up for repairs.

On April the 5th some little excitement was created by the Brooklyn firing her large eight-inch guns from her forward turret. These guns had been remounted and the trial was made for the purpose of testing the mounts, but the rumor gained credence ashore that the Spanish fleet had passed inside the Capes and was coming up to destroy Fortress Monroe. A similar rumor a few nights later created still greater consternation. There was a dance at the hotel, it being Saturday night, and the Army people from Fortress Monroe and the Navy contingent from the fleet were fraternizing in the big ball-room. Suddenly faces blanched, for as messengers passed about the hall, there was a hurried rush of Naval officers to their small boats and Army officers to the Fort. The women trailed on dismally behind in fear and trepidation. Word had come from the observer at the Capes that three suspicious vessels had passed inside, and they were believed to be Spaniards. On the ships active preparations were at once begun to receive an enemy and the picket boats, launches from the

ships, were ordered to move further down the Narrows so that they might be able to give warning by colored lights if an enemy was sighted. To cap the climax, the electric company deemed it its duty to extinguish all the lights ashore, being afraid that the enemy would otherwise be aided in their bombardment, and the results were that the hotels were filled with weeping, hysterical women, and grave, white-faced men, who expected every instant to hear a shell come pounding through the big corridors.

A trifle later the observer at the Capes notified the operator at the Fort that he had been in error, but confidence had been destroyed, and nothing could induce those in the hotels to resume the festivities that night.

When Commodore Schley, aboard the Brooklyn, was informed by Captain Cook why the ship had gone to quarters, he laughed very heartily and asked if anybody could explain to him where this mythical fleet was supposed to have come from.

The mere statement which I have made in the former part of this chapter that the ships were kept fully supplied with coal and provi-

sions will not impress itself upon the layman's mind as meaning very much unless they know just exactly what the keeping of one ship like the Brooklyn amounts to, taken in conjunction with the fact that there were already four of similar size in this squadron, with the prospect of two or three more being added. From the assistant paymaster of the Brooklyn I obtained the list of purchases necessary in one month to sustain the crew, consisting as the Brooklyn's crew did of 427 men, 20 chief petty officers, and 33 other officers.

In cash alone there is paid to these men $20,000. There is used aboard generally in that month from the general stores 2,000 pounds of soap, 500 pounds of tobacco, 300 yards of flannel, 150 yards of cloth, 100 cap ribbons, an average of 50 suits of underwear, 50 pairs of shoes, 25 pairs of trousers, 25 overshirts, besides whisk brooms, scrub brushes, shoe brushes, tape, pins, needles, cotton thread, knives, scissors, spoons and forks.

And then come the provisions. This crew in one month consumed 6,000 pounds of bread, 35 pounds of yeast, 3,000 pounds of sugar, 300 pints of condensed milk, 900 pounds of coffee,

100 pounds of tea, 1,000 pounds of butter, 200 pounds of lard, 8,000 pounds of fresh beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 1,800 pounds of salt pork, 1,200 pounds of salt beef, 800 pounds of liver, 900 pounds of ham, 480 pounds of bacon, 900 pounds of pork chops, 300 pounds of sausages, 400 pounds of salt mackerel, 500 pigs' feet, 800 pounds of tinned meats, 240 pounds of bologna, 240 pounds of cheese, 800 pounds of rice, 300 pounds of macaroni, 300 gallons of beans, 400 bushels of potatoes, 12 bushels of onions, 20 bushels of turnips, 600 heads of cabbage, 120 quarts of clams, 480 quarts of catsup, 12 pints of flavors, 100 pounds of dried fruit, 300 pounds of salt, 30 pounds of pepper, 24 pounds of curry powder, 300 pounds of pickles, 30 gallons of vinegar, 30 gallons of syrup, and to make one omelette for the immense crew for one morning's breakfast, 1,500 eggs.

The four ships in the squadron, in order to keep up steam, burned, even in their inactivity, about 300 tons of coal a day, and this was replaced each morning so as to keep the bunkers full, in case of a sudden call.

Between April 7th and April 13th, very

little of any moment occurred on the fleet except the redoubling of the efforts to make everything more efficient. About noon on April 13th, there was a general scurrying from shore, as an order was raised at the mastheads of the ships for everybody to report at once aboard. About the same time Admiral Schley went ashore himself and affectionately kissed his wife good-bye, giving a hint to the other officers that they were going to sea.

At 2:50 in the afternoon the first active movement of the squadron was made. A string of parti-colored flags went up to the masthead of the Brooklyn, reading to the initiated, "Squadron will proceed to sea," followed by another one giving the squadron's speed at ten knots. The alacrity with which anchors were pulled up and the squadron headed out was remarkable, except in the case of the Minneapolis, which ship had swung so much to her anchor that she had fouled it, and had to be left by the rest of the squadron, being ordered by the flagship to join us later off Cape Charles.

The squadron moved down Hampton Roads and out to sea in majestic procession, and

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"*The squadron will proceed to sea*"

when nearing the Capes, cleared for action. The men aboard, who knew nothing whatever of the destination of the ships or the meaning of the order, were apparently crazy with delight and the three ships reported themselves ready to fire almost simultaneously.

It was rough weather outside of the Capes, but as dusk approached the fleet anchored about fifteen miles off Cape Charles, while the disappointed sailors who had expected a fight restored the ships to normal condition.

We remained there for the night, the Minneapolis joining us later on, and relays of men under order of Commodore Schley sleeping at the guns, which were kept loaded as if prepared for an attack. The next day the heavy weather continued, but at nine o'clock anchors were raised, and the squadron began evolutions for battle, following the flagship's orders. This was continued with much success until a fierce hail and wind storm compelled a cessation. Anchors were dropped fourteen miles east of Cape Charles and we lay there for another night.

The morning of the 15th the order was raised from the flagship for a gun drill with large

projectiles, and for the first time the ships demonstrated how they would look when actually engaged with an enemy. The piercing crack of the six-pounders and one-pounders, the long, reverberating roll of the thirteen-inch guns of the Massachusetts, the twelve-inch of the Texas, and the eight-inch ones on the Brooklyn, the half naked men working at the guns with a will, the blinding flashes from the mouths of the great steel monsters, and the dense rolls of smoke as the guns were discharged, all made a beautiful naval picture that morning.

In the afternoon, much to the disgust of both officers and men, the squadron ran back to Hampton Roads, and once more anchored off Old Point Comfort to await anxiously the doings of Congress.

Curiously enough, the naval officers' families who had been at the hotels had become firmly convinced that the squadron had departed for good, and had themselves left for their homes, so that our little social recreation which had somewhat broken the monotony was not continued.

From April 15th to April 25th, the fleet lay

at Hampton Roads in a state of distressing inactivity, so far as the movement of the ships was concerned. The routine went on, but the men were so perfect in discipline and drill and the handling of the great turrets and the big guns, that it had become merely a matter of keeping themselves in practice. On the 19th we received word that war had been declared, and between that time and the 25th this increased our impatience very perceptibly. Commodore Schley firmly believed that he should take a position off the south coast of Cuba or the north coast of Porto Rico to intercept, if possible, any movement of Admiral Cervera's Spanish squadron, which was then announced as being assembled at the Verde Islands. It is a fact to be noted here that had his advice been taken and the Flying Squadron sent to the south coast of Cuba the probabilities are that he would have intercepted Cervera off that coast, or in the event of Cervera refusing to accept the challenge and choosing Porto Rico, that the Spanish would have fallen into the clutches of Admiral Sampson.

I have walked up and down with Commodore Schley along the quarter-deck, on several occa-

sions, as he talked in an impatient, and almost nervous way of the things that he might accomplish if he were allowed to go to sea with his present fleet. The Minneapolis had been detached from the squadron and had gone scouting, but had been replaced by the newly purchased New Orleans with her beautiful long calibre guns, and the converted yacht Scorpion, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Marix, who was navigating officer of the Maine and judge advocate of the board which investigated the explosion.

The most exciting episode of our stay at Hampton Roads was the narrow escape from great damage of the Brooklyn on the morning of the 25th of April. A heavy nor'wester, which had been blowing for two days, resolved itself on the morning of the 25th into a furious gale, so bad indeed that communication with the shore was entirely cut off, it being impossible to send either a launch or a heavy whaleboat across what appeared to be a ridiculously small strip of water, but which was now whipped up into monstrous seas.

The Brooklyn's anchorage was furthest down the bay and about 700 yards from the Massa-

chusetts, which lay in very close to the rip-raps, an old island fortification there. The Texas was about 500 yards astern of the Massachusetts, and the New Orleans very close to her, so that with a vessel of heavy draught it was almost impossible to go up the channel. Suddenly the anchor which held the Brooklyn failed to stay her, and with the wind blowing against her exceedingly high superstructure with such force that it was unsafe to stand in an exposed position, she began to drift, slowly at first but increasing her momentum every second. The officer of the deck noticed her change of position, and saw at once that she was dragging her anchor. Captain Cook summoned, came on deck, and ordered the second anchor dropped. Down it went over the bow, and for a minute or two it held. Suddenly it too gave, and faster than ever the Brooklyn began to drive down toward the Massachusetts. To go ahead against the two anchors was impossible without fouling ourselves, or without swinging around so as to strike the Texas. Faster and faster she drifted down upon the Massachusetts, as straight almost as though she had been intending to

impale herself on the heavy warship's ram. Commodore Schley had come from his cabin, and he and Captain Cook stood on the starboard eight-inch turret, coolly gazing over the side. Personally I was simply dancing with excitement, as were a great many officers and men near me. "Are they going to let her collide with the Massachusetts? Why do they not do something?" As fast as if steam propelled, she was covering the narrow line of blue water between her and the Massachusetts. The battleship could not move. If she backed away she would run ashore. And so they waited, Schley and Cook standing on the starboard turret of the Brooklyn, and Higginson standing on his forward thirteen-inch turret watching for the collision which seemed inevitable.

Now we were down on top of her and from the high superstructure of the Brooklyn we could look into the eyes of the men of the Massachusetts. Lieutenant-Commander Mason had ordered the collision call; the watertight compartments had been closed; the collision mats prepared, and in an instant we all expected that the Brooklyn would be put out of commission for the rest of the war. We

were within fifteen feet of the terrible steel ram of the Massachusetts, when Schley said something quietly to Cook, and Cook roared through the megaphone to the waiting officer on the bridge, "Full speed astern with your starboard engine." In an instant we could hear the whirl of the propeller, and in another instant we could see the Brooklyn turn from the ram; then, in a silence broken only by the whirr of the propeller, we saw her slide away from the Massachusetts' steel beak and simply touch her armor belt against the heavy steel sides of the big warship. There was a crashing and smashing of metal as our overhanging eight-inch turret scraped away the catamaran, one of the heavy whale-boats, and four of the big steel davits of the Massachusetts, and then, as we slid gracefully away from her with only that damage done and the ship saved, there rose a roar of approval from both the men of the Brooklyn and those of the Massachusetts. Quick wit and coolness had prevented a great national calamity, for calamity it would have been had the Brooklyn been disabled for the remainder of the war, as she would have had she struck the Massachusetts' ram.

OFF TO SEA. IV.

ON MAY the 13th after having previously had word of the magnificent victory of Admiral Dewey at Manila, the Flying Squadron received orders to proceed to sea. It was about 1:30 in the afternoon when the orders reached us and at four o'clock, with hardly a flurry and as if a common duty were being performed, anchors had been raised and cleared, and the fleet moved down Hampton Roads and out to sea, a majestic procession of beautiful, formidable ships, whose future no one ashore who watched them move out or no one aboard them could determine. The New Orleans, which was detached from the squadron, was ordered to stay behind for the purpose of guarding the harbor, and the ships which followed the flag on the Brooklyn that day were the Texas, the Massachusetts, the Scorpion, the collier Merrimac destined after-

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"*They will never go home*"

ward to become famous, and one other smaller collier.

Never were ships of any navy in the world better prepared for active warfare, both as to their machinery, guns, ammunition, and *esprit de corps* than were these. The great guns in the turrets were loaded and ready for action in case an enemy was suddenly sighted. The ships had been stripped of all their beautiful furniture, handsome woodwork, and everything ornamental or decorative that could possibly be spared, the only exception being the junior officers' piano, which they had managed to keep aboard. This piano, combined with the mandolin and guitar club formed by the ward room waiter boys, were our only sources of musical pleasure during the cruise, for we had no band aboard.

But though we had lost our handsome furniture and all the decorative features that go to make a ship like the Brooklyn somewhat habitable, we had not forgotten our mascots. The marines had a pretty little fox terrier, which they claimed as their special good luck indicator, but naturally the marines' pet was not a particular favorite with the seamen. The

sailors had "Old Billy," a very intelligent and deserving goat, who never failed to take advantage of an enemy when his back was turned or to revenge himself in quiet by chewing up some annoying sailor's hammock. He was a much petted, though sometimes abused, goat. He wore a beautiful silver collar adorned with inscriptions of the many fracases he had been in and containing also a record of his cruises. He wore a coat when on inspection, of such varied colors as would undoubtedly have put Joseph's coat of many colors to shame, and he had full swing of the ship, going where any enlisted man could go if he so pleased. It may be said at this point that the success of the Brooklyn during the campaign was in some great measure due undoubtedly to Billy's presence aboard.

The orders under which we sailed from Hampton Roads were sealed ones. They were not opened until after we had rounded the cape and reached the open sea. It was then found that we were to proceed south to a point off the harbor of Charleston, where we would be communicated with by the Department for future instructions

As night came on, the fleet under orders made every preparation for meeting an enemy. Lights were doused, or in case of absolute necessity, were masked, as soon as darkness came, and even the guide light in the stern of each ship, used to keep her fellow behind from running up on her, was enclosed so it could only be seen by a ship directly astern. And with the guns loaded, the ships partially cleared for action, only the side ropes being up, and with the gun crews asleep at the breech of their guns, the fleet proceeded southward.

Eighty miles east and twenty miles south of Hatteras we had our first excitement. Just at dusk a steamer was sighted, and when, following a call to quarters and preparation for a fight, it was found she was a merchantman, the Scorpion was sent to intercept her. She proved to be the British steamer Elsie, bound to Norfolk with fertilizing rock, and the men sniffed contemptuously when they heard that she was not a prize.

The following morning, Sunday, May 15th, we stopped off Charleston harbor and prepared to send the Scorpion in for dispatches, but just as we were going aboard of her, hoping to

have a nice little excursion up to the city, the lighthouse signaled that she had the dispatches for us and would send them off by boat. The orders were obtained and found to be directions for us to proceed to Key West, where the Navy Department would further communicate with us. Monday, the 16th, was passed at sea with only one eventful incident happening, but one which went to demonstrate the perfect discipline aboard even when terrible danger threatened, and elucidate at the same time the fact that grave danger lurks at all times on a battleship and that the greatest precaution has to be momentarily exercised.

It was about eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th, when only the watch on deck were active and when others in the ship were wrapped in slumber, that the bells began to clang violently. These bells are used for emergency calls, such as fire, collision or battle. Jumping from our berths in a half dazed condition, as we waked suddenly from sound sleep, we grasped our revolvers and cartridge belts, and sticking our feet in our slippers, without waiting to don clothes rushed up on deck. Everything was intense blackness, for

the lights had not been turned on, no orders to that effect having been given. I had been told that I could go to the bridge in such an emergency, and immediately made my way to it. Commodore Schley, Captain Cook and Lieutenant-Commander Mason were there. None of them had given the alarm, and the officer of the deck said that he had not sent in the alarm, either for a torpedo boat, or the enemy's fleet. "Then one of the magazines must be overheated," said Mr. Mason, in as orderly a tone as though he were saying that breakfast would be served the next morning. And off he rushed to look after the thing, while we stood on that bridge for four or five minutes, clad only in our pajamas, slippers and war accoutrements, trying to pierce the tense blackness, and expecting to feel the bottom of the ship go out.

In a short time Mr. Mason reported to Captain Cook that a magazine next to a coal bunker had become overheated because of the fact that the coal in the bunker was on fire, and that the automatic alarm had gone off. "Have you flooded the magazine?" asked Captain Cook. "No, I have not," replied Mason.

"The men are taking the ammunition out so as to save it, and I have turned steam on in the bunker to extinguish the fire."

And then I went below and saw a lot of sailors, working under a single electric light, removing from a hot magazine which might possibly have exploded at any moment, masses of ammunition that were already warm to the touch.

We steamed quietly into the harbor at Key West, and dropped our anchors at midnight. And the next morning when the hundreds of newspaper men, hungry for information, looked from their hotel windows towards the bay, they saw the tall stacks and high military masts of the Brooklyn, and knew that the Flying Squadron and its commander had arrived.

At ten o'clock that morning Commodore Schley transferred his flag to the Scorpion and went up to Key West where he reported to Commodore Remy for further orders from the Department. Captain Sampson, who had been ordered to raise his flag as a Rear-Admiral on the New York and who was in charge of the North Atlantic squadron, being absent on the Porto Rico expedition which proved so

abortive, there was a hearty greeting between the two Commodores while a fringe of newspaper men hovered around seeking for information which, even if they got, they found it pretty hard work to transmit to the United States.

Telegraphic communications ensued between the Navy Department and Commodores Remy and Schley, and finally the latter was ordered to take his squadron and relieve the "mosquito fleet" before Havana. He returned to the Brooklyn, issued his orders to go to sea, and was making active preparations when the New York was sighted coming in beyond Dry Tortugas. Sampson had left his fleet, the war vessels of which were ruining their engines in dragging heavy monitors, and made a hurried run in to Key West in order to meet with and consult Schley. A long conference ensued on board the New York, and when Commodore Schley returned to his flagship he stated with a show of much gratification and much to our own pleasure, that we were going around the south side of Cuba to, if possible, find the Spanish fleet. He said that he and Admiral Sampson had discussed the possibility of a

haven of refuge for the Spanish fleet on the southern coast and that they had both come to the conclusion that the harbor of Cienfuegos was the only practical place for him to go to, for it was the only southern port that had direct railroad communication with Havana, and it was highly probable that the fleet brought with them, according to our best information, arms and ammunition for the defense of Havana.

Captain Cook was present while Schley told this, as was also Lieutenant Sears, and he furthermore dwelt upon the point that Admiral Sampson had called his attention to the fact that he, Sampson, had confidential instructions from the secretary of the navy not to expose the ships to the fire of shore batteries until the calibre and the number of their guns were absolutely and definitely determined.

The Commodore made particular allusion to the pleasantness of his conversation with Admiral Sampson and the fact that they had entirely agreed upon all subjects. He spoke to me particularly about this as a newspaper man, because there had been frequent rumors some of them printed in the press of the coun

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"*The Brooklyn took coal from the Merrimac*"

try, that because of the promotion of Captain Sampson over the heads of Schley and several other ranking officers there would be a friction which could not be overcome. He told me in confidence that night that he had told Admiral Sampson that he would give him his very heartiest and sincerest support, and he ended by saying in relation to the statements in the newspapers, "It is all absolutely ridiculous. We are all engaged in the same object, and we will all work together with a will."

When the news spread around the ships that night that we were to go to sea early the next morning and try and find the elusive fleet of Cervera, of which the government had no knowledge since its departure from the Verde Islands, there was great jubilation. I know in the ward room of the Brooklyn we celebrated in a mild, liquid way, and swore as to what we would do when we caught the Spanish fleet at sea. Later in the evening Commodore Schley discussed with Captain Cook, in whom he grealty confided and whose judgment he accepted in many ways, his plans for the campaign. He was to take with him the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Massachusetts, the Scor-

pion, and the two colliers, and one feature of his plan is worth explanation because he has been criticised for consuming too much time in proceeding from Key West to Cienfuegos.

It was perfectly agreed in the cabin of the Brooklyn that night that the rendezvous should be Cienfuegos, and this was signaled to the remainder of the fleet. It was also agreed that the fleet should take a long detour to the south to reach Cienfuegos, so as to keep out of sight of the land that no indications of the destination of the fleet might be given to the hostile Spaniards in Cuba.

The fleet as made up was hardly supposed to be capable of demolishing a Spanish squadron consisting of four battleships and two torpedo boats, although Commodore Schley never for a moment believed otherwise than that if he met them he could give them a pretty warm fight. It was agreed between Schley and Sampson that the Iowa, the Marblehead, and the Nashville would join us after they had repaired and coaled, a matter perhaps of twelve or twenty-four hours, and as there was no indication that the Spanish fleet was anywhere in the vicinity, it was easily probable

that the entire fleet would rendezvous at Cienfuegos before the Spanish fleet arrived off the south coast.

Thursday morning at eight o'clock, before the newspaper tugs had quite waked up, the Flying Squadron steamed out of the harbor of Key West toward the western end of Cuba on the hunt for Cervera's fleet. One solitary little tug boat, in aggressive red, and with the New York Journal flag flying from her flag-staff, began an heroic chase after us, and for four or five hours afforded us a great deal of amusement in her endeavors to make an eight-knot-an-hour boat keep up with a twelve-knot squadron. She struggled away at it heroically, however, until past noon, when she saw the hopelessness of her task, and when she was just about hull down we saw her turn around and make back toward Key West.

At 9:30 in the morning we had passed the Marblehead, in command of Commander McCalla, together with the converted yacht Eagle. They had been on the Cienfuegos blockade for several days, and Commander McCalla raised a signal as he approached us asking permission to proceed. The Commo-

dore signaled to the Scorpion to go over and see if they had any messages, and the Eagle approached to communicate with her. After a brief megaphone conversation, the Scorpion returned and repeated it by megaphone to us. Her officers said that Commander McCalla reported that he had broken the blockade at Cienfuegos; that the Nashville, Cincinnati, and Vesuvius were somewhere behind him, and that there was no news of the Spanish fleet.

And here is where one of the serious blunders of the war was made. If McCalla had stopped long enough to have had direct communication with Commodore Schley, he would have undoubtedly delivered the message he should have delivered, detailing the fact that there was a code of communication established with the Cubans of Cienfuegos, whereby information as to what was transpiring in the city and harbor could be immediately obtained.

We proceeded that night in battle order, and the morning of the 20th found us some way on our journey. Early that morning we had a peculiar accident which came very nearly being an extremely serious one for the Brooklyn, had it not been for the coolness of

the after eight-inch turret crew and of Lieutenant William E. Rush, who was in command of it. The after turret is turned by electricity, and the guns are also fired by the same force. The feed wire runs up in that part of the arc of the circle through which the turret does not turn. The turret was turned around too far and cut the wires, and in an instant, the wires, emitting a shower of sparks, were down on the floor of the turret amidst the great eight-inch powder bags. It was an intensely exciting and interesting moment; but Lieutenant Rush, seeing instantly the awful gravity of the situation, called to the men in as cool a voice as if he were ordering them to clean a gun, "Boys, pick those wires up." The men immediately obeyed the order, and picked up the four or five wires leading from the feed cable, holding them until the electrician came and patched them up.

CLEAR FOR ACTION. V.

"SMOKE, sir, on the horizon."

"Where away?"

"Two points on the starboard bow."

It was the lookout in the upper top of the big United States cruiser, calling to the officer on the bridge. Lieutenant Doyle, watch officer of the day, snapped out the tubes of the long telescope and swept the horizon.

"Three columns of smoke, by hookey!" he exclaimed, as he excitedly jammed the brass tubes together again, and turning quickly to one of the two messengers, said sharply, "Messenger, report to Mr. Mason and Captain Cook that two or more steamers' smoke can be seen."

Before the messenger jumps down from the high bridge of the Brooklyn, the ship astern has sent up a fluttering signal, "Suspicious smoke to the south," and while Mr. Doyle is

calling to the signal officer of the bridge to answer it, Captain Cook and Lieutenant-Commander Mason have come there accompanied by a tall, slender man, full of nervous energy, and who wears a simple white linen suit, bearing no insignia of rank.

All three of them use their binoculars, but as yet only the clearly-defined columns of smoke are visible.

"There are four columns now, sir," said Lieutenant Doyle, and the slender man, with the iron-gray hair and moustaches, and the little grizzled Parisian imperial which his fingers nervously stroked as he intently gazed at the wavering clouds of smoke, suddenly replied, "Yes, and there's a mast, McConnell. What do you make of it?"

McConnell, the reliable boatswain, held the big sea-glass in a steady hand, and looked long, earnestly; still once again he studied the suspects before replying with a note, almost of triumph, in his voice, "A warship, sir, by her rig."

Still, but for the little, tense, excited group on the bridge, all was as usual. The big screws were thumping the water with monotonous and

slow regularity. The men on the forward deck were lounging about, playing cribbage, sewing, or rummaging through their diddy boxes, and a very few had arisen and were taking some interest in the smoke clouds, which had now become visible to the naked eye. In the ward room the officers off duty were smoking and chatting, while from the junior officers' mess came the banging chords of a piano, and the lusty voices of the "youngsters" trolling out capstan-turning roundelays, interrupted now and then by a shout of laughter.

Still like four statues on the bridge stood the four officers, glasses to eyes, while the long telescope of the quartermaster was pointed at the gray smoke curling along the horizon.

"Keep her toward them," said the Commodore, for the gray-haired man was Schley, to Captain Cook, and the wheel went to port a few turns.

"It's a warship, sir," interrupted McConnell, "but I can't make out her colors."

"Go to quarters," directed the Commodore to Captain Cook, and then picking up the megaphone, he called, "After bridge, there! Signal the fleet general quarters."

"Call the musicians," said Mr. Mason sharply, to the messenger, and the musicians came. Still the big floating arsenal and its hundreds of inmates were quiet, still the officers in the ward room chatted and smoked, while others had gone to their cabins for a nap, for this idle floating and watching for an enemy's fleet under the burning sun of a tropical sky was conducive to inertia. Inertia, yes, while all was at peace, but a moment later witnessed a transformation that spoke volumes for the training and make-up of Uncle Sam's fighting men.

"Sound the call to general quarters," commanded Mr. Mason, and through the ship and out over the blue waters rolled a nerve-thrilling diapason of the drums, punctured and accentuated by the trumpet's shrill treble.

And as though vivified by an electric shock, the immense ship woke to life and action, and seemed to thrill with vitality and force. From the quarters poured forth men, dressing themselves as they came, never stopping for shoes or stockings; jackies wearing but loose trousers and no shirt; officers in old, comfortable linen coats and trousers, or in one or two

instances, gorgeously-colored pajamas in which they had tumbled from their berths at the first sound of alarm, and buckling on their side arms as they ran to their posts.

And so, like the rats following the whistle of the Pied Piper of Hamlin, the men came scurrying from every direction, while the siren shrieked forth its weird steam blast, the big gongs clanged, and the drums rolled, and, before the echo of the clamor had died away, every part of the ship, from the depths of the hold to the top of the high military mast, was filled with active, bustling men, each in his appointed place, and each filling his special duty.

Then again the megaphone was lifted, and over the decks came the strident command of Lieutenant-Commander Mason, ringing full of strength and energy, "Clear ship for action!"

There was nothing of the braggart in Schley's tone when, noticing me sitting on a board reaching from rail to rail of the bridge, he crossed over, and placing his hand on my shoulders, said, while his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, "We've got them now, my boy, and we'll lick them."

It was said with that quiet, extraordinary confidence in the ability of anything American to be unconquerable, which has always so strongly marked the Admiral's conception and appreciation of the American sailors' qualities.

But I hardly heeded him, for I was keenly interested in watching the transformation going on below, the while my heart beating furiously somewhere up under the roof of my mouth, so that I had to swallow once in awhile to keep it in its right place. Along the decks, and wherever my eye could reach a kaleidoscopic change was going on, more wonderful and more rapid than ever magician's wand had accomplished in my boyhood books.

When Mr. Mason had called "Clear ship for action," everything human of that crew of 500 men had begun to move swiftly. Imagine a village of 500 souls being suddenly startled and turned out by a quick call that an enemy was approaching and that some defense must be made. Picture the dire confusion that would result. But here, in a little less than five minutes of what seemed to be wildest chaos, the whirl stopped as suddenly as it had begun,

and Mr. Rush, in command of the second division, including the after eight-inch turret and the port eight-inch turret, reported, "All ready, second division, sir," and following him in quick succession came the report of each division officer.

The great ironclad was ready to fight, and the bugler blew "Silence!" while the men, at a fearful tension, the most difficult, nerve-testing period of the whole situation, awaited orders.

From the funnels of each ship in the fleet were pouring forth great masses of black smoke; the engines were humming faster, and you began to tingle with a desire to be part of this monster of war and its activity.

And what was done during the five elapsed minutes by this quiet throng of human beings? A tremendous engine of war had been put in shape to hurl death and destruction in a manner marvelous in its immensity.

At the note of warning 500 men had, in perfect order, taken their various stations and began the work of "clearing ship for action." They had closed over 200 water-tight doors, thus making compartments that would keep

the ship afloat even though some of them might be injured. They had coupled all the hose to fire plugs; covered the small boats with wet canvas to keep them from flying splinters if hit; put up protection-nets of rope about the pilot-house, gun sponsons, and other exposed places; taken down davits, hand-rails, and anchor hoists, and laid them on the deck so as to give the guns a clear sweep; removed everything movable or destructible from the deck; battened down all hatches with steel covers; lowered all interfering ventilating pipes; dropped overboard small boats, gangways, paint buckets, and other deck furniture; filled all division tubs with fresh water; lashed the anchors more securely, and furnished all the extra mechanical devices necessary for the service of the guns.

Down in the heart of the vessel the engineers had coupled the four big engines and turned steam on in the seventy-five auxiliary engines. All of the big boilers had been fired up, and the stokers were pouring in coal upon flames that already burned the clothes and skin, so hot were they. The dynamos had been put in service to work battle-circuits; the turret-turn-

ing engines tried; the ammunition hoist engines and steering engines, fire-pumps and ventilating and force-draught blowers made ready. Two thirds of the engineer corps had remained in the main engine and fire rooms, while the remaining one third were distributed at the auxiliary engines.

Magazines had been opened, and preparation made for ammunition shipment to each of the forty guns by the hoists and cars arranged for fast delivery. In the fighting tops of the military mast, men had hoisted up ammunition for the one-pounders and were standing ready by their guns. On the bridges the signal men, range-finders, and searchlight men were grouped, already at work. In the pilot-house or conning tower were men at the wheel, with others at the speaking tubes and similar devices which control the ship by signal.

In the sick-bay the surgeons had arranged their cases of glittering instruments, rolls of lint, splints, bandages, and antiseptics; had covered the tables with rubber, and everywhere were grewsome suggestions of possible disaster to some and death for many.

In the torpedo rooms gratings had been

removed, and pneumatic pressure turned on for the purpose of charging the air flasks; the heavy torpedoes rolled in and the tubes prepared.

And lastly, the American flag, Old Glory, that had floated from the flag-staff at the stern of the ship, came down with the staff, while two Stars and Stripes took its place at the truck of each of the military masts, the breeze blowing through their folds which waved defiance to an enemy.

From each ship down the line, from old Massachusetts just astern of us, the Texas further along, and the Scorpion in the rear, came the signal, "All ready for action," and Schley's hand came down on his thigh in self-congratulation as he thought of the readiness which this small squadron showed to meet an enemy believed to be superior.

"Silence!" blew the bugle, and there was a death-like stillness.

"Load!" came another signal, and there was a second's bustle as the charges were rammed home in the big guns.

Then "Silence!" again came the order, and the guns were ready for use at the word "Fire!"

"Can you make out her colors, McConnell?" asked Commodore Schley, in a low tone.

Again the long glass was raised for a searching study of the bit of bunting waving in the distance, and Lieutenant Hodgson, the Brooklyn's navigating officer, who had come on the bridge, also took a look.

"Looks to me like the American flag," said Hodgson, with a grin, as he handed over the glass to McConnell.

A look of disappointment spread over the countenances of the officers, and, as I gazed down at the eager, alert faces and tense positions of the men below, I realized the bitter blow a vanishing foe would prove to them.

Slowly the superstructure and the hulls of the approaching vessels rose above the horizon, and then the faithful McConnell lowered his glass, and with regret the echo of every word announced, "The Cincinnati and the Vesuvius, sir. It's the American flag."

"Make fast, Cook," said Schley dolefully, and at Flag-Lieutenant Sears' orders, the signal men notified the squadron, while up from the decks below came a long sigh of

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"*It was novel to coal two ships*"

regret not altogether unmixed with sarcastic reference to the approaching war vessels.

One thing, however, had been proved. The fleet was ready and anxious to meet the enemy, and that meant victory.

My heart got back to its normal place while the two warships approached, and officers and men returned sulkily to their duty, restoring the ship to its normal condition.

When Captain Chester of the Cincinnati finally steamed alongside of us, he told us how he too was preparing to fight us, at which the men laughed grimly.

"Have you seen the Spanish fleet?" called Commodore Schley.

"No," answered Chester. "I don't think you ought to meet them with that small squadron."

"Small be d—d," replied Schley. "We'll lick them when we do meet them. If you see them," he added jocularly, "tell them we're looking for them and we'll give them a warm welcome," and the sailors on deck roared a cordial approval.

Captain Chester asked permission to come aboard, and the squadron stopped for a short

time while he visited with the Commodore. He was quite interesting in his conversation, telling how they had practically turned night into day in blockading along the coast so as to intercept any vessels which might bring provisions or arms into Cuba.

I remember his giving a very curious description of our Cuban allies. He said that they seemed to have no particular use for the Americans unless clothes, food, or ammunition were forthcoming. So far they had been of no great assistance in either obtaining information ashore or in acting in an aggressive manner toward the Spaniards. Captain Chester was certainly not favorably impressed with them to any degree.

The captain of the Cincinnati was very desirous of going with the Flying Squadron, but he admitted that he would have to coal within twenty-four or forty-eight hours at the very outside. He said that if Commodore Schley would allow him to take the collier which was coming down to us up under Cape San Antonio, he could coal there and that would save him going back to Key West. Commodore Schley responded that he did not

care to delay the fleet that long, and that in addition he did not have any orders or any authority to detach the Cincinnati from the duties she was then performing and attach it to the Flying Squadron. Captain Chester was very much disappointed, saying that his work off Cape San Antonio was very tedious, and that he had no news of any character except what he happened to pick up from passing vessels, which were not very numerous.

Commodore Schley called his attention to the fact that we had lost one of our colliers as we came around from Charleston, and that if he happened to come across it he might coal from it.

Captain Chester took regretful leave of Commodore Schley, returning to his own ship, and we continued our journey toward Cienfuegos, keeping, as was the Commodore's policy, out of sight of the land until such time as we should get very close to our destination.

The afternoon and the night of May 20th were uneventful, but on the morning of the 21st we sighted a bark and two steamers on the horizon line. They evidently saw us about the same time, for they changed their

course and disappeared before we even had a chance to start to chase them. A little bit of excitement on the 21st was caused by the discovery of a fire below deck forward on the Scorpion, supposed to have been caused by a broken electric wire, but it burned quite fiercely for a short time. It was pretty near where her ammunition boxes were stored, and under orders from Commodore Schley, the Brooklyn was slowed down and brought alongside of the Scorpion, so that we could use a fire hose on her if necessary.

However, Commander Marix's crew, with a great display of activity, succeeded in getting it under control, although it required heroic efforts. The dense smoke below deck made it hard to fight the fire, and several men were overcome and had to be rescued by their comrades before the flames were entirely subdued. One officer, whose name I do not recollect now, was also badly overcome, and was ill for some time.

The weather was now beginning to get intensely warm, the tropic sun beating down upon the steel warships and making them hardly habitable. During the day we would

lounge upon deck and manage to keep somewhat comfortable, particularly if there was a light breeze. But at night, with the steel port covers closed down so as to prevent the enemy from discovering us by any glimmer of light, the quarters below deck were like Turkish baths. Luckily, on the Brooklyn we had an ice machine, which worked fairly well, and the more fortunate officers had electric fans in their rooms. At midnight of the 21st, the navigating officer reported that we were not more than twelve miles from Cienfuegos harbor, and signal was made to the squadron to reduce speed to two and one-half knots, which was barely moving, so that when morning came we would be in position off the harbor of Cienfuegos.

OFF CIENFUEGOS. VI.

THE morning of May 22d, the squadron steamed in to within 3,000 yards of the harbor entrance of Cienfuegos, and from the flagship we could distinctly see Spaniards with small boats evidently engaged in placing mines across the harbor entrance. It was our first close view of Cuban shores, and there was nothing particularly inviting about them. The mountains ran up to a great height sheer from the shore and a heavy surf broke along the entire coast-line in almost uninterrupted continuity, practically forbidding the landing of small boats, unless they went in the harbor itself.

On deck that morning Boatswain Hill and Lieutenant Simpson, who had been the officer of the watch the night previous, reported that they had heard heavy firing on shore during the previous evening. Captain Cook reported this to Commodore Schley, who was on the

bridge at the time making a survey of the harbor entrance, and the Commodore replied that he had also heard the firing of big guns at such intervals as would seem to indicate the arrival of a fleet.

The general supposition, therefore, upon our ship was that the Spanish fleet had arrived in the harbor, and that upon their entering they had been saluted, or had saluted a flag. Commodore Schley ordered a signal to be made to the other vessels announcing that he had heard such a salute. The squadron was brought around so that the broadsides pointed toward the harbor entrance, although there was some little movement of feigned disorder with the hopes that the enemy, if they were within the harbor, would notice it and make an attempt to come out. It must be remembered that it was not a very formidable squadron. There were two battleships—the Massachusetts, a first-class, and the Texas, a second-class; one armored cruiser, the Brooklyn, and one converted yacht, the Scorpion. As a fighting squadron it was not to be compared with the one supposed to be in the harbor, and if it had developed into a fact that the

Spanish squadron was really there and had they sought to come out fighting their ships with any sort of strategical force, it is a serious question whether they would not have been able to have escaped with a portion of their fleet. The supposition was that they had with them three torpedo boats. There were also presumed to be in the harbor four first-class armored cruisers with better protection and larger guns than our armored cruiser, the Brooklyn, and, in fact, equal in protection and armament to our second-class battleship, the Texas, and all of them with an accredited speed much greater than any of our ships except the Brooklyn.

We discussed this thing on the deck of the Brooklyn that morning. It was pointed out that we did not have a single torpedo boat, and that our only hope of whipping the Spaniards if they chose to start out, was in concentrating such a heavy fire upon the first vessel that came out of the narrow entrance that we would disable or sink her and then follow out the same plan with the others, if they could manage to come by her.

So far we had not seen anything of the

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"*Schley, Cook and Philip held a conference*"

scouts, the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Harvard, and the St. Louis, all of which had been sent down there a week before to locate, if possible, the Spanish fleet, and Commodore Schley believing that perhaps they might be in the vicinity of Santiago harbor, detached and dispatched the Scorpion to go down to that point and communicate with them if they could be found.

During the morning we passed twice in front of the harbor entrance in column, and Commodore Schley and Lieutenant Hodgson, the navigator of the Brooklyn, from the crow's nest at the top of the military mast, with binoculars and long glass, attempted to look into the harbor. At one point the top of ships' masts could be seen, and several columns of smoke were visible. But it was extremely hard to get anything like a clear view of the harbor, because the principal part of it was behind a point that projected to the eastward.

At one o'clock that day the Iowa arrived, having completed her coaling operation at Key West and making somewhat better time down than we did, because she did not have to stop

or communicate with other ships and had made a closer line to shore than we, Captain Evans seeing no necessity for deceiving those on shore.

In the morning the Dupont arrived, bringing dispatches from Admiral Sampson directing that the blockade of Cienfuegos be preserved, and notifying Commodore Schley to communicate with the scouts off Santiago for information. It was this torpedo boat that brought the personal letter to Commodore Schley, which began "Dear Schley," and which complimented the Commodore upon the work he had done so far, and told him that although the Navy Department's idea was that the fleet was in Santiago harbor, he, Sampson, still believed Cienfuegos was the objective point, and advised Schley not to leave that place until he was absolutely certain that the Spanish squadron was not there or coming there. This advice was very contrary to the orders of the Department, which specifically directed Sampson to order Schley to proceed at once to Santiago.

Secretary Long had sent to Sampson on May 19th this dispatch:

SAMPSON, Naval Station, Key West, Fla.:

The report of the Spanish fleet being at Santiago de Cuba might very well be correct, so the Department strongly advises that you send word immediately by the Iowa to Schley to proceed at once off Santiago de Cuba with his whole command, leaving one small vessel off Cienfuegos, Cuba, and meanwhile the Department will send the Minneapolis, now at St. Thomas, and Harvard to proceed at once off Santiago de Cuba to join Schley, who should keep up communications via Nicolas Mole or Cape Haytien. If Iowa has gone, send orders to Schley by your fastest dispatch vessel. LONG.

Instead of obeying this, and failing to consider that the Department with very many more lines out for the gathering of news had much better information than he, Sampson, had, the Admiral sent by the Dupont a practical order to Schley to remain off Cienfuegos, and addressed this communication to the Navy Department:

KEY WEST, May 20, 1898.

SECRETARY OF NAVY, Washington:

Referring to the Department's telegram of May 19, 58 cipher words, beginning "verberabam," after considering information contained therein have decided in favor of plan already adopted to hold position, Cienfuegos, with Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Iowa,

Marblehead, Castine, Dupont, and two auxiliary vessels. There are remaining the New York, Indiana, and monitors for Havana. These latter are very inefficient and should not be sent from base. I have directed Schley to communicate with auxiliary vessels at Santiago, and direct one of them to report from Mole or Cape Haytien, then to return to Santiago and report further at Cienfuegos or Havana as they consider best. The plan may be changed when it becomes certain a Spanish fleet is at Santiago. SAMPSON.

But the next day Admiral Sampson evidently had a change of heart, and he dispatched the Hawk to find Schley and order him to move to Santiago, while he sent the Department a dispatch dated May 21st, saying that he had finally ordered Schley to go to Santiago de Cuba. But while his dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy read as follows:

KEY WEST, FLA., May 21, 1898.
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, Washington:
Schley has been ordered to Santiago de Cuba. SAMPSON.

the truth was that the dispatches sent by the Hawk were not distinct and definite orders at all for Schley to move to Santiago. The fact of the matter was that the dispatch read, "If

you are satisfied that the Spanish fleet is not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all dispatch to Santiago."

The Hawk, with these dispatches, arrived together with the Castine, a gunboat, and the Merrimac, the collier, on the morning of the 23d. In the meantime no communication had been established with the shore, the high surf preventing the landing of a boat, and peculiar signals seen at night giving us the impression that the coast was guarded and that the enemy was keeping up signals with the fleet in the harbor so as to notify them of our every movement.

The blockade, as established by Commodore Schley, considering the smallness of his squadron, was quite effective. A picket line was placed inside, about two miles from shore, consisting variously of the Scorpion, Dupont, and Castine; while the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, and Iowa formed a line about four miles from the harbor entrance. The curious part of the situation was that while, as afterwards discovered, the Spanish fleet had been in Santiago for six days, the four fast scouts were absolutely in ignorance

of it and were daily sending dispatches to the Department, Captain Cotton of the Harvard on the 25th telegraphed Secretary Long as follows:

Left the Yale and St. Paul at Santiago May 24. Minneapolis has gone to report to Schley at Cienfuegos. Yale reconnoitered Santiago de Cuba May 21. He reports fortified strongly. Saw nothing in harbor. I have not seen the Spanish fleet. Have not ascertained anything respecting recent movements the Spanish fleet. Proceed for coal to Key West May 26. I have only 450 tons of coal. The Minneapolis must coal within the next few days. Yale early next week. Schley directs me to inform the Department Sampson decided to have the command of Schley stationed off Cienfuegos and his own off Havana. The Minneapolis reconnoitered San Juan, Porto Rico, May 21. Spanish fleet not there.

The criticism has been applied that within a day after Schley arrived at Cienfuegos, and again within a day after he arrived at Santiago, he should have determined by shore communication the exact location of Cervera's fleet. But these four scouts had been in the vicinity of Santiago since May 18th, and in one case, that of Captain Sigsbee, and according to another case as quoted above, that of Cap-

tain Wise of the Yale, had reported with almost absolute positiveness that there were no indications of the Spanish fleet being in that vicinity. And yet in comfortable berths, cleaning their bottoms and getting on a supply of coal, securely hidden behind the high hills, the Spanish fleet of Cervera had been anchored in Santiago harbor.

This was the exact situation on May 22d, when Commodore Schley decided to take the advice of Admiral Sampson and remain at Cienfuegos. The most serious part of the problem naturally was the coaling of our warships, which will be treated of in a separate chapter. The indecision of Sampson, and his failure to carry out the definite orders of the Department, were not entirely the reasons, however, why Schley remained at Cienfuegos. He himself still believed that the Spanish fleet was either inside the harbor, or that he would catch them at sea trying to go in, and this opinion of his was further strengthened at noon on the 23d, when the British steamer Adula of the Atlas line, Captain William Walker, approached us and asked permission to go in the harbor.

Captain Walker stated that he was under orders from United States Consul Dent at Kingston to bring away one Hoffern, a sailor of the U. S. S. Niagara, who was in the Spanish hospital with a broken leg. And then this British captain told us a story which practically firmly convinced the Commodore that the Spanish fleet was not in Santiago, and that if he desired absolute information as to whether they were in that harbor or in the harbor of Cienfuegos, it would be wise to allow the Adula to go in and wait for her to come out, compelling her captain, if possible, to give us information.

The British captain had said that on the night of the 18th he counted seven ships by the lights they carried, about seventy miles south one-half west of Santiago. The next day it had been reported at Kingston, Jamaica, that the Spanish fleet was at Santiago, but on the day following, May 20th, they had left and gone to Cienfuegos. He volunteered the further information that the harbor of Cienfuegos was defended with electric mines which did not work well, but that the operations we had noticed were the replacing of those mines with

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"*These men helped to prepare the Merrimac*"

contact mines. He said there were two little gunboats and one torpedo boat in the harbor, and that there was plenty of room for the Spanish fleet to lie out of sight of any vessels passing the harbor entrance.

Captain Walker promised that if he went in he would not be gone over three hours. He was allowed to proceed, and when three o'clock came the Commodore began to look anxiously for the British steamer, expecting to get the coveted information regarding the Spanish ships. Four o'clock came; five o'clock came, and then darkness; but the Adula appeared not. And, finally, more than ever Schley was convinced that the Spanish fleet was at Cienfuegos, and that they had purposely held the Adula in the harbor so that we would not be able to gain any information.

The Hawk left with mail that night, and again we saw on the shore several times at different places the three white, bright lights which looked like Spanish signals.

On the morning of the 24th, just after daybreak, there was a general call to quarters, ships were cleared for action, and once more we believed that the will-o'-the-wisp fleet of

Spain had been found by us, and that we were going to have a sea fight. Once more, however, we were deceived, and the three vessels which approached us proved to be the unprotected cruiser Marblehead, and the two converted yachts, the Eagle and the Vixen.

When Commander McCalla of the Marblehead reported aboard, Commodore Schley told him of the suspicious movements of the Adula, and then spoke of the noticing of signal lights on the shore at night. McCalla said in an evidently very much surprised way, "Why, those were signals from the insurgents who desired to communicate with you. Didn't you know about that?"

"No," said Schley, shortly. And for a few moments I thought his temper would get the better of him and that he would say something ugly. He stamped up and down the quarter-deck, twitching nervously at his little imperial, and grinding his heels savagely down on the deck.

"Why in the world didn't you tell me about this?" he said to McCalla. "Here I have been waiting two or three days to get definite information from the shore."

McCalla said something about the matter having slipped his mind when he passed Schley Sunday morning.

The Adula had not yet come out, so Schley ordered McCalla to go down and communicate with the insurgents at the spot where the lights had been shown. McCalla went down, and in a few hours returned with the information that the insurgents were in need of arms, provisions and ammunition, and with the still more important news that the Spanish squadron was not in the harbor.

Schley at once said, "We will move to Santiago."

In the afternoon the Brooklyn transferred 3,000 rounds of ammunition, some clothing and food, three dry-cell batteries, and 100 pounds of gun-cotton to the Marblehead, and ordered her to convey them to the insurgents, the gun-cotton and batteries to be used for the explosion of the mines in the harbor.

At eight o'clock that night after sending the torpedo boat Dupont to communicate with Sampson at Havana and ordering the Castine to remain in front of Cienfuegos and await the

return of the Scorpion, the squadron began to move toward Santiago.

The first movement was to the southeast so as to deceive the Spaniards ashore as to the direction in which we were going; and then, after an hour in that way, we pointed directly east still in pursuit of the elusive squadron, the exact location of which was puzzling all our fleets and all our scouts.

During Wednesday, May 25th, Commodore Schley attempted to keep the squadron up to a speed of twelve knots, but the weather was very heavy, and because of the Eagle and the Vixen, the two converted yachts, and the collier Merrimac with broken engines, he was compelled to reduce the speed to not more than eight knots. He was excessively exasperated over this, and yet, as he said to Captain Cook, "I suppose I might leave them, but if that fleet is anywhere in this vicinity, it wouldn't be safe or decent to leave part of my squadron, and so I'll have to stay with them."

The squadron consisted at this time of the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Iowa, Marblehead, Vixen, Eagle, and the collier Merrimac. All day long there was a heavy northeast

gale, and the small yachts simply wallowed in the heavy sea.

The morning of Thursday, May 26th, found us at eight o'clock about eighty miles to the west of Santiago, and still in heavy weather. Finally Schley became so exasperated at the slow speed that he ordered the Eagle to do the best she could to get over to Jamaica, coal there, and go back to Key West.

At two p. m. we were forty miles from Santiago. The collier Merrimac was disabled by the breaking of her intermediate pressure valve stem and the cracking of the stuffing box. This served as a further embarrassment to the squadron and a source of considerable anxiety, as, with the weather conditions that had prevailed since leaving Cienfuegos, it appeared absolutely necessary to abandon the position off Santiago and seek a place where the vessels could be coaled and the collier's machinery repaired.

At six o'clock we had arrived at a point off Santiago harbor, with the heavy weather still continuing. We sighted, a few minutes after that hour, the Minneapolis, the St. Paul, and the Yale, the three scouts that had been sent

there by the government to locate Cervera's squadron. None of them reported having any knowledge of the Spanish fleet.

COALING. *VII.*

MUCH as the layman might reason to himself that ammunition, guns, and men are the practical sinews of war, an experience like this which Commodore Schley and his squadron were going through would seem to combat that theory, for it proved conclusively that one of the most important sinews is coal.

Here were three great scout ships, burning among them 300 tons of coal each day; three battleships, an armored cruiser, and two auxiliaries, 1,000 miles from their base of supplies, with but one small collier to supply their needs in the coal line, and a heavy sea running with a head wind, so that it was extremely dangerous and difficult work for the collier to go alongside of the massive warships.

Cold boilers, and therefore useless engines, would not make a very good showing if the Spanish fleet were to appear; and even if the case did not become as serious as that, a

depleted coal supply would have forbade us chasing the Spanish squadron very far if they had managed to touch anywhere and coal. The Iowa, very curiously, had not stopped at Key West long enough to obtain a full coal supply, although there was every facility there for that purpose, and she would not have been delayed a sufficient time to cause the squadron any trouble. The Texas was partially out of coal, and the little converted yachts and the Marblehead with only small bunkers, could not hold enough to keep them in good form more than two or three days at a time.

The collier was the Merrimac, and it was a cause of favorable comment any day after she had joined us, if, at least every five hours, she did not report some trouble with her boilers, engines, or steering gear.

Twice during the 26th we had made short stops, and attempted to coal the ships. They would get a little bit of coal in them from the collier, and then, up would go a string of signal flags announcing that the collier was getting knocked to pieces by the pounding against the heavy sides of the warships. The facilities for coaling from the collier were absolutely

of the worst character. The Navy had always managed to coal from docks at supplys tations prior to this, so the ships were not provided with anything which would make coaling from a collier in the open sea an easy matter. The colliers themselves had been sent forward without attention having been paid to seemingly any detail except that of putting a supply of coal aboard. Old wooden fenders, which were shredded into pulp in a very brief period, were all the defense which the light iron collier had from the great armored sides and protruding gun sponsons of the warships. The Texas, which needed coal, was the worst offender in this matter of smashing the collier. Her protruding twelve-inch gun sponsons, on either port or starboard, would invariably come down with a crash on the side of the small collier, if a heavy sea rolled the two vessels while they were fastened together.

Everything seemed to indicate that a vessel with tumble-in sides, like the Brooklyn, was very much better for coaling purposes at sea than were the heavy warships with overhanging sponsons. But, of course, Commodore Schley had to face the situation in the way in

which he found it, and the weather seemed to be in that beastly state where no abatement for smoothing down the sea could be expected.

The Commodore would come on deck in the morning, take a look at the sea and the wind, and then signal the Texas, "Can you coal to-day?" Much doubtfulness would be expressed in the answer of Captain Philip, "I will try." Then, eight chances to ten, when the collier was ordered to report alongside of the Texas, her captain would answer back, "She has broken down; it will be some time before we can get alongside you." Over would go the chief engineer of the Brooklyn with a disgusted crew of mechanics, and in a little while the Merrimac would report that she was ready to go alongside. Then we would watch the two ships grinding and crashing against each other as they attempted to transfer the coal, the collier using her derrick to put the coal upon the battleship's deck.

All this time the Commodore was inclined to be nervous over the weather. The maps and weather information furnished us, all indicated that this was about the period for the beginning of the hurricane season, and a

couple of pilots from Cuba, who had been picked up by the St. Paul, accentuated this idea and gave the Commodore to understand that the weather, if it did not really get worse, would not very much improve.

Speaking of this himself, Commodore Schley has said:

"Of course, I used to be very weatherwise, but I am rather otherwise now, and I cannot guess the weather as well as I could. I had no reason to suppose that the weather would not be pretty much of the same character, as it was near the hurricane season, and the trade winds blew along that coast almost continuously, and, while it was possible off Santiago to coal in the morning, it was frequently not possible in the afternoon when the breezes freshened up."

Perhaps the entire difficulty over this coaling business might have been obviated had Captain Sigsbee of the St. Paul have known that we were approaching Santiago. For, just as ill-luck would have it, only twelve hours before we arrived, he had disposed of a splendid collier which he had captured, a collier which had all the modern facilities for coaling war-

ships. He had sent it over as a prize to Key West. Captain Sigsbee's own description of the capture of this collier and its disposition are here given:

"On the morning of the 25th I gave chase to a steamer standing in at a good rate of speed for Santiago harbor, and managed to intercept her just out of gunshot of the entrance, about 6 a. m. The sea being somewhat rough, we boarded her with some difficulty, and directed her to steam out to the offing. She proved to be the British steamer Restormel, from Cardiff, Wales, with coal, evidently for the Spanish fleet. She had been at San Juan, Porto Rico, thence to Curacao, where she was informed that the Spanish fleet had left two days before her arrival. She was then directed to proceed to Santiago de Cuba. Her captain stated frankly that he expected to be captured. Both her captain and crew exhibited great good-nature on being captured, and seemed rather pleased at the result. I sent her to Key West, via Yucatan Channel, with an ample prize crew in charge of Acting-Lieutenant J. A. Pattson, U. S. N., of the St. Paul. The Restormel had on board 2,400 tons of coal,

and seemed to be an excellent vessel. Her master said that at Porto Rico he had left two other colliers, which he stated in conversation he hoped would be captured also. I understood that these three colliers were from the same company and under similar instructions."

It is very possible that had this steamer been kept a great amount of the difficulty connected with our coaling operations would have disappeared, and we should have been able to remain off the harbor of Santiago at least until some definite orders were received from the Navy Department.

As it was, we made several attempts that day to coal, but all to no avail. And, finally, the collier broke down altogether, and at six o'clock, after hearing the reports of the officers and scouts that the Spanish fleet was not at Santiago, Commodore Schley sent a dispatch to the Department detailing the condition of weather and the difficulties of coaling unless there was abatement.

I am not intending to convey the impression here that the movement to the westward away from Santiago was altogether because of the failure of the ships to coal; for, although the

Eagle and the Minneapolis were compelled to leave us—the former having but 25 tons of coal aboard, and the latter, as her captain reported, with but just enough to get to Key West—it is perfectly possible that we could have remained off Santiago for two or three days. But, as will be shown in another chapter, in addition to this lack of facilities for coaling, Commodore Schley had received the most definite assurances from American naval officers sent there by the Navy Department for the specific purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of the Spanish squadron, that Cervera's fleet was not in Santiago harbor.

Just after the Merrimac finally broke down, Commodore Schley signaled to the Yale to send a line to the collier and take her in tow. Three times she sent lines to her, through the night of the 26th and the morning of the 27th, attempting to make her fast. Finally, a steel hawser managed to hold, and the column started to the westward.

We proceeded quite slowly on that day, the Harvard joining us, and bringing us dispatches. She had no more than arrived, reporting that she had not seen the Spanish squadron, when

Captain Cotton also pleaded shortness of coal, and asked permission to go to Kingston, Jamaica, to procure it. He left us at noon, but not before he had told us the interesting story of his getting the Harvard out of the harbor of St. Pierre, Martinique, while the enemy's torpedo boat was laying in wait to destroy him.

At noon on the 27th we were about forty miles west of Santiago, but during the afternoon it appeared as though the sea was calming down considerably, and at 7:15 that night, Commodore Schley decided that it had abated sufficiently so that if the Merrimac could be put in any kind of repair, the Texas, the Marblehead, and the Vixen might be able to coal.

The full engineer force of the Brooklyn was sent aboard the Merrimac, with instructions to use every energy to repair her, and about an hour and a half later, they reported they believed she could proceed under her own steam. She was accordingly run alongside of the Texas, and all night long, with as little light used as possible, the busy men hoisted coal up from the collier into the bunkers of the warship. Toward midnight, the sea had abated so very much that the Marblehead was

ordered along the other side of the collier, and so, in between two heavy fighting ships, she worked for the rest of that night.

During the next morning, the morning of the 28th, the Vixen coaled from the collier, and the engineer force of the Brooklyn reporting that they had put the engines of the Merrimac in good working order, we turned about to the east, and at 1:15 o'clock started again for Santiago.

All the vessels were now coaled sufficiently for them to remain in the vicinity of Santiago until such time as the government or the scouts could give some definite information as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet.

The formation of the squadron going toward Santiago was in fan shape, with the Brooklyn in the center; the Vixen and the Merrimac on one flank, and the Marblehead and the Yale on the other. This method of procedure, according to Commodore Schley, was because of his idea that the Spanish squadron was still at sea and that to spread his fleet out in that way would be to get a greater view, so that if the Spanish approached either from the east or from the west, they could be readily seen.

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"*I determined to develop their defenses*"

We arrived off Santiago at 7:40 p. m., and the small vessels which we had—the Marblehead and the Vixen—were placed inside as pickets, while we steamed backward and forward across the entrance of the harbor.

Commodore Schley's own report of the movement eastward away from Santiago is so extremely lucid, that I append it here:

"After the Merrimac had broken down the movement was not made to the westward until toward nine o'clock, the Yale having had considerable difficulty in getting a hawser to the Merrimac. That hawser parted or slipped, I do not remember just which, about eleven o'clock that night, when I was signaled by Captain Wise of the Yale that it would take some four hours to break out a steel hawser. The collier at that time was absolutely unmanageable. She was not capable of turning a propeller, and the ships steamed for a couple of hours the first part of the night and drifted the balance of the night in the attempt to secure this vessel. I do not remember that we got under way again until toward four o'clock of the afternoon of the 27th. Not long afterwards the Merrimac was taken in tow, steaming

to the westward, and we went a little bit farther than I had intended on account of the difficulty of getting the Yale to read our Ardois signals. We were obliged to go four or five miles farther on that account to catch her.

"As soon as the sea calmed down—and in my judgment it was not possible to have coaled before—I signaled to Captain Philip asking him if he could coal. I think his signal indicates precisely that he was uncertain about it, for he signaled back to me, 'I can try.' The impression left upon my mind at that time was that he was uncertain, and that there was some doubt is evidenced further by the fact that the following morning, I think, he signaled me that both himself and the Merrimac had sprung a leak due to the motion of the ship and to the fender which had been placed a little abaft her armor belt.

"The weather was very exceedingly hot—so hot that Captain Philip's men were exhausted in the operation of that day's coaling—and my impression now is that a signal was made to me in the morning, either by the doctor or at the suggestion of the doctor, stating that he would recommend that we let up on coaling

on account of the exhausted condition of the crew.

"The Marblehead, the Texas, and the Vixen all took more or less coal from this collier on that occasion.

"Toward two o'clock on that afternoon, the coaling or steaming radius of the squadron being more nearly equalized, I felt that, in view of the suggestion of the Secretary (I did not really regard it as an order) that there might be truth in the report, it would only take a very little while to get back, as we were not very far away, and that then a thorough examination could be made; and if the squadron were found not to have been there, I felt that the military outlook would have been not to have gone east, but to have gone west—to have thrown myself nearer to Havana and to Key West, which was the base.

"We arrived in front of the harbor of Santiago about six o'clock, if my memory serves me; and I think there is a record in the log of the ship which shows that at that time Morro Castle was bearing north by east and distant about seven miles. I continued on until about seven or a little after, and took up a position

which I estimated from the appearance of the land and the surf to have been about five or six miles offshore, and there the squadron was held in formation during the night. The Marblehead was instructed to take her position inside, near enough to be able to guard the entrance, and to let us know if the enemy appeared.

"On the way over the Vixen blew out one of the gaskets of a manhole plate. She hauled fires upon that boiler and repaired temporarily, but it blew out again. I was therefore obliged to send the boilermaker, or at least direct Captain Cook to send the boilermaker, on board. He worked all night and succeeded in completing the repairs by the next day, so that that night, the night of the 28th, she was not in on the picket line at all, but remained near the flagship, on account of the facility that that gave for proceeding with the work and obtaining spare parts that were needed from time to time in the repairs."

A WILL-O'-THE-WISP. *VIII.*

IT WAS the night of the 28th of May, and four or five miles out from Santiago harbor swung the squadron of Commodore Schley. It was not a particularly favorable squadron for blockading purposes. The fastest ship in the line was the Brooklyn, and there were three good battleships, the Massachusetts, the Iowa, and the Texas. All of the scouts had left us, although we could see the St. Paul's search-light over on the horizon line and knew that she was lingering about. We were sadly deficient in picket vessels, the Vixen being the only small boat with us, although we utilized the Marblehead and placed the two inside of our main line to give us notice of any movement in the harbor.

Just exactly why he guarded so carefully this harbor entrance, Commodore Schley did not know, except that the Navy Department

the last two days at a point 2,000 miles away, had continuously urged that the fleet must be there. To the contrary, every iota of information obtained from the captains of the scouts that had been sent to the vicinity of Santiago for the purpose of obtaining information, was to the effect that the Spanish fleet was not in Santiago harbor, or anywhere near that port.

Naturally, Commodore Schley was slightly worried for fear that while he had been proceeding from Cienfuegos to Santiago, the fleet had made a detour in the opposite direction and had gotten into the former harbor, or had started for Havana.

It was not at all an enviable position for this commander to be placed in. A careful review of the information which Commodore Schley had on the 28th, and on the 26th, the day that he made the retrograde movement, will demonstrate that at every point he was absolutely well fortified in his opinion that the fleet was not in Santiago harbor.

Captain Sigsbee reported on board the flagship, and was received on the quarter-deck by Commodore Schley. As soon as he reached

the quarter-deck by the gangway he stopped, and the Commodore said to him, quite eagerly, "Have you got them, Sigsbee?" To which Captain Sigsbee replied, "No, they are not here. I have been here for a week, and they are not here." Then we walked back on the quarter-deck, out of hearing of the officers who were grouped near the gangway, and Commodore Schley again inquired, "Are you quite sure they are not in there?" And Sigsbee replied, "I have been very close to the harbor entrance two or three times, and Captain Cotton has been in and cut a cable, and they are certainly not there."

Captain Sigsbee practically confirmed this conversation on May the 29th, in a report to the Department, in which he says, "Although I have been off Santiago for a week and have been daily near the entrance, yesterday being in between four and a half to five miles from the Morro sketching in very clear weather, I have never seen any signs of a Spanish man-of-war."

But the most convincing evidence of all was the bringing aboard the Brooklyn on the morning of the 26th by Captain Sigsbee of two

Cuban pilots—Louis M. Preval and Eduardo Nunez. Preval had been clerk in the consul at Santiago, and Nunez was a regular coast pilot in the employ of the Spanish navy at the same city. Captain Sigsbee told Commodore Schley that Nunez had informed him that vessels of the class of the Viscaya could not enter Santiago harbor, and that he had never known a larger vessel than 4,500 tons to go into that port. He stated that the difficulty was not one of draught, but the great length of the Viscaya's class.

Nunez, who was a little, thick-set colored man, was engaged in conversation by Commodore Schley, and repeated what he had said to Captain Sigsbee. When closely pressed, he said that perhaps a large vessel of the class of the Viscaya might get into the harbor if she had a tug at her head and one at her stern. But Captain Sigsbee pooh-poohed at this, saying that the scouts had never been long enough away from the harbor for four vessels to be taken in that way.

After the interview with Nunez and Captain Sigsbee, a careful study of the chart was made, and this seemed to bear out the assertion of

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"We moved in two columns"

the pilot. The channel was marked as very narrow, and had many short turns.

I wrote all this information in a dispatch addressed to the Associated Press, and asked Captain Sigsbee, who was to take dispatches over to Mole St. Nicholas for Commodore Schley, if he would take it over for me. He said he would, and I gave it to him, in an unsealed condition, and, as a matter of courtesy, said to him that I should be glad to have him read it over on his way to the Mole. When he left the ship he took it with him, and, so far as I am able to ascertain, it was delivered and sent.

Captain Cotton of the Harvard had been off Santiago for six days prior to the 28th, and has admitted in a dispatch to the Department dated June 4, 1898, that he had no idea the fleet was in Santiago harbor until informed of that fact by Commodore Henderson, R. N., of H. M. S. Urgent, and in charge of Her Majesty's squadron at Port Royal, Jamaica. Commodore Henderson gave him this information on May 30th, twenty-four hours after Commodore Schley had finally located the Spanish squadron.

Captain Jewell of the Minneapolis, who had been with us for part of the day, had reported that he had seen no signs of the Spanish fleet, and Captain Wise of the Yale had joined in the general opinion that the fleet was not at Santiago, although he had brought from the Department a dispatch dated May 20th notifying everybody that the Department had received reports that the fleet was in that harbor.

As in distinction to this very formidable amount of evidence by those at Santiago detailed for the special purpose, were the Navy Department's reports that the Spanish fleet was there. But in all the dispatches which they sent they never gave any indication as to where their information was obtained from or how reliable it was, and the weight of the first dispatches had been somewhat lessened by the failure of Sampson to send Schley definite orders to proceed from Cienfuegos to Santiago.

It is true, that on the 26th, impressed perhaps by the constant reiteration of the Department that the fleet was reported at Santiago, Sampson telegraphed the Secretary, "Schley ought to have arrived at Santiago on May 24th."

But he did this in the face of the fact that he had distinctly told Schley not to move from Cienfuegos unless he, Schley, was positively convinced that Cervera's fleet was not in Cienfuegos.

In this same telegram Sampson again shows his indecision, despite the Department's views on the matter, because he says under date of May 26th, "As the Spanish squadron may have evaded Santiago and attempted to reach Havana by Cape San Antonio, I have moved westward to provide against this contingency. I will attempt to cover Havana from both directions." This was forty-eight hours after Schley had left Cienfuegos and was well on his way to Santiago; and this movement, undoubtedly being communicated from Cienfuegos to Santiago, probably kept the Spanish fleet from moving out, if they had had any intentions in that direction.

And what is more astonishing about this attitude of Admiral Sampson is the fact that, on the 20th of May, one day after Commodore Schley left Key West, Sampson was given secret information through his flag lieutenant, Sidney A. Staunton, who had obtained it from

Captain Allen of the Signal Service force at Key West, that on the night of the 19th, he, Allen, had received from a private source in Havana a dispatch stating that Cervera had entered the harbor of Santiago the morning of the 19th with his squadron. This information came from an employee in the telegraph office at Havana, who sent the dispatches about six o'clock, while the other people who daily worked with him were at dinner. On the evening of the 20th, Lieutenant Staunton returned to shore and received from Captain Allen some other dispatches which confirmed this first information.

In speaking of the matter, Lieutenant Staunton says: "Admiral Sampson was satisfied that the information was correct, and he called up the Hawk and sent her with dispatches to Commodore Schley." But these are the dispatches which did not state definitely that the fleet was at Santiago, and did not order Commodore Schley to proceed to that port, but left it entirely within his judgment, at the same time withholding from him the information upon which the suggestion of their being in Santiago was based.

That Admiral Sampson really appreciated the fact that he had not been definite in his instructions to Commodore Schley is apparent from the tone of a dispatch which he sent to the Commodore from St. Nicholas channel on May the 27th, in which, for the first time, he gave the source of his information as follows:

No. 10.]

U. S. FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, 1ST RATE,
St. Nicholas Channel, May 27, 1898.

Sir: Every report, and particularly daily confidential reports, received at Key West from Havana state Spanish squadron has been in Santiago de Cuba from the 19th to the 25th instant, inclusive, the 25th being the date of the last report received.

You will please proceed with all possible dispatch to Santiago to blockade that port. If, on arrival there, you receive positive information of the Spanish ships having left you will follow them in pursuit.

Very respectfully, W. T. SAMPSON,
Rear-Admiral, etc.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

This communication was sent by the Wasp, and the curious part of it is that it never arrived off Santiago and was never delivered to Commodore Schley until ten days after Admiral Sampson himself had arrived off that port.

That Captain Cook of the Brooklyn was of

the same impression as Commodore Schley after hearing the reports of the commanders of the scouts, is evident from the fact that he made no serious objection to leaving the vicinity of Santiago, as did none of the other captains of the fleet.

It is perhaps well to give at this juncture Commodore Schley's own statement as to his reasons for the retrograde movement and as to the information which led him to believe that the fleet of Cervera was not at Santiago.

He says: "Captain Sigsbee came aboard the Brooklyn on the 26th, and as soon as he had stepped over the side, I said to him, 'Captain, have you got the Dons here' or 'in here?' He stated to me, 'No, they are not in here. I have been in very close. I have ——' I don't know but that he said he had been in sketching, but he said, 'They are not here; they are only reported here.' I said, 'Have any of the other vessels seen them—the Yale or the Minneapolis?' He said, 'No; they have not; they have assured me so.'

"That was the assurance to which I referred when I spoke of the statements of such men as Wise and Jewell to Sigsbee. They did not

communicate verbally with me, but I assumed, from the communication with Captain Sigsbee, that he was bearing to me the assurance of all of them.

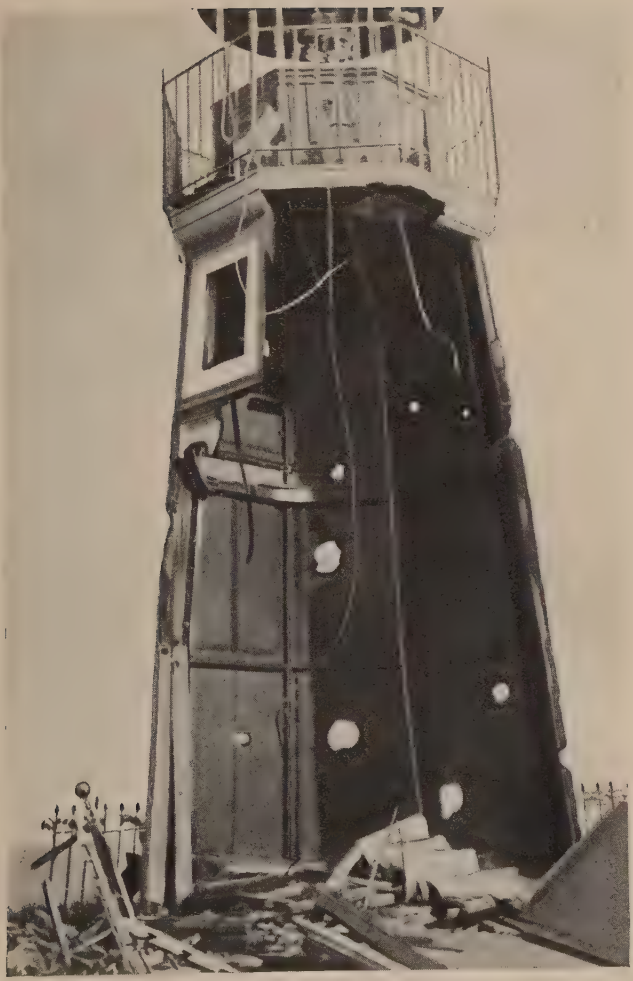
"At the same time Eduardo Nunez was aboard, and he and I held a conversation in Spanish. He was not able to speak English, and I could speak Spanish fairly well.

"Among other things, I said to him, 'Nunez, what do you think of the report that those people are in here?' 'Well,' he said, 'I don't believe that they are here at all, because the channel way is very narrow, the buoys have all been removed, you have to make the turn very quickly, and the channel aside from that is very tortuous. If they had a tug, and on a very favorable day, most favorable, perfectly smooth weather, no sea, they might get in.'

"I asked him how long he had been a pilot. He said, I think, sixteen or eighteen years, and that he was perfectly familiar with the harbor, and, as we subsequently found, this was exactly true. He was a very expert pilot and rendered us invaluable service.

"After this conversation, Captain Sigsbee went on board. My habit of life, not only in

principal command of a squadron, but also in command of a ship, was to assume the responsibility and to venture the censure of any movement that might justify that, but that I was never willing under any circumstances to be a participant in glories that I would not divide. That was the general principle upon which I acted in this matter. I did not call any council of war. The information which these people gave me led me to infer that my impression was correct, that the telegraphic information was a ruse precisely similar to that which was telegraphed from Cadiz that the squadron had returned from the Cape de Verdes. It is precisely what I would have done if I had been militarily managing their situation —to have attracted the squadrons in the direction of either one of these ports and then gone in behind them. That would have been my policy if I had been controlling, and if any of us at any time made any mistakes during the campaign of Santiago or elsewhere, it was in supposing that the Spaniard would ever do right at the right time. That was probably the only reason why we made any mistakes, if we did.



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"*A shell accidentally hit the lighthouse*"

"I determined then, that being the case, that a move eastward would be unwise, in that I knew that Admiral Sampson would have moved to the eastward of Havana. It would not have been wise for me to have uncovered Santiago, therefore. The military importance of that movement would have been to have guarded the westward, as that would have been the only place that they could have gotten in behind.

"Now, just at that time, as we approached on this evening of the 26th the harbor of Santiago, the collier Merrimac, which had been giving us a good deal of trouble, broke down. The signal, I think, was that her intermediate valve stem was bent and stuffing box broken. I concluded, therefore, that an unmanageable collier was not a very comfortable thing to have with the squadron if we met the enemy, so I first determined to send her to Key West with the Yale, but it then occurred to me that if we did send her to Key West with the Yale and she were overtaken, that we would probably be out a collier, and the Spanish forces, if they were outside, would be in so much coal. So I determined, therefore, that this movement to

the westward would be wise. After the collier broke down she signaled to me that it would take from three to four hours to repair her, but, as a matter of fact, it took actually twenty-four hours, and for twelve hours her engines could not be moved or turned over, and she was entirely unmanageable. All this time I was closely watching the weather, hoping and praying for some kind of abatement. And, on the night of the 27th, it had abated sufficiently to allow us to coal, and we went back to the vicinity of Santiago harbor."

The blockade on the night of the 28th was conducted very quietly. A strict watch was kept, of course, with all of our lights masked, and the Ardois signals constantly ready so as to inform the vessels of our fleet if any suspicious movements were noted in the harbor.

During the night we noticed some signals in the harbor which appeared to us to be worked by electricity. There would be flashlights from the top of the hills surrounding the harbor, to which the Morro would answer, and there were evident flashes from some low point down in the harbor which we could not construe in any way unless they came from war-

ships. As a partial explanation of that, we had the information that the Reina Mercedes, a second-class battleship which had cruised off the southern coast of Cuba for years, was disabled and lying in this harbor. Another explanation of the signals was that the Spanish fleet was at sea, and that these signals were kept working so as to warn them away from Santiago, if they were approaching it at that time. And so the night passed, and the morning sun on the 29th showed us Cuba, green with verdure, the white surf breaking along the coral reefs, and the picturesque old Morro, in its coat of dirty yellow plaster, standing grim guard over the entrance to Santiago harbor on one side, while a new earthwork guarded the opening from the western hill.

FINDING THE FLEET. *IX.*

THIS Sunday morning, the 29th of May, was a beautiful day, and every one of us was out on deck early. I remember sticking my head up through the hatchway about six o'clock, and starting a constitutional parade, on the quarter-deck before breakfast, together with Flag-Lieutenant Sears and Flag-Secretary Wells. But a minute or two later, Commodore Schley came up the companion-way leading from his quarters and gave us a cheery "Good-morning." He went immediately up to the after-bridge, and we followed him, taking our glasses with us. We were about six miles from the entrance to Santiago, and just inside of us, probably three-quarters of a mile, was the jaunty little Marblehead. We scanned the harbor very intently, but the slight haze of early morning, which in Cuba predicts the approach of the rainy season, made objects rather indistinct.

At 6:30 Commodore Schley said to Lieutenant Sears, "Sears, I think we'll run in a little closer and see what we can develop in that entrance." A messenger took word to Captain Cook, and Flag-Ensign McCauley raised the signal to the fleet to follow the movements of the commander-in-chief. We had hardly moved in a mile when Commander McCalla signaled from the Marblehead, "Just caught view of Spanish warship in harbor entrance," and in an instant Ensign McCauley and I were shinning up the steel side-ladder on the military mast to the crow's nest, and on the forward mast, climbing quickly to the same position, was the sharpest-eyed man among us, Quartermaster McConnell, with his long glass. As we moved on and then stopped about five miles from the entrance, we could see the nose of this black-hulled ship, and then the signal of discovery was made to the entire fleet, when there was, of course, the utmost jubilation.

Schley turned to me later when I came down to the bridge, "We've got them now, Graham, and they'll never go home." And then turning to Sears, he ordered the signal to

be made to form column and follow the flagship by the entrance. As we moved slowly by at a distance of about 7,000 yards and opened up to our view the hole between the hills which marked the entrance to the harbor, we got our first thoroughly good view of what we knew to be the Cristobal Colon, a ship which the Spanish had purchased from the Italian government, and which was easily distinguishable because her military mast was placed very curiously between her two funnels. At the same time, close to her, we discovered one of the torpedo boats. There was the most intense excitement now, and every officer on board at the time, who could climb to an elevated position, was busy with a pair of binoculars trying to locate Spanish vessels.

As we opened up the eastern channel, which runs around the little island in the mouth of the harbor, we could just see the nose and the military top of another war vessel, the height of whose masts and their construction indicating that it was either the Viscaya, the Oquendo, or the Teresa, all of which were practically the same type of ships.

Just over the lower part of Cay Smith we

thought we saw the upper masts of another war vessel, but the density of the foliage made us unable to be absolutely definite about this, as only her extreme tops were visible, and they might have belonged to a merchantman. As it was, however, everybody aboard believed that we had the entire squadron there, for, as Commodore Schley said, "It is not conceivable that with a homogeneous fleet of that character the commander-in-chief would detach any single one for operations, especially in waters where it would easily be met and overcome." And yet, such was the case, for the torpedo boat Terror had been detached and had sought refuge in San Juan, Porto Rico, from which harbor Captain Sigsbee decoyed her one day and then shot her to pieces.

Until eight o'clock we moved slowly by the harbor, noting the exact location of these vessels, and at 8:05 o'clock signal was made to the fleet to go to breakfast. At 8:30 the movements of the fleet in front of the harbor were stopped, and blockading stations were taken, similar to those we had occupied during the night. A few minutes afterwards the St. Paul

came in sight, and as Captain Sigsbee approached us he flew the signal, "Can see a strange vessel in the harbor." He was immediately notified that we had already found the Spaniards, and he was ordered to come aboard the flagship.

When Captain Sigsbee came aboard, he expressed both to Commodore Schley and Captain Cook the greatest surprise that they could possibly be there, and he said, "I have never before seen any sign of them, although I have been in all sorts of positions outside of this harbor."

It is worth relating just at this juncture that the Colon had been anchored at this point since the 25th of May; in other words, that on May 25, 26, 27, and 28, while the St. Paul was guarding the harbor entrance, at times in company with the Minneapolis and the Yale, this ship had been in exactly the same position as that which she occupied on the morning of May 29th, when Commander McCalla, with Commodore Schley's squadron, first discovered her.

After the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and while returning on board the Vixen with some

of the officers of the Colon, I discovered that they were in possession of their own log book. I told Captain Sharpe of the Vixen of what I had learned and asked if it could be delivered up to me to take aboard the Brooklyn. The officers pleaded very hard to keep the log, as it was their only method of presenting to their own government the details of their cruise, but when I went aboard the Brooklyn from the Vixen that night, I carried the coveted books with me. It dawned upon me that they would make excellent souvenirs of the Spanish fight, but it dawned upon the Commodore at the same time, evidently, that they belonged to the United States government, and I was reluctantly forced to give them up.

From the pages of them, however, we took the extracts which led to the development that on the morning of the 19th of May, at just exactly the same time that the Flying Squadron was steaming out of Key West, eight o'clock, the much-sought-after fleet of Spain was entering the harbor of Santiago. They were given a hearty welcome there, and were assigned to anchorages in the harbor. On May the 25th, notification was received that the Fly-

ing Squadron had left the vicinity of Cienfuegos, and Admiral Cervera ordered the ships moved around and so disposed as to cover the narrow entrance to Santiago with flanking fires, so that the American ships could not force an entrance. The Colon shifted anchorage to Ensenada de Gaspar, which is just inside the mouth, and just where we found her on Sunday morning, May 29th.

On May the 27th our fleet was seen by the lookout at the watch tower on Morro, and we were developed by them as having ten warships and nine torpedo boats. At 5:30 in the afternoon, when we began our slight movement to the west, the signal was made that we had disappeared. But this was evidently looked upon as a ruse, because, according to the log, on the 28th Admiral Cervera sent an officer to the Morro to watch and report the position of the enemy's ships, and to announce their movements.

On the 29th the log contained the information that we were again in sight, and steaming toward the harbor from the eastward. They recognized the Brooklyn, the Iowa, the Minneapolis, the Texas, and the Indiana as being

part of our squadron—the Marblehead being evidently mistaken for the Minneapolis, and the Massachusetts for the Indiana, the latter not being such a bad guess as she, the Massachusetts, and the Oregon are of the same type.

The log for that day announced also that they prepared their batteries, loading with solid steel shell, and also placed a buoy in the center of the entrance where a ship would have to pass in coming in, and then fired at it so as to get the range for their guns.

The evidence that the Colon for four days was as much in plain sight of the scouts as she was on May 29th, when we discovered her, is found in these extracts from her log:

May 25th—Shifted anchorage in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba on the morning of May 25, 1898; draft forward 7.50 m., aft 6.45 m. At 6, engines ready, and, with the pilot on board, weighed anchor, which was soon catted; cast to port. Under direction of the commanding officer passed between Ratones Cay and Julias Point and proceeded in the channel to a point to the northward of Smith Cay and at mouth of Caspar Bay, where we anchored at 7 a. m. in 20 m. of water with the port anchor; mud bottom. At this time the vessels of the enemy were discovered off the mouth of the harbor; Morro made signal to begin firing;

orders were given to man the main battery, but in a short time it was seen that it would be obstructed, as an English steamer was about to enter the harbor. Got out stream cable from port quarter to the south beach of the bay (Caspar), and veered and hauled chain until another was gotten from starboard to the opposite shore and then secured both. Head S. 57° W., with 75 fathoms of chain outside and moored on the following bearings: Gorda Point, N. 19° W.; Cuarentina Point, Smith Cay, S. 48° E.; and Morro Point, S. 5° E. 8:40 a. m. to noon got out a second mooring to starboard and made fast until we had secured the buoy on the same quarter, which had been placed as a mark. Got out steel hawser on starboard side, and sent crew to breakfast.

Lowered 2d steam launch which took sailing launch in tow to bring back liberty men and provisions at 3:30 p. m. During 4 to 8 watch the small arms were gotten ready and the rapid-fire battery loaded. At 6 a. m. secured small arms, unloaded rapid-fire battery, and then crew went to breakfast. 8 a. m. to noon lighter came alongside, which commenced unloading at once. Squally.

At 3 p. m. hove in port chain to 30 fathoms, heaving in on port stream chain and veering on the starboard. Finished coaling at 4 to 8 p. m. watch. 8 to 12 p. m. semaphore signaled 2 suspicious vessels in sight. Mid. to 4 a. m. steam launch returned towing water boat.

May 26th—8 a. m. to noon veered cables to bring stern to the beach in such wise that the 15.2 cm. gun No. 2 would cover the mouth of

harbor with its fire. The watch tower signaled 3 of the enemy's vessels in sight accompanied by torpedo boats or smaller vessels.

Noon to 4 p. m. anchored and moored in Caspar Bay, 75 fathoms on port chain, and two moorings to port and one to starboard; secured to the beach. Artillery (main battery) ready for action. Four coal lighters came alongside; commenced discharging at once. 5:30 p. m. semaphore signaled: "The enemy has disappeared." Coaling and taking in water.

May 27th and 28th—Finished coaling at 4 p. m. Sent Ensign La Ciera to Morro for information regarding enemy's vessels and the buoys said to have been planted by them; he reported as follows by semaphore: First, black buoy SW. ¼° S., distance difficult to determine but estimated 4 miles; another buoy is being looked for. Second, the enemy disappears to the SW. ¼° S.; no white buoy is seen. Third, 7 vessels in sight, the Brooklyn and Iowa distinguishable; 2 vessels are approaching the buoy. The semaphore, in its turn, announced: "5 vessels in sight, with small vessels or torpedo boats." 4 to 8 p. m. lighted a red light and showed in on starboard side in order to indicate position of our bow to the rest of the squadron. At 7:30 a. m. commenced firing at 14,000 ms., the enemy's squadron coming from the eastward and steaming in column past the mouth of the harbor. There were recognized the Brooklyn, Indiana, Iowa (flag), Minneapolis, Texas, and a merchant vessel. Manned all the starboard battery and loaded with heavy ammunition.

May 29th—Noon to 4 p. m. various North

American vessels in sight, among which could be distinguished the Iowa, Indiana, Brooklyn, and Texas type, and some merchantmen. 4 to mid. American vessels continue to pass by mouth of harbor with their searchlights thrown on the coast. At 4 a. m. the 2 destroyers returned, having been cruising at the mouth of the harbor, and reporting enemy's vessels from W. to SE. from point, i. e., Brooklyn, Texas, Indiana, Iowa, a yacht, and merchantmen. The ensign of the Pluton, on passing this vessel on way to the flagship, reported having been within about 4 miles of the enemy's vessels. At 11 sent an officer and 2 quartermasters to semaphore on duty; they reported: "Enemy's squadron in sight," by semaphore, and by flag signals announced the arrival of a man-of-war with two masts, with three military tops on each, and two smokestacks.

So on this pleasant Sunday morning, the 29th of May, we had discovered that which all the fast scouts, equipped with excellent commanding officers, had failed in—although they had had four days' opportunity—the Spanish squadron.

Commodore Schley told Captain Sigsbee to hold himself in readiness to immediately take a telegram to Mole St. Nicholas, notifying the Navy Department of the presence of the Spanish fleet in Santiago, and also to communicate with Admiral Sampson, who was supposed to

be in the Windward passage. This telegram was written about nine o'clock, and at half past nine the St. Paul left with them. It was a purely dispassionate, plain statement of facts, so much so that the Commodore even refrained from mentioning that the third ship, which we had not been able to identify, was positively another one of them. The dispatch was as follows:

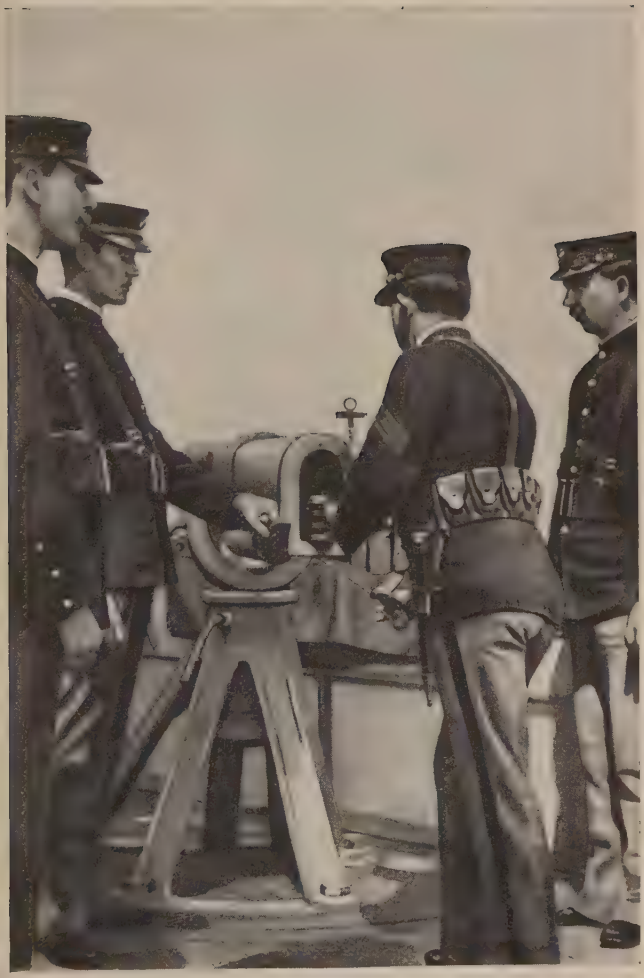
Enemy in port. Recognized Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa and two torpedo boats moored inside Morro, behind point. Doubtless the others are here. We are short of coal; using every effort to get coal in. Vixen blew out manhole gasket; have sent boiler-maker on board to repair. Collier's repaired machinery being put together. Have about 3,000 tons of coal in collier—but not easy to get on board here. If no engagement in next two or three days, Sampson's squadron could relieve this one to coal at Gonaives or vicinity of Port au Prince. Hasten me dispatch boats for picket work. Brooklyn, Iowa, Massachusetts, Texas, Marblehead, Vixen, and colliers compose squadron here. (Following additional sentence to Department.) Am sending St. Paul to communicate with Sampson.

At shortly after nine the signal was raised for all commanding officers of vessels to appear upon the flagship, and within twenty

minutes there were gathered in the cabin of the Brooklyn a famous coterie of naval officers. There were Commodore Schley and Captain Francis A. Cook of the Brooklyn, Captain Robley D. Evans of the Iowa, Captain Francis A. Higginson of the Massachusetts, Captain John Philip of the Texas, Commander Bowman McCalla of the Marblehead, and Lieutenant-Commander Alexander Sharpe, Jr., of the Vixen.

Commodore Schley explained to the commanding officers his plan of battle if the Spanish fleet attempted to come out of the harbor, and his idea as to that was very similar to the plan afterwards adopted by Admiral Sampson, that is, to the effect that it being absolutely necessary for the enemy to exit in single file, the ships of the American squadron should concentrate their fire for at least a brief period, on each ship as she emerged, and thus, if possible, partially disable them.

His idea about this was that a ship being under such terrible fire for even a few moments would, even if she escaped destruction, be in such a condition as to be easily handled by any one of our squadron, and that the concentration of fire would also serve another purpose, that



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"*The marines were in exposed positions*"

of disarranging the enemy's aim. This, the Commodore explained, was not a tactical concentration of our whole force, but a division of our fire which could at any time be ended by commanding officers of ships using their own discretion as to when to break away and attack another ship.

Captain Evans asked Commodore Schley if it was his intention to remain immobile when the fleet came out, simply firing at them as they left the entrance, or whether it was his plan to steam directly at the enemy's ships. Commodore Schley turned upon him quickly and said, "Certainly. What do you think I'd do? We'll get just as close to that entrance as we possibly can, the instant we see them making a move to come out, and I don't think they'll get very far."

The morning and part of the day of the 29th were spent in comparing notes among the ships as to the height of the different Spanish vessels' masts from the water line, and other details, and the Vixen and the Marblehead, which were smaller targets than the big ships because of their size, were ordered to investigate as closely as possible and see if any more

Spanish ships could be seen in the harbor. A careful watch was kept, however, but so far as could be noted, the Spanish ships did not have up steam, and no attempt was apparently being made to escape. At 3:45 in the afternoon the Brooklyn signaled to the fleet to go by the harbor in column, and for navigating officers and lookouts to take particular note as to the number of ships and their accurate position. The Vixen made a little dash in shore toward the harbor, and Lieutenant-Commander Sharpe reported that he was positive that he could make out two vessels of the Viscaya class, besides the Cristobal Colon, a torpedo boat, and what looked like a merchantman. But this last was, undoubtedly, the Reina Mercedes, which lay just inside of the Colon and which was disabled.

At six p. m. the ships took up the column which Commodore Schley, because of the smallness of his force, concluded would best be mobile, with the exception of the Marblehead and the Vixen, which were to remain inside the column as pickets. The mobility of the column consisted in moving in an ellipse, running two or three miles each side of the

harbor, one ship in the ellipse continually having her broadside facing the entrance. The advantage of this was that if the enemy attempted to escape the American ships would already be in motion with their engines active, and that a turn of the wheel would bring the squadron in line for the Dons, and still another turn would start them east or west, accordingly as the enemy shaped its course.

It should have been mentioned that, in the afternoon of this day, the Massachusetts had coaled from the Merrimac in the face of the enemy and under the guns of the forts.

Such being the case, the energy and watchfulness of Commander Sharpe, and the readiness with which the ships went to quarters and opened fire, drove the destructive boat back into the harbor and probably prevented a disaster to one of our ships.

Monday, May 30th, efforts were made to locate the entire Spanish squadron, and it was decided that as soon as the Vixen could coal, she should take Nunez, the colored Cuban pilot we had aboard, and land him at some point where he could get information from friendly sources ashore.

During the morning the New Orleans arrived, convoying the collier Stirling, and this new cruiser which had just been bought from Brazil and which was a very formidable-looking ship with very long calibre guns, made a fine addition to our squadron. All that was needed now to make the fleet a perfect one was a number of boats small enough to be used for picket boats and a couple of good-sized torpedo boats that could chase the enemy's similar craft if they came out.

A curious incident which closed this day was the appearance of the H. M. S. Indefatigable, which ran up to our line and asked permission to go inside the harbor and take out its consul. Commodore Schley granted the permission, but told them that we had the enemy penned up in there. Much to our surprise, when the young officer had returned to his own ship, the war vessel turned around and stood for Jamaica, flying a pennant which read, "No harm done by your courtesy." I know we were very much puzzled by this signal, and finally construed it into meaning that as long as we were aware of the presence of the Spanish in the harbor he would not bother going in.

RECONNAISSANCE. X.

"NO, NO, my boy, you can't go. You're a non-combatant; there's no need of your exposing yourself unnecessarily, and besides, you can see the whole thing just as well from the deck of the Brooklyn as out with us. We're not going to do any real scrapping, but I want to find out what those fellows have, and we'll simply run in and locate their batteries."

It was a glorious morning. The long, wavering sheet of gray mist had risen reluctantly, and the brilliant sunshine changing its gray to clouds of crimson and gold, had finally conquered, disclosing high hills of emerald verdure, dotted with the darker green of the palm or tinged with a ruddy tone where the scarlet-flowered creepers grew in greater luxuriance, and at their base a long line of gleaming, silvery coral sand, outlined the more distinctly by the leaping, glistening, white foam that curled up

over the rocky shore, save in one spot, where the line was broken by the narrow opening between the hills that marked the entrance to Santiago harbor. The heavy, rolling sea sparkled greenly in the sunlight, whose rays were reflected from the polished brass work and guns of some smaller vessels tossing nearer shore, and from the huge ships of war swinging so majestically on the waves.

This was the scene off the coast of southern Cuba the early morning of May 31, 1898, and the point which these vast warships were so jealously guarding was that little opening between the hills; the tiny stretch of smooth water, which if followed would lead up the bay to where the city of Santiago lay snuggled, protected by the high hills, six miles away at the coast-line. But there were in the city that day anxious hearts, despite the fancied protection of the hill, for the huge, quaker-gray ships, floating in semi-circle out at sea, were an enemy's cordon of death, and bombardment, with all its terrible results, was momentarily looked for.

But aboard the ship, if those who feared could have seen, there was no indication of

attack. True, the decks were stripped as if for fighting, being ready at a moment's notice to battle, but about them the men were lounging, clad in dirty clothes, waiting for the sea to calm down so that necessary coal could be taken from the colliers. The morning wore on, and the sea quieting, colliers ranged alongside, and soon, under sight of the walls of Morro, and almost within distance of the huge guns on the Spanish fleet penned within the harbor, was presented the spectacle of the Texas, the Brooklyn, and the Marblehead busy replenishing their coal bunkers, a decidedly unaggressive occupation.

But, from somewhere on the ship, I had caught the rumor that a bombardment was to be made, and I waited about, anxious not to miss a chance to see it. When the order came that the Commodore's flag was to be transferred to the Massachusetts and that she and some of the others were to make the attack, I was eager to be of the party. Then it was I begged of the Commodore to take me along, and he had replied, "No, you can't go. We're not going to do any real scrapping, but I want to find out what those fellows have,

and we'll simply run in and locate their batteries."

But I was extremely persistent, urging the necessity of a close observance for an accurate report, and finally Schley consented, and jubilantly I joined the party which, together with the Commodore's flag, were carried over to the Massachusetts by the little converted yacht, Vixen, Captain Sharpe commanding. Among the group were Commodore Schley, Flag-Lieutenant Sears, Flag-Secretary Wells, Flag-Ensign and Signal-Officer Edward McCauley, and I. We all wore our white linen suits, for the weather was extremely hot, even the Commodore wearing white with no insignia of his rank.

As we climbed up the sides of the Massachusetts we were heartily greeted, and there was some wonder as to the cause of our coming. Captain Higginson and some of his officers received us, and we walked back to the quarter-deck.

Leaning up against one of the big guns in the turret Commodore Schley patted it with his hand and said:

"Higginson, how would you like to fire a

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"*We watched the Texas silence the battery*"

shot or two at that fellow in the entrance so as to get them to open up their batteries on shore?"

Captain Higginson and the officers near him fairly jumped with delight.

"Very much indeed," replied Captain Higginson, expressively, and his officers joined in the chorus of approval.

"I'm sure I could plunk her if we get the range on her," said Lieutenant Glennan, who had charge of the big pair of beauties in the forward turret.

"Well," said Commodore Schley, "tell your bullies that after they have finished their midday meal I will let them have a chance."

The men were told and there was a rousing cheer that might have been heard ashore.

We stood on the quarter-deck, in the shade of the awning for a while, chatting.

"I am told," said Higginson, "that the Indiana put a shell from her thirteen-inch gun through a target at 2,000 yards, and then went through the same hole with a second shell. Pretty good work for one of these fellows," and the muscular little captain stroked the muzzle of one of the four thirteen-inch guns

that made up the main battery of the big ship of the line.

Don't get out a tape measure or a foot-rule and measure off thirteen inches and wonder to what portion of the gun that refers, because it would avail you little; but rather listen to the account of the stupendousness of this greatest engine of destruction, of modern days. A "thirteen-inch breech-loading rifle," as the biggest gun used in the Navy is technically described, is a piece of metal weighing 136,000 pounds, a few inches over 39 feet in length, and with a powder-space 15.5 inches in diameter and 80.8 inches long.

The only reference to thirteen inches is in the diameter of the steel projectile fired. This monstrous gun throws a projectile that weighs 1,100 pounds, and the amount of powder consumed for each shot so fired is 520 pounds. The explosion of this powder sends this weight of 1,100 pounds of metal from the muzzle at the speed of 2,100 feet per second, and with an energy of 33,627 tons—enough to send it through twenty-four inches of steel at 1,000 yards, and twenty-one inches at a mile distant; and while the mechanism of this gun is com-

plicated, and while every part after every shot must be cleaned, so complete is the discipline aboard that it may be fired once every three minutes.

After luncheon, Commodore Schley having lunched with Captain Higginson; Lieutenants Sears, Wells, and myself with the ward room officers, and Ensign McCauley with the junior officers, grouped around the pilot-house on the upper bridge. There Captain Higginson and Commodore Schley discussed the approaching bombardment, fixing the distance at which we should fire at 7,000 yards—Commodore Schley basing his reasons for this on the fact that in several orders issued, the Navy Department had deprecated exposure of warships to the fire of unknown land batteries, until after the fleet of Cervera had been found and destroyed, a policy perfectly natural because our Navy as assembled in the West Indian waters was not so large that we could afford to cripple the ships, and, as Secretary Long expressed it in his dispatches, there were "too few dry-docks at any ports within our possessions where ships could be repaired with any facility."

Captain Higginson concurred with Commodore Schley in his views and a flag message was sent to the other ships ordering them to prepare to go in and bombard. This message read:

The Massachusetts and New Orleans and Iowa will go in after dinner to a distance of 7,000 yards and fire at Cristobal Colon with eight and twelve and thirteen-inch guns. Speed about ten knots.

When the message was read, the effect was magical. Officers and men alike became imbued with life and activity. Listlessness and ennui, borne of the waiting and the heat, vanished, and like a transformation came quick, snappy orders; alert, happy replies. Messengers hurried here and there, the smaller apprentice boys with shining eyes and heightened color; while among the men there was apparent a strong feeling of delight at the thought that at last the months of practice at target shooting were to be consummated by a real attack at the "dagoes," and when finally the order was given to "Move in," a ripple ran over the ship from bow to stern, that only the fine discipline of a man-of-war kept from breaking into a rousing cheer.

Commodore Schley had taken up a position near the conning tower on the little bridge that surrounded it, and several of us were standing on the top of the thirteen-inch turret. Suddenly, noticing our position, he called somewhat sharply, "I would not expose myself like that, if I were you, boys. You don't have to do it, and I do," and as we looked upon this as a sort of order coming from so high an authority, we stepped down and took our positions in the rear of the conning tower.

"Tell them to clear for action," said the Commodore, and the signal had hardly been made out when a cheer from each ship came over the water.

"Tell them to get ready for firing and go to quarters," added the Commodore.

The men were at their guns in an instant.

"Fire only with the large guns; get the range of the ship in the harbor and hit her if you can. The New Orleans may try a few shots at Morro for a range."

The ships were ready to move in when Captain Higginson, preparing to go to his fighting station in the steel-protected conning tower, said:

"You had better step in the tower, Commodore; you will be safe there."

"No," replied Commodore Schley; "I want to see things. I can't see there."

Then, still chewing his cigar, he stood with his glasses in his hands looking toward the objective point.

The men of the secondary batteries who were not busy profited by the example and stood out on the open deck and watched the firing of the big guns.

The three war vessels were then about six miles from the entrance to the bay, southwest of it, and where the Cristobal Colon could not be seen as she lay broadside on in the narrow entrance or nook. There was but one place where she could be fired at by the American ships, and the firing would have to be done, if the ships were moving, in about two minutes.

"Go ahead at ten knots northeast," was the order issued by the Commodore, and the ships straightened out.

"Fire when you are at about 7,000 yards," was the next order from the Commodore, who then stood on top of the big thirteen-inch gun turret.

Lieutenant Potts, with the stadimeter, tolled off the distances to Lieutenant Sears, and when 7,000 yards was announced the Cristobal Colon's stem and the bow of the partly dismantled Reina Mercedes showed in the harbor.

"You can fire now," said the Commodore to the semi-stripped gun-captain, who sat unconcernedly in the opening of the great turret; and then the Commodore stepped off the turret in order to avoid the concussion.

"Let her go, lieutenant!" was heard from the turret.

There was a frightful roar and an immense half-ton projectile, propelled by the explosion of five hundred pounds of powder, went flying toward the mark. For three seconds it flew along its trajectory and when it dropped there arose a fountain of water, which for a minute hid the Colon from sight, while a ringing cheer went up from the jackies on deck.

"A little short there. Try your other a little higher up," said the Commodore.

Elevated to 8,000 yards the second big fellow hurled a projectile toward the enemy.

"A fair hit!" cried the men, as the shell

crashed near the stern of the Reina Mercedes and exploded.

The two after-guns then spoke, and then the entrance of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba was shut out of vision from the battleship.

By this time the little cruiser New Orleans had come in range, and the forts were opening a steady fire from what were evidently high-power modern guns. The shells dropped thick and fast over or short of the Massachusetts, and the American blue-jackets jeered and laughed at the bad aim of the Spaniards. One very well-put shot went close, through the upperworks of the Massachusetts, but it did not hit anything and simply made a splashing in the water upon the other side of the battleship.

"Well, the dagoes are getting a little better," said a sailor.

The remark caused another waggish blue-jacket to say:

"Oh, give them a year and they will learn to shoot."

The long rifles of the New Orleans were by this time playing a tattoo on the low-lying forts near the entrance, so as to draw their fire and ascertain their range, and the Iowa's biggest

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"*They are all out and coming to the west*"

twelve-inch guns were hurling steel projectiles into the harbor entrance.

The forts kept up a perfect cannonade and some of their shots were well aimed, so far as the range was concerned, but they were not effective.

The Cristobal Colon opened fire with her big guns, but her shells never once came near the line.

After running a mile to the eastward the Massachusetts, followed by the other American warships, circled around and ran back over very nearly the same course, steaming west by south. On getting near the same range at which the firing opened before, the warships fired with their starboard batteries, and after delivering one round drew out of the Spaniards' range, Commodore Schley saying as he stepped to the quarter-deck:

"Well, we let them know that we have some ammunition, and I know their capacity for defense."

For half an hour after the ships had passed a mile out of the range of the shore batteries and the Cristobal Colon, the Spaniards kept up their fire. Then it became known, by the place-

ment of the shot, that the enemy had plotted a neat little plan that might have succeeded had there been good gunnery. The modern guns on shore had found the range of the place where the Flying Squadron would have to pass in order to fire on the Cristobal Colon and had trained their guns to play on that spot. But Commodore Schley beat them at their own game by going by at ten knots' speed and firing on the fly.

The firing disclosed the existence of a new battery mounted with ten-inch modern guns just east of Morro Castle, and it also revealed the fact that two modern guns were mounted to the rear of the Morro. Then it was seen that to the west of the entrance and opposite Morro Castle were two batteries of earthwork with modern guns. Besides this the Reina Mercedes had two loaded torpedo tubes looking down the harbor, and as in one place the channel is only one hundred yards wide and five fathoms deep, it can be seen that the entrance to the harbor of Santiago de Cuba was easily defended and almost impossible of ingress without meeting a fire that would sink a ship and prevent anything from coming in after it.

In addition to its coast and harbor defense the channel was mined.

Undoubtedly a thing that perplexed, and yet could not fail to interest our enemies ashore, was the fact that while three of the American warships spitting fire and defiance were hurling their shells into Santiago harbor and making the first hostile demonstration off the southern coast of Cuba, three or four others were quietly coaling from colliers they had brought along with them, while those of their officers and crew who were not engaged in this occupation crowded upon the superstructures and mast-heads, glasses in hand, and watched the bombardment with the same interest as they would watch a baseball or football game.

Perhaps the best description of Schley during this fight that has been given was that remark of Captain Higginson, the commander of the Massachusetts, who, when asked what was Commodore Schley's attitude during the bombardment, replied: "It was that of a commander-in-chief."

The Commodore himself gives an accurate description of the bombardment, and the reasons for it. He says:

"On the 31st, whilst the Brooklyn and the Marblehead and Texas were coaling, I transferred my flag to the Massachusetts, and determined that I would develop the fortifications, because the information which we had on board, from the Hydrographic Office, was rather undetermined. I think one source of information stated that the batteries were old and another stated that Krupps were mounted. The general belief, however, was that all of the southern places were very heavily fortified. In fact, we knew very little about the effect of the higher power artillery, either on shore, in emplacements, or on board ship in batteries. Feeling that we ought to know something about the fortifications which defended that place, I determined to go in and take advantage of what I believed to be the longer range of our own guns, and develop fully what its defenses were, and incidentally if we could get a shot into the Colon, that was lying exposed somewhat, to do it.

"I think we were lying in a position perhaps four to five miles to the westward. The steaming in was at slow speed. I transferred my flag and named 7,000 yards as the range;

went on board of the Massachusetts, and when I got on board it happened to be near the dinner hour and Captain Higginson suggested that we postpone until one o'clock the going in to develop these batteries. I assented to that, and after one o'clock, when the luncheon was over, we went to quarters and steamed in pretty nearly head on.

"I took with me Lieutenant-Commander Sears, Lieutenant Wells, Ensign McCauley, and Mr. George E. Graham, the correspondent of the Associated Press, who was most earnest in his request to go with us. I demurred for some time, feeling that one who was not paid for fighting ought not really to be exposed. He was there in the interest of the press and I thought I would spare him; but we got on board and went to quarters, and before going to quarters, while we were standing in, Captain Higginson and I had a talk over the matter. I did not feel excited myself or nervous over it, because if I had, I need not have undertaken it; but I had some regard for those people who were standing upon the turret, because I was afraid that the shock of the great guns might injure them, and I called

to them. I said: 'I would not take such a position—a position of such exposure. You do not have to do it, but I have to.' I was upon the platform, or at least the gallery, which surrounded the conning tower.

"I gave the distance as 7,000 yards. Mr. Potts reported to Captain Higginson, in my hearing, that we were on that range. Captain Higginson reported to me. I told him, of course, to take up his operations as directed.

"The moment that we opened fire the heavier guns were directed at the Colon, and a signal was made by my direction from the Massachusetts to the New Orleans to engage the batteries. But the moment that we began firing, the batteries on the hills to the eastward of the Morro, and the Socapa, and the Morro itself opened. There was a slope to the westward upon which there was a battery firing smokeless powder, for I could only see the flashes; and that was true as well of the battery to the eastward of the Morro. The Socapa seemed to me to be the only fortification that used smoking powder. Quite a storm of projectiles came out. They impressed me as being guns of six or eight-inch calibre. There were

many passed over the squadron. The Vixen was lying half a mile outside of the squadron, and shell went over her.

"I could not see the firing in the harbor, but I assumed that they were firing at random over the hills, in view of the long range of these guns; but the Socapa battery unquestionably reached us and sent shells over us. I do not know whether their guns were superior or not, but the fact was, they did go beyond us. It was therefore military folly to risk any of our battleships, especially after the instructions which we had received, so as to have occasioned any diminution of force under the then existing circumstances. If we had lost one or two, or injured one or two of our vessels, the squadron, composed of only five or six ships, would have been at a very great disadvantage, and it probably might have invited an attack which would have had disastrous results."

HOBSON'S EXPLOIT. XI.

ON THE morning of June 1st at daylight, ships were sighted and were quickly made out to be the New York, flying the broad pennant of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson; the Oregon, fresh from her long journey around the coast; and a couple of full-stocked colliers, completing practically the North Atlantic squadron with which Sampson, now assuming command, would commence the blockade of the harbor. In plain sight, near the harbor entrance, lay the Spanish cruiser, Cristobal Colon, and there she remained until nearly eleven o'clock that morning, when she picked up her anchor and moved further up the bay.

The ships of the squadron swung idly around all through the day, a few of them coaling, but no attempt being made to further reconnoitre, or to attack the enemy. Commodore Schley reported to Admiral Sampson that he had sent

ashore a Cuban pilot with orders to get a look at the harbor and return not later than the morning of June 4th. Admiral Sampson gave his approval to this procedure, and ordered that the pilot report to him upon his return.

The next morning, June 2d, after an uneventful night and after Admiral Sampson had determined that the blockade should be an immobile one with the vessels remaining in a fixed semicircle, he broached the idea of sending into the harbor entrance a collier, sinking her there for the purpose of "bottling up" the Spanish fleet. The idea had already been spoken of to Admiral Schley by the Navy Department, which had asked him to use his judgment as to the policy of sending in an old hulk loaded with stones, and allowing the enemy to sink her with torpedoes or shots. The Commodore had always taken the attitude that we should offer every inducement for the fleet to come out; that while inside they were a menace to the army, but that if they ever did come outside we could certainly whip them. He reiterated these views to Admiral Sampson, and when told that Lieutenant Hobson of the Construction Corps of the Navy had volunteered to

take in a ship, and, with the assistance of five or six men, sink her, he still further objected on the ground that it was a sacrifice of human life, with the chances ninety-nine to a hundred that it would not succeed, and, finally, that the collier would prove as much of a menace to us if we attempted to go in as to the Spaniards if they attempted to come out.

But it would appear that before reaching Santiago Admiral Sampson had practically decided to make the attempt to close the harbor, having talked over the matter with Lieutenant Hobson of the Naval Construction Department, who had been assigned to the New York by the Navy Department for the purpose of watching the effects of shots upon war vessels, and also the actions of the ships themselves. A study of the details of the harbor of Santiago after Commodore Schley had succeeded in his famous "bottling up of the Spaniards" there, demonstrated the fact that the neck, at a point about 300 yards inside the highlands at the mouth, had an extreme width of 1,000 yards, and that of that width but about 500 feet had the requisite depth of water to

allow of the passage of vessels of war drawing twenty or more feet.

In fact, so fully had the determination been made to sink a collier in the entrance, that Admiral Sampson and Lieutenant Hobson, as we afterward learned, had on the way from the northern coast to Santiago, perfected all the technical plans for the attempt, so that upon arrival off the blockade all that remained to be done was the actual work of preparing the collier.

Lieutenant Hobson was a very young man, twenty-eight years of age, but had already risen to a place of prominence in his profession. Studious, retiring, reticent, and of a thoroughly independent nature, having always clearly demonstrated a tendency to mark out new roads for himself as much as was permissible with naval rulings, he attracted companions to him by his forceful self reliance, and by his careful and unsuperficial view of situations. Sampson, possessing many of the same splendid attributes, had taken a liking to the young officer, and had agreed to his suggested plans of attempting to pen in the Spanish fleet. This remarkable young officer had

not come to his superior with a verbal suggestion merely, and expecting the Admiral to perfect the details, but, with the methodical genius for which he was noted not only through the war but during his school days, Hobson had presented plans and drawings and specifications to show its feasibility, and at the same time proffered a request, amounting to as nearly a demand as discipline would allow, that he be permitted to personally conduct the expedition.

One of the chief characteristics of Admiral Sampson is his unwillingness to risk human life, and when Hobson first propounded his plan there was a flat objection. The Lieutenant, however, insisted that it had been shown, both in actual and mimic warfare, that it is possible for a penned-in fleet to sometimes creep through the blockading line, and that Spain's fast fleet might readily escape from Santiago harbor in heavy weather, thus undoing the splendid accomplishment of Schley, so, as I have before said, the Admiral finally fully agreed with Hobson's suggestions.

"You may attempt your plan," said Sampson, "but you must do it with as little sacrifice

of life as possible; and every man who goes with you must fully understand the danger, and that his going is purely voluntary."

It was decided the Merrimac, the ill-fated collier that had caused Commodore Schley so much trouble and annoyance, was to be the sacrifice, and in her glorious ending she retrieved her honor. She was an iron ship of some 4,000 tons, and about 330 feet long, with triple expansion engines. She had on board, the day her fate was decided, about 2,300 tons of coal, and when the New York arrived, was lying alongside the Massachusetts, replenishing the warship's depleted bunkers. Quickly as the final choice of the collier was made, the signal was flown from the flagship that volunteers were wanted "for a desperate and perhaps fatal expedition," and that but one man could be sent from a ship. And then came a reply that should be as famed in verse and song as was the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson's immortal pen. Not sustained by the heat of battle, nor by a fierce desire to repay shot for shot, or blow for blow, but with a knowledge that their duty would be quietly waiting in an attempt to accom-

plish their object before they were picked off like pigeons at a "shoot," the reply was wig-wagged from every ship in the fleet, that not one man had volunteered but, instead, nearly the entire ship's crew stood ready for the attempt, officers and men alike—hundreds anxious to do what only a bare half dozen might accomplish.

"Every man on this ship wants to go," signaled Captain "Bob" Evans of the Iowa.

"We can give you 250 volunteers," came the wig-wag from Philip of the Texas, while from the Brooklyn the message came, "Two-thirds of the Brooklyn's crew are fighting for first place." Finally, it had to be left to the commanding officers of the ships to chose each one man, and even with the authority vested in them, it was a difficult task.

The first seaman known to have volunteered was William F. Snodgrass, a boatswain's mate of the cruiser Brooklyn. His selection almost caused a riot on board the Brooklyn, the many other disappointed men claiming that his previous knowledge of the expedition gave him the advantage. So bitter did the warfare of the men seeking glory in probable death

become, that the matter was finally referred to the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who selected another man, much to the disappointment of Snodgrass.

On the Texas and on the cruiser New York, as well as on other ships of the squadron, similar scenes were being enacted, while the crew of the Merrimac strenuously protested that they, having always manned the ship, should now be the ones to reap her glory. Finally it was left to Lieutenant Hobson to chose his own crew of six men, the number he considered adequate for the enterprise. The first six men selected from the ships of the Flying Squadron were: Richard Dalton, of the Brooklyn; P. J. Doyle, of the Texas; J. W. Neill, of the New Orleans; W. Anderson, of the Massachusetts; Thomas Wade, of the Vixen, and P. Murphy, of the Iowa. These men, envied by nearly every other man on the fleet, were put at work, together with the crew of the collier, and some hands from the Texas and the New York, clearing the Merrimac of all her portable, valuable property, and preparing her for her last voyage.

But the trouble among the men which had

momentarily been stilled, broke out afresh and still more virulently, each projecting some special reason for which he should be more fitted to join the expedition than his fellow. Captain Miller, of the Merrimac, claimed his right as commanding officer to go in with the Merrimac, but his request was finally denied by Admiral Sampson, as the Captain not being familiar with Hobson's plans could have been only a passenger, while the tremendous exposure to which the men would be subjected if any survived the sinking of the collier, precluded any but young men taking part in the expedition. The controversy among the men was finally decided by Admiral Sampson, who ruled that Lieutenant Hobson should be the only officer aboard the Merrimac, and that her crew should be made up half of men who formerly served on the collier, and half of men from the New York. The men who finally constituted the crew, and who accompanied Lieutenant Hobson were:

Daniel Montague, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; George Charette, of Pawtucketnele, Mass.; J. C. Murphy (residence unknown), all of the New York; Oscar Deignan, of Ohio; George

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"*The crew was at muster*"

F. Phillips and Francis Kelly, of the Massachusetts, all three members of the former Merrimac crew. There was one other man aboard, H. Clausen, of New York City, who had stolen there from a launch of the cruiser New York and stowed himself away, and who was not discovered until the collier was well on into the harbor.

It was expected that the collier would make the attempt to enter the harbor the night of June 2d, but it was impossible to complete arrangements in time, so it was not until the night of the 3d that she finally got under way.

The general plan of the manœuvre, as decided upon and approved by the Admiral, was to approach at full speed, stopping a short distance from the entrance, so that a speed of about four and a half or five knots should be attained when ready for the final movements. Here the helm was to be put hard aport, and as the ship began to swing the starboard bow anchor would be dropped with sixty fathoms of chain; while, further in, in a second position, the starboard stern anchor was to be dropped with forty fathoms of chain, thus permitting the ship to take the desired posi-

tion, where she would be lying on a span directly athwart. The nose of the vessel would stick into the shoal on the channel's right, so that in case the anchor chain were carried away, the movement would cause the vessel to throw her port quarter into the shoal on the port side, the bank being only one and a fourth fathoms deep.

On Wednesday night, just after dark, the arrangements for the collier were practically perfected, the guns, furniture and provisions having all been removed, and the coal shifted so that the collier lay on an even keel.

During the afternoon I had gone aboard the Merrimac to witness the preparations, and the picked crew for the expedition, seeing my camera, had ranged up in line and proffered the request that I should take their photograph. And this, not for the purpose of sending them to their families, but that they might have them when they returned from sinking the Merrimac. This spirit of courage and faith was evinced so plainly, that there were found hidden away in the hold of the Merrimac four sailors from the Texas. When discovered and hauled to the deck, the spokesman

said regretfully, "Well, we just wanted to see the fun."

In the evening, over on the New York, Lieutenant Hobson gave the only interview which he permitted to any one. He said:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has 7,000 tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots.

"When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long.

"There are ten eight-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected

with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew, and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the water-tight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard

aport and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer, and will follow his leader into the water. This last insures the sinking of the Merrimac whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose.

"Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

It was two o'clock on the morning of June 3d when the expedition finally got away. On the bridge of the Brooklyn stood Commodore Schley, Flag-Lieutenant Sears, Captain Murphy, Dr. De Valin, and the writer. Lieu-

tenant Rush, officer of the deck, with his glass on the doomed ship, said at precisely 2:15, "She is moving," and from that time on for over an hour scarcely a word passed any one's lips. The moon shone quite brightly toward the Morro, bringing out its white stone face sharply against the black background. The coal steamer, without a light of any kind and not showing a particle of smoke, moved along like a huge ghost ship on the dark, gray sea. On her bridge, as she passed under the Brooklyn's stern, could be seen three of her gallant crew, and one, whom we decided to be Hobson, removed his hat, while Commodore Schley leaned forward, and waving his cap, said, "God bless you, my boy; good luck."

Slowly the Merrimac passed on toward the black opening beneath the Morro that, faced by two sharp hills, looked like a yawning cavern of death. From the bridge as we viewed it, the setting moon striking the yellowish stone of the castle and throwing the gorge at the entrance into a deep shadow, made the effect of a huge gaping mouth with a single gleaming eye above it, waiting and watching for its prey. When about two miles from

Morro the Merrimac turned slightly to the west and ran into the dense shadow of the great hill at that side of the entrance. Then, running at full speed, she dashed for the entrance, and at 3:15 we, straining our eyes through the night glasses, saw the tiny black speck slip through the opening. For ten minutes hearts beat faster and faster, and then suddenly a Spanish gun on shore spit her first venomous fire, and in a moment the dark mouth had become a cauldron of flame and shell, the water whipped into a phosphorescent glare by the rainfall of bullets, while the echo of the huge guns' loud mouthings reverberated from hill to hill, and finally swept out over the water to us who were waiting on the ships, vainly trying to pierce the hellish glare for a glimpse of the Merrimac.

Hearts sank at the awful spectacle, and prayers went up for the safety of the little crew, but it seemed as though there could be scant hope for those who had entered into "the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." For thirty-five minutes this terrible baptism of fire continued, the entire harbor apparently being covered by the guns, while the searchlights of

the enemy could be seen seeking here and there for the stranger, and then, at 3:50, all was suddenly silenced, and darkness curtained the scene.

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"*A big shell came in the gun deck*"

AN ESCAPE. *XII.*

UNTIL daylight, we sat anxiously awaiting for a possible sign of life from the harbor. In the early morning, the little steam launch that had followed the Merrimac out a few hours previous, steamed from near the mouth of the batteries and announced, "Nobody has returned. But," added the boyish commander, as the launch steamed away, his enthusiasm for Hobson's splendid action overwhelming for the moment his loss of a friend, "he did it just the same."

The coming of this little launch, even though it brought disheartening news, was also joyfully received, for it brought back a group of brave men—young Naval-Cadet J. W. Powell, and P. K. Peterson, H. Hanford, J. Mullings, and G. L. Russell, all of the flagship New York. Powell was really almost a mere boy, being one of the Naval Academy class who, like the class at West Point, had at the

commencement of the war been drafted into active service before being graduated. He had been chosen by Admiral Sampson to take the launch on its perilous task, not only on account of his cool headedness and ability to command, but because of his great love and friendship for Lieutenant Hobson, under whose tuition he had been at Annapolis. When the Merrimac had slipped away from the fleet, out into the darkness on her dash for the harbor, following in her wake like a plucky terrier, had run the little launch, so that if after the sinking of the collier any of her crew escaped, they would find help at hand.

In the early morning light the little launch had scouted back and forth across the harbor entrance in a vain search for any survivors. It had suddenly been discovered by the gunners on Morro, and from the Brooklyn we saw the flashes of fire and puffs of light smoke that told she was being attacked. With our glasses we saw young Powell head his launch in toward the shore, until he was so close under the hills that the guns could not be trained on him, and then creep along in the shadows in an endeavor to get out of range. When he considered,

evidently, that he was safe from their projectiles, he turned to run out to sea, and brave Captain Jack Philip, always ready and generous to assist, headed the Texas in to meet him. Some shots from the Morro fell short, and in a few moments the little launch ran alongside the fleet and we were told of the fear that all the Merrimac's crew had been killed.

All this time Schley had stood on the bridge, watching every movement of the collier and launch, and during the latter's final dash I had seen him lean forward and grasp, almost spasmodically, the binoculars, while his lips moved as if in prayer. And when, finally, the Texas had picked her up, and the two were near at hand I saw his whole figure relax, a smile come over his face, while he murmured a fervent, low, "Thank God." But as the sad report was made that nothing had been seen of Hobson or his men, though the search had been thorough, the Commodore's face saddened, and turning quietly toward the Morro he stood for a moment gazing at its grim outline, and with tears gathering in his eyes, said, "Too bad, too bad. But they met the death of heroes."

A little later young Powell told the exceeding

modest story of his exploit, evidently considering the action of himself and his men of no account, and giving all the glory and honor to Hobson. Cadet Powell said:

"During the early night Lieutenant Hobson took a short sleep for a few hours, which was often interrupted. A quarter to two he came on deck and made a final inspection, giving his last instruction. Then we had a little lunch. Hobson was as cool as a cucumber. About 2:30 o'clock I took the men who were not going on the trip into launches and started for the Texas, the nearest ship, but had to go back for the engineers whom Hobson finally compelled to leave. Hobson said: 'Powell, watch the boat's crew, when we pull out of the harbor. We will be cracks, rowing thirty strokes to the minute.'

"After leaving the Texas I saw the Merrimac steaming slowly in. It was only fairly dark then, and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three-quarters of a mile astern.

"The Merrimac stood about a mile to the westward of the harbor and seemed a bit mixed, but turned, and finally heading to the east she ran down and then turned in. We were at

that time chasing him, because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings. When Hobson was about 300 yards from the harbor, the first gun was fired from the east bluff. We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the Merrimac in the smoke which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily. Before Hobson could have blown up the Merrimac the western battery picked us up and commenced firing. They shot wild and we only heard the shots. We ran in still closer to the shore, and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedoes on the Merrimac.

"Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of the Morro, keeping a bright lookout for the boat or for swimmers, but saw nothing. Hobson had arranged to meet us at that point, but thinking that some one might have drifted out we crossed in front of Morro and the mouth of the harbor to the eastward. About five o'clock we crossed the harbor again within a quarter of a mile and stood to the westward. In doing this we saw one spar of the Merrimac

sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside the breakers for a mile, and then turned toward the Texas, when the batteries saw us and opened fire. It was broad daylight then. The first shot fired dropped thirty yards astern, but the other shots went wild.

"I drove the launch for all she was worth, finally making the New York. The men behaved splendidly."

All through the day there was a feeling of depression aboard the fleet, and there were many surmises as to the probable fate of the Merrimac's crew; but at four o'clock there was a ripple of excitement, for the call to quarters was sounded, a boat having been sighted coming out of the entrance. All glasses were trained upon it, and very quickly it was discovered to be a small Spanish gunboat, carrying the flag of truce. Slowly it crept out toward the middle of our line, and then hesitated, evidently bewildered as to whether the New York or the Brooklyn was the flagship. Admiral Sampson, noticing her uncertainty, moved in closer to the entrance, and in a few minutes took her officers aboard. The next few moments were fraught with awful anxiety for all on

board the other ships, and when the Spaniards were seen to descend the side of the New York, and their gunboat steamed off toward shore and still no sign was made from the flagship, there was many a query and supposition as to the meaning of the visit.

The New York steamed back to her place in line, and then a string of tiny flags was seen creeping up her mast which, as the breeze caught them and snapped out their multi-colored folds, the signal officer of the Brooklyn read and in an exultant tone announced that neither Hobson nor any of his men had been killed or wounded. The relief was so great that for a moment there was a complete silence as we tried to grasp the full import of the signal, but suddenly there was a hurricane of cheers that shook the very air, rising louder and louder as the men's joy found expression. Men fell on each other's necks and hugged each other, and many a weather-beaten tar I saw with tears streaming down his face. On the bridge the officers were most jubilant, while Schley, his face radiant with joy, exclaimed, "It is wonderful! Surely the day of miracles is not past."

Soon more detailed information was received aboard, and we learned that gallant old Admiral Cervera, being so impressed with the courage of the Merrimac's crew that he felt Admiral Sampson should know they had not lost their lives, had accordingly chivalrously sent out under a flag of truce his chief-of-staff, Captain Ovido. Captain Ovido said that Hobson's undertaking was a success, that the Merrimac had been sunk, and that he and his men had attempted to escape on a catamaran attached to the collier, its row boat having been shot away. While drifting about, however, they had been picked up by Admiral Cervera and his officers, taken prisoners and sent to Santiago city under guard, later being placed in Morro Castle. The Spanish officer courteously offered to carry any supplies to the prisoners, and so returned with money, clothing, and provisions for Hobson and his men.

Later we learned that the Merrimac's officer and crew had been confined in the Morro during our first bombardment of the fort, and had perhaps been in almost as much danger from the fire of their countrymen's guns as they had been previously from those of the Spaniards'.

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"The Oregon was coming to help the Brooklyn"

It was after the release of Hobson and his men from Santiago, and after he had made his formal report to Admiral Sampson, that he talked a little more fully about his experiences. He was very modest and did not seem to realize the wonderful sensation his daring exploit had created throughout the country. It was with some difficulty he was persuaded to speak of himself, although he referred in most glowing terms to the intrepidity of his little crew.

"We have been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison," said Mr. Hobson, "and the more I think about it the more marvelous it seems that we are alive.

"It was about three o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the headland. We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"This plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the

Merrimac poked her nose into the channel, our troubles commenced. The deadly silence was broken by the wash of a small boat approaching us from the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat.

"She ran close up under the stern of the Merrimac and fired several shots from what seemed to be three-pounders. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by this fire. That is why the collier was not sunk across the channel.

"We did not discover the loss of the rudder until Murphy cast anchor. We then found that the Merrimac would not answer to the helm, and were compelled to make the best of the situation.

"The run up the channel was very exciting. The picket boat had given the alarm, and in a moment the guns of the Viscaya, the Almirante Oquendo, and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"Submarine mines and torpedoes also were exploded all about us, adding to the excitement. The mines did no damage, although we could hear rumbling and could feel the ship tremble.

"We were running without lights, and only

the darkness saved us from utter destruction. When the ship was in the desired position and we found that the rudder was gone I called the men on deck. While they were launching the catamaran I touched off the explosives.

"At the same moment two torpedoes, fired by the Reina Mercedes, struck the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our own explosives or the Spanish torpedoes did the work, but the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and almost rent asunder.

"As she settled down we scrambled overboard and cut away the catamaran. A great cheer went up from the forts and warships as the hold of the collier foundered, the Spaniards thinking that the Merrimac was an American warship.

"We attempted to get out of the harbor in the catamaran, but a strong tide was running, and daylight found us still struggling in the water. Then for the first time the Spaniards saw us, and a boat from the Reina Mercedes picked us up. It then was shortly after five o'clock in the morning, and we had been in the water more than an hour. We were taken

aboard the Reina Mercedes and later were sent to Morro Castle.

"In Morro we were confined in cells in the inner side of the fortress, and were there the first day the fleet bombarded Morro. I could only hear the whistling of the shells and the noise they made when they struck, but I judged from the conversation of the guards that the shells did considerable damage.

"After this bombardment Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, protested, and we were removed to the hospital. There I was separated from the other men in our crew, and could see them only by special permission. Montague and Kelly fell ill two weeks ago, suffering from malaria, and I was permitted to visit them twice.

"Mr. Ramsden was very kind to us, and demanded that Montague and Kelly be removed to better quarters in the hospital. This was done.

"As for myself, there is little to say. The Spanish were not disposed to do much for the comfort of any of the prisoners at first, but, after our army had taken some of their men as prisoners our treatment was better. Food is scarce in the city, and I was told that we fared better than the Spanish officers."

THE BOMBARDMENT. *XIII.*

A HALF-NAKED man, sticking his head out of the forward eight-inch gun-turret on the Brooklyn to get a breath of air, called back to where Commodore Schley and I stood, as a couple of big shells whistled over our heads and struck in the water beyond: "Funny song they sing, sir," and then disappeared. The Commodore looked around at me, and smilingly said, although in a rather grewsome way, "He'll never hear the one that hits him if he is unfortunate enough to be hit."

Five marines who acted as messengers stood on the deck in the lee of the conning tower and watched the Commodore curiously as he stood, glasses in hand, on the side toward which the enemy was firing, almost vainly in the dense smoke trying to get a view of the fortifications.

It was seven o'clock on the morning of July 6th, and five days after his arrival, when Admiral Sampson was making his first attempt

to reconnoitre the batteries ashore and get an idea of their value. The fleet, a very large one by the way, in carrying out this intention was serving up a breakfast of steel projectiles of various energies to the Spaniards in their well-fortified places ashore. We had partaken of a light repast ourselves. The big gongs aboard ship had rung at 5:30 in the morning, and we of the ward room mess had gathered in that room to fortify ourselves for the fight which was to follow. Commodore Schley finding his cabin almost uninhabitable because the wooden flooring was being wet down to prevent it taking fire from an enemy's shell, and the gunners controlling the two five-inch and two six-pounder guns whose breeches found a resting place in the cabin, were wheeling in their cartridges, had come down in our ward room to take a bite. The electric fixtures could not be lighted for fear the enemy might find a resting place for a torpedo, and so, standing up—the table having been removed to make way for the men at the torpedo tubes—with a single sputtering oil lantern as our only light, we took our bites of hastily prepared sandwiches and drank our coffee from thick glasses or heavy cups, the

fine china having been stored away to avoid damage by concussion.

Yet the officers stood around in a perfectly nonchalant manner, joking and laughing over the way we would probably treat the Dons. The only source of regret seemed to be the fact that Morro Castle, a picturesque, splendid old ruin and yet a beautiful target, could not be used as an objective because the Spaniards —with a sixteenth century refinement of cruelty —had confined there Lieutenant Hobson and his crew, as a species of protection from our bullets. At least this was the information Admiral Sampson had received.

As I passed forward just before the fighting began, this gray, humid morning, it was curious to note the bearing of the men. A five-inch gun crew in an exposed place were singing "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." A group of men on the forward eight-inch turret were discussing where the best place to "get a line on" was, and everywhere there was jubilation that the ship was going into action. When the bugle blew for starboard guns to prepare, there was a growl of disgust from the men on the port side, and

when Lieutenant-Commander Mason ordered the men at the one-pounder and Colt rapid-fire guns to get out of their exposed positions there was almost rebellion. So these men hung about on the decks, and watched the effects of the gunnery of the American ships. They would cheer well-placed shells and laugh uproariously or jeer when a shell from the forts went over their heads or struck short. This lack of fear is a curious thing in battle.

Admiral Sampson's plan of fight that morning was an interesting one and evidently, if such things can be pre-judged, an effective one. The vessels standing out six miles from the fortifications were to move in in two columns directly toward the entrance. To the west were the Brooklyn, the Marblehead, the Texas, and the Massachusetts. To the east were the New York, the Yankee, the New Orleans, the Iowa, and the Oregon. As flanking vessels enfilading from each side were the Vixen, the Suwanee, the Dolphin, and the Porter. The ships moved in to a range of about 3,500 yards and at 7:41 o'clock the Iowa fired the first shot. Commodore Schley stood on the bridge of the Brooklyn and watched one of the eight-inch

turret guns fire the next shot, but the smoke rising very thickly from the forward guns, he went down on the forward deck and stood on the side of the conning tower exposed to the enemy during the remainder of the bombardment.

The enemy had instantly returned the first shots fired, and we were filled with amazement when we noticed that in their endeavor to use muzzle-loading guns, although every ship in this large squadron was firing at them, they had the temerity and the heroism to get up on the parapets of their earthworks and load the cannon. Commodore Schley standing and watching them through his glasses, acted like a great boy over it. As a big shell from the Texas fell under the parapet of La Socapa and lifted earth, debris, and men up in a swirling heap, he pointed enthusiastically toward them and exclaimed, "Those fellows have got sand. They have the proper spirit."

For three-quarters of an hour this fleet of thirteen vessels fired almost continuously at the earthworks, but with the exception of a couple of good shots from the Texas, seemed to do very little harm. This was not very surprising

considering that we did not know the exact height of the Morro, and that we were firing at earthworks about 210 feet high, such an angle of elevation for shells to reach that frequently, even if the shell struck the parapet, because of the angle at which it was moving there was behind that parapet a line of safety of fully 500 yards.

These earthworks, as we afterward discovered, were beautifully constructed, the base being formed of barrels of cement which had been wet down and, therefore, solidified, faced with many feet of sand toward the water side, and in a number of places sodded, so that the missiles, being base contact shells, would eight cases out of ten slide up the hillside and, losing their momentum, fail to explode.

At 8:22 Admiral Sampson ordered the fleet to cease firing, and immediately following came the further order, "Move in a little closer." We moved in to 3,000 yards and at 8:30 o'clock opened fire again. Almost the first shot fired by Captain Clark's ship—the Oregon—struck a blockhouse on a western hill and set fire to it. The battery on the west at about the same time ceased firing and the battery on

the east simply kept up a spasmodic sort of answer at very great intervals.

At ten minutes after nine Commodore Schley being notified by Captain Cook that the ship not being under way had swung around so that her port batteries were coming into play, ordered the helm starboarded, and the bugle sounded for port batteries to open fire. It was an inspiring sight to see the men on the port sied, who had been unable so far to take part in the combat rush to their guns with a cheer, eager to show their ability, and it was equally as encouraging to hear Commodore Schley say as he watched them, "They are the bullies who will settle the fate of the Spanish fleet."

After twenty-four minutes of firing the Massachusetts signaled that so far as she could see we were wasting ammunition by firing any longer, because the batteries were apparently silenced, and at 10:05 the fleet withdrew. During this bombardment there had hardly been anything in the fleet that might be called even an incident. A small projectile had shortened the military mast of the Massachusetts, and a shell from a mortar had exploded harmlessly over the Suwanee. There were

indications that the Texas had landed a couple of shots that might have injured the batteries, but with the aid of the glasses we could discover no serious embrasures, although we had expended $25,000 worth of ammunition, and no more information was obtained than that which Commodore Schley had secured on May 31st.

Some insurgents who came aboard that night informed me that we had killed over 300 Spaniards, but this, like all other information obtained from the Cubans, was absolutely unreliable, as it was proven later that two or three deaths were the extent of damage by our fire that day.

Notwithstanding the fact that these bombardments appeared to have little visible outward effect, Admiral Sampson continued them at intervals of four or five days with the evident admirable purpose of keeping the enemy apprised of the fact that we had plenty of ammunition and that our gunnery was fairly accurate. Indeed, we had taken ammunition from ships sent down with that commodity, and these bombardments kept the Spaniards from attempting to fortify in any new particulars,

and also forbade them resurrecting the Merrimac, from the wreck of which they might have obtained many tons of coal.

Sometimes we knew that we had killed men on the batteries, because when we had finished bombarding and had moved out, we would see the vultures circling round and swooping down to the places where they could smell the blood of our enemies. One day, in fact, we saw an officer, sword in hand, running along the parapet of La Socapa, evidently urging his men to get up on the earthworks and load the muzzle-loading pieces. Finally, we could see six or eight of them like ants crawling about the mouths of the old cannon, and evidently cleaning and loading them. Suddenly the Texas let fly a twelve-inch shell, and it struck the earth just below the busy Spaniards, almost on the crest of the embankment, and took that crest with its human freight up in the air like so many atoms, as it exploded. The cloud of dust settled, but we saw no human activity. A little later, however, when we moved out to our position in line we saw the flag go at half mast.

Just to the east of the Morro there was

quite a modern lighthouse, thirty or forty feet high, and there is a sort of international agreement that forbids the destruction of lighthouses; but during one of the bombardments an eight-inch shell struck this lighthouse, undoubtedly accidentally, and took one-half of it away, riddling the remainder with pieces of the exploded shell.

In all, between the time that Admiral Sampson arrived and the day the decisive battle of Santiago was fought, there were five bombardments by the fleet and one or two smaller movements such as the demonstration at Guantanamo when the marines landed, at Daiquiri when the troops landed, and at Altares and Aguadores where there were small fortifications.

One of the bombardments was particularly interesting because while the fleet had been ordered by Admiral Sampson not to fire at the Morro where it was supposed Hobson and his men were confined, Captain Clark's beautiful Oregon took a pot shot at it one day and knocked the Spanish flag down. It was a particularly pretty sight. The protected cruisers, the New York and the Brooklyn, and the battleship

Iowa, which had some trouble with her big guns, moved out of the line, while the Oregon, Indiana, and Texas moved in. The fort on the west side opened fire on them, and while the little Texas vigorously replied to it the Oregon suddenly fired a thirteen-inch shell, which struck full on the parapet, just below the flag, demolishing the corner and bringing the Spanish red and yellow down in the debris.

One day the commander-in-chief moved down to a little bay called Aguadores, where a stone fort commanded a railroad trestle, and for a few minutes two or three of the big ships bombarded this place, finally silencing it. But to the disgust of everybody, the Spanish red and yellow still flew from the flag-staff. Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Delehanty, in charge of the converted lighthouse tender Suwanee, signaled to Admiral Sampson and asked permission to knock down the Spanish flag. His boat wasn't bigger than "a pint of cider," but it flew an enormous flag and carried on its bow a four-inch gun. To his query Admiral Sampson answered, noticing the distance at which he was lying from the fort, "Yes, if you can do it in three shots."

The Suwanee was moved in to about 1,600 yards and Lieutenant Blue, who was in charge of the gun, and Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty took their time and with great care prepared for their shots.

The crews of the ships gathered to watch the incident amid intense excitement. When the smoke of the Suwanee's first shot cleared away only two red streamers of the flag were left. The shell had gone through the center of the bunting. A delighted yell broke from the crew of the Suwanee.

Two or three minutes later the Suwanee fired again and a huge cloud of debris rose from the base of the flag-staff. For a few seconds it was impossible to tell what the effect of the shot had been. Then it was seen that the shell had but added to the ruin of the fort. The flag-staff seemed to have a charmed existence, and the Suwanee had only one chance left. It seemed hardly possible for her to achieve her object with the big gun, such a distance and such a tiny target.

There was breathless silence among the watching crews. They crowded on the ships' decks and all eyes were on the tattered rag,

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"*The Brooklyn and Oregon were bow and quarter*"

bending toward the earth, but only bending, not yet down.

Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty took his time. The Suwanee changed her position slightly. Then a puff of smoke shot out from her side, up went a spouting cloud of debris from the parapet and down went the banner of Spain amid the dust. The Suwanee's last shot had struck right at the base of the flag-staff and had blown it clear of the wreckage which had held it from finishing its fall. "Well done," signaled Admiral Sampson to Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, and the little ship with its doughty commander moved up the line amidst the cheers of the rest of the fleet.

It is a curious thing that in all the bombardments, watching the men closely, there was no indication that they had any fear whatever of the effects of Spanish gunnery. The effect of a bombardment is peculiarly exhilarating.

True, everybody has a curious sensation as the first few shells of the enemy whistle overhead, and when one strikes, with its frightful explosion, you look around anxiously for an instant. If the smoke is cleared from your ship you will see a puff of smoke from a battery

ashore. Then, just as you have forgotten the smoke, about three seconds later, you hear a sound like a swarm of bees humming over your head. Pretty soon the shells begin to come faster and faster. They drop in the water on both sides of you. One hits the military mast, and the debris of steel and rope and wood comes tumbling about you. You look up wonderingly, but give it merely an instant's thought. Then your mind reverts to the terrible roar of your own guns, and then comes the single idea of keeping outside the radius of fire, not of the enemy's guns, but those on your own ship, equally dangerous to your safety, the preservation of your ear-drums and your life.

I stood by Commodore Schley's side, with Flag-Lieutenant Sears, during the two first bombardments of Santiago, and we all found ourselves absolutely forgetful of peril, watching the shots from different turrets and telling the gunners whether to depress or raise the muzzle of the gun. We kept accurately the times of all movements, of opening fire, of good shots, of silenced batteries, and of "cease firing." The balls whistled about with a nasty whine,

as if they deplored not being able to hit us, but half the time the roar of the fusilade of our own ships drowned the complaint of the enemy's missiles. You experienced at first a strange feeling of enjoyment not unmixed with terror. Then you grew animated and discovered a peculiar sort of charm in the danger and in the game of life or death. You found yourself hoping the shells would strike closer to you. You looked around at the careless, laughing, enthusiastic men, and believed, with Tolstoi, that "consciousness is annihilated. At the bottom of each soul there lies that noble spark which makes of each man a hero; but this spark wearies of burning clearly, and when the fateful moment comes, it flashes up into a flame and illuminates great deeds."

During the second engagement, while a hot fire was being poured at the Brooklyn, which seemed to be the target for the Spanish, Flag-Lieutenant Sears, who had gone into battle in white clothes, which by reason of the rain became very much bedraggled, said: "My wife wants a picture of me in fighting clothes. Will you take one?" and when I assented he stood up in photographic pose, and I "snapped"

him. A shell exploding just then might have ruined the picture.

During all these bombardments but one accident occurred to the American fleet, for pure accident it seemed to be that a Spanish shell should hit one of our vessels. On Wednesday, the 22d of June, when the Texas was enfilading the western battery, a shell from a six-inch gun on the La Socapa battery entered her gun-deck, sped between two gun crews who were firing, struck and cut in two a four-inch stanchion supporting her deck, and then exploded, killing one man and wounding eight on the side opposite from that on which she was firing, men who were practically not in the fight.

During the five bombardments the fleet expended over $2,000,000 worth of ammunition, absolutely harmless in its effect so far as the reduction of the batteries was concerned, although it may have given the Spaniards a wholesome respect for our marksmanship and our plentitude of ammunition.

Commodore Schley, in company with several officers, visited the fortifications, making a two days' survey of them just after the surrender, and found that they were perfectly habitable

despite the fierce bombardments of the American fleet.

Landing at the foot of the Morro the party made the 210 feet of ascent with some difficulty. The path was strewn with ammunition, boxes containing thousands of Mauser rifles lying all about. At the foot of the hill to the rear of the Morro where the path of ascent began, was a well-built and equipped electric station from which to set off the mines in the harbor entrance. Concealed partially behind a bluff the operator in this house got a clear look at the angle on which the mines controlled by his key lay. Near him were telephones connecting with a similar house on the opposite shore. When a ship crossed his line of vision he pressed down a button that connected with the mine, but it did not explode. When, however, it crossed the vision of the man opposite he pressed the other connecting the circuit and a ship on the angle of these two sights received the bombs. Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty was removing the electrical mines and their location proved that it would have been impossible for the fleet to enter the harbor without losing some ships. Lieutenant-

Commander Delehanty said that the electrical mines contained 200 pounds of gun-cotton or more than four times the ordinary amount.

Arriving on the hilltop the party proceeded at once to the eastern battery, where a great surprise awaited them. There was the battery, close to the Morro, which the commander of the Suwanee had reported to Admiral Sampson as containing several very dangerous and large modern guns and against which Admiral Sampson had four times massed the flower of the fleet, the New York, Oregon, Iowa, Scorpion, Massachusetts, and Gloucester, and sometimes the Indiana. In rudely constructed earthworks but with excellent and deep run-ways for the gunners to bring ammunition, or seek for shelter, were four muzzle-loading bronze cannon and two cast-iron eight-inch mortars. They were brave men who stood upon the parapets to load these cannon and mortars, and under a heavy fire it is not wonderful that they did not answer with much celerity. The cannons were very handsome old pieces, cast in 1737 and named after prominent Spaniards. The mortars were dated 1895 and were cast at Havana. They had no sighting arrangement

and pointed only in one direction, so that unless a ship entered their zone they were not dangerous. There were two little three-pounders, field-pieces, but they were evidently brought to repel an expected land invasion. On the Morro itself were two bronze cannons of the same make and several old-fashioned small mortars. There were plenty of explosives but of the old-fashioned kind, the bombs having wooden plugs and time fuses.

Although our fleet had bombarded this place four times, and the New Orleans once, there was little damage done except the dismounting of an old gun, the destruction of the lighthouse and a small frame house near. The shells landed between the house and the lighthouse and tore up a great hole, completely demolished the house, leaving but a pile of debris and tore out the side of the lighthouse. The gun near by had evidently been wrecked by the concussion. Large quantities of broken American shells could be found about and quite a number of big shells that had not exploded were gathered up and grouped together by the Spaniards. The majority of the shells landed in the earthworks just below the crest of the

hill, showing that the Americans fired well, but outside of ploughing up the earth there was no result. When the projectiles hit any buildings they created great havoc, and traces of many were visible on the Morro and some of the officers' quarters, where immense gaping holes were torn in the stone work. The drawbridge was shot away and one tower was crumbling to pieces from the effects of a thirteen-inch shell from the Oregon.

Coming down from Morro, which at the best is a tumbling, dirty ruin, with no touch of the modern upon it, the party stopped at the Estrella and Catalina batteries which had been visible just inside Morro point on the east. It was discovered that Catalina was a decaying ruin without a gun, and that and Estrella, an old-time brick fort, had but two mortars, only one of which was fully in place. A large amount of ammunition, however, filled a house in this battery. A large shell had struck the rock just above the place and knocked down a big section that almost filled the magazine and otherwise wrecked the building.

The second day was devoted to an inspection of the western battery which had mainly

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"Don't throw that body overboard"

been attended to by the Brooklyn, Texas, and Vixen. While these ships did no more damage to the earthworks on the west than did the other ships on the east, it was quite apparent where the vigorous answers came from, one of which hit and killed a man on the Texas and wounded many and kept up a fusilade against the Brooklyn. The earthworks on this battery were very similar to those on the east, but there were two six-inch and four ten-inch Hontoria rifles with breech-loading mechanism and steel shields. These guns were quick-fire and easily trained and very formidable. They were supposed to be part of the main battery of the Reina Mercedes. There were also two large mortars similar to those on the eastern battery. There were over 300 rounds of ammunition for the modern guns. Just below this battery on the hillside was a twelve-pounder rapid-fire gun with plenty of ammunition for it. Punta Gorda, directly to the north of this battery, had two large ship guns, which, in addition to firing into the harbor, could fire directly over the western battery at the ships.

Going down the side of the hill toward the bay a newly-made cemetery was found,

enclosed in a barbed wire fence and with a dozen or more newly-made graves in it, surmounted by a large, black wooden cross. The graves were evidently those of sailors killed during bombardment.

THE BLOCKADE. *XIV.*

THAT Admiral Sampson appreciated very directly the extreme difficulty of coaling at sea, which had confronted Commodore Schley, was evinced by the fact that, from the time of his arrival until June 10th—during which time his fleet had a plentitude of coal—he made strenuous endeavors to find a place in a sheltered bay where the ships could, without opposition, replenish their bunkers. On the 7th of June he sent the Marblehead to Guantanamo, forty miles to the east, to see if she could find a place in the harbor for the ships. She ran in the bay and was shot at by a Spanish gunboat which she chased up stream.

In the meantime 30,000 rounds of ammunition had been sent to the insurgents ashore, and this, it was supposed, would enable the Cubans to assist us in obtaining landing places. On the 10th the converted boat Panther arrived with 600 marines and joined the fleet off Santiago.

That night there were two incidents that were almost turned into accidents. The Scorpion saw the Yankee, another of the converted Morgan liners, come through the line and signaled her. She did not answer the signal, and the Scorpion fired upon her. A little later, while the Scorpion was scouting around the line, she was run into by the Panther and there was a great deal of excitement, but luckily neither incident proved an accident.

On the afternoon of June 10th Admiral Sampson ordered the Panther to Guantanamo in company with the Texas and the Marblehead, with an order to land her marines and take possession of the place, so that the warships could coal there. The transport arrived there late that night and succeeded in putting the marines ashore. On the afternoon of the 11th, however, just as the marines had established a camp and while a majority of them, fatigued and heated from the day's work, were bathing in the surf, they were attacked by 3,000 Spaniards. It was an exciting and terrible scene. The majority of the marines were in the water, and, hearing the splash of the bullets around them, supposed at first that their own men were

engaged in target practice. But almost in an instant they were undeceived, and rushing up to their tents and grasping their rifles, they found themselves in a nearly hand-to-hand conflict with the Dons, and the odds five to one against them. The Marblehead and the Texas saw the attack and promptly opened with their rapid-fire guns. The result was that the Spaniards were repulsed with heavy loss, killing sixty-eight of the men; while only one officer and three men of the Marine Corps were killed. They were Dr. John Blair Gibbs of New York, Sergeant Charles H. Smith of Maryland, and Privates William Dunphy and James McColgan of Massachusetts. Several others were wounded, but in the face of great difficulties, with the enemy doing bush-whacking fighting, the very superior force of the Spaniards was routed. A great deal of aid was given to the American marines by the marines on the Marblehead, commanded by Captain McCalla. These marines went ashore and assisted those from the Panther in making their fight.

On Sunday, June 12th, a detachment of Spanish troops marched over across country to a bluff just opposite Camp McCalla and opened

fire on the marines and on the vessels in the bay. The Texas moved up into the harbor and fired a few explosive shells among them, which soon drove them away. The Texas returned to the fleet and notified Admiral Sampson of the menace which this Guantanamo fort presented, and she was ordered to immediately return, together with the Suwanee, and destroy the fort and, if possible, the Spanish gunboats in the harbor. Captain Jack Philip went down, and taking command of an expedition composed of the Texas, the Marblehead, and the Suwanee, cleaned the place out—the Suwanee practically going in to a hand-to-hand conflict with the troops ashore and driving the gunners away from their cannon.

During the engagement, while forcing the entrance, the Texas and the Marblehead each picked up in their propellers mines loaded with gun-cotton, but fortunately neither exploded and, like Dewey's vessels in Manila bay, the ships escaped any damage by torpedoes.

The other incidents which varied the monotony of our five weeks' blockade of the harbor of Santiago, besides this locating of the coaling place and the landing of the marines, were the

landing of the troops at Daiquiri, with an accompanying demonstration at Juragua, and the sending of the coaling ships to a place a few miles west of the entrance of Santiago, as if they were seeking a landing place.

Prior to these movements the Cuban pilot, sent by Commodore Schley to investigate the position of the Spanish ships in the harbor, had returned and had been sent to Admiral Sampson to report that the Spanish squadron, almost in its entirety, the torpedo boat Terror having been detached, was in the harbor of Santiago. He brought with him a map drawn by a Cuban spy in the city of Santiago, and giving the position of each Spanish vessel.

The troops had arrived on the morning of June 20th, and we had seen the transports come along by the squadron at an early hour in charge of the battleship Indiana.

On June 19th, in anticipation of the arrival of these same troops, it was decided by Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley that there should be communication with General Garcia, who was supposed to be some thirty miles to the west of Santiago with his army, asking him if he did not desire to come to the east and

form a junction of forces with the American troops when they landed. On the morning of the 19th the Vixen was dispatched to Asserredoros, a point seventeen miles west of Santiago, carrying Sampson's chief-of-staff and me. Commodore Schley had agreed that I should be his personal representative in the matter and Lieutenant-Commander Sharpe of the Vixen had volunteered to take me.

We went up to camp early in the morning, the expedition returning in the afternoon because of the fact that General Garcia had not yet arrived, although we had a very pleasant visit with General Jesus Rabi. I preferred not to return with the expedition, but stayed over night in Rabi's camp, having been assured by the officers under him that I would be perfectly safe after they had taken in their personal care all of my valuables. I saw nothing particularly harrowing, except that my innate modesty was somewhat shocked at a comparative nudity that did not seem to worry the native. I was out on the picket-line, and saw Spanish soldiers very closely, but they did not fire. The country was not picturesque, nor were the camps, except the palm-thatched retreats of

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"*The flag was almost shot away*"

the officers. Everything was dirty. Enterprising American soap manufacturers could have obtained splendid advertisements by cleaning the Cuban army—officers and men alike—and having pictures of "before and after" used as illustrations.

There were no beautiful sunsets or brilliant sunrises while I was off Cuba. It is a peculiar feature of the Cuban landscape that night succeeds day without any picturesque displays of color, and so suddenly that there is nothing that can be called twilight. In the same way the sun comes up in the morning with a shoot, and by the time you get it through your head that the sun is up you also discover that it is red hot. Everything is absolutely monotonous, and you long for the changes in atmosphere and color and temperature that come with varied life in the North. The only bits of color I saw were on a couple of nasty chattering paroquets who woke me early the morning I was at the insurgents' camp.

The officers I met with were a very good-looking lot of men and many of them well educated and able to speak English. Garcia himself was a splendid specimen of manhood.

Fifty-eight years old, straight and dignified of carriage and courteous, he was a splendid type of the commander in the field. General Rabi was black and did not speak English, but was a fine soldier and a true patriot. But the rank and file! In Garcia's army were some very good-looking soldiers, but in Rabi's army were some villainous-looking faces. Patriots! Oh, yes, but on either side of the fence. If the Spanish had treated them well they would have fought for Spain. As it didn't, they fought with the few patriotic Cubans because they managed to get enough to eat and could lounge and sleep in some sort of security. There was one thing, however, that was remarkable, and that was the wonderful control that the men in command had over the forces. Where the officer led the men followed, and followed to the death.

When I started on the Vixen I carried a camera, a pair of field-glasses, and a revolver. From the boat, which could not be induced to run up far on the beach, I was carried ashore by a burly Cuban, to whom I afterward presented a cigarette and a cake of soap. A lieutenant-colonel afterward relieved him

of the soap, and he did not raise much objection, but refused to give up the cigarette. I got some of the men to group themselves, and then I took a picture. A couple of generals, two or three colonels, and I know not how many majors, greeted me and got me with much difficulty on the back of a mule, after which interesting operation we started for General Rabi's camp. The men ahead of me rode quite rapidly, but my mule persisted in walking, and the wicked way he put his ears back when I thumped his side made me not eager to go faster. The stirrups were made for a man with long legs, and I couldn't sit down with comfort for some time after. A pair of spurs might have helped me, but I forbore asking when I noticed that two generals had one pair between them.

When we got into camp General Rabi received me with much courtesy and gave me his general idea of the strength of the Santiago forts and the plans we hoped to follow in landing the army. The next day I went to General Garcia's camp and passed an interesting hour with him, discussing the plans of campaign. We sipped at delicious coffee, had plain

but substantial meals, and altogether a pleasant time. I listened intently for the "ping" of Spanish bullets and the rush of a Spanish charge, but they did not come. Perhaps I was not as fortunate as the rest of my newspaper brethren, who enjoyed such thrilling experiences, but I took comfort in General Garcia's statement that such attacks were very rare unless the Cubans attacked first.

The morning following the night that I spent in camp, in accordance with an idea expressed by Commodore Schley that I should obtain if possible an accurate idea of the Spanish ships in the harbor, I asked General Garcia to give me two guides so that I might go up to an advantageous point on the high hill and overlook the harbor. He was rather skeptical about my obtaining a view of the ships, but he gave me the guides and I started out. I didn't see any Spanish, and I didn't see any ships; for, as I learned afterward, my Cuban guides, thoroughly comprehending that I did not understand the points of the compass, had walked me around in a circle, not taking me near the crest of the hill where there were supposed to be some Spanish blockhouses. General

Garcia, however, relieved my vexation that afternoon by showing me a map of the harbor upon which was marked the position of the various ships drawn by a Cuban spy in Santiago city, and a copy of which had been given to our Cuban pilot to take back to Admiral Sampson. It appeared to me, therefore, that there was no necessity for my investigating the matter any further, and I have not yet been able to understand why Admiral Sampson found it necessary to send Lieutenant Blue in for later information.

General Garcia went down with us that afternoon to meet Admiral Sampson, taking with him the principal members of his staff, and a sicker lot of men I never saw aboard ship. There was a heavy roll on that day, and the little Vixen kept ploughing her nose into it and twirling and twisting in the most aggravating way. General Garcia and his officers were very greatly distressed, and by the time we arrived alongside the New York they were so ill that they had serious trouble in climbing up the sea ladders to the ship's deck.

General Garcia told me on the way down that he did not agree with the plan proposed to

him by Admiral Sampson's chief-of-staff to bring all his troops from the west to the assistance of the American army on the east. He was of the opinion that some of the troops on the northern coast of Cuba were crossing over to aid in the defense of Santiago, and he believed that his guerrilla style of warfare, which consisted in holding the passable roads which an army would naturally have to follow in approaching the besieged city, would undoubtedly prohibit their accomplishing their object. Garcia said that he had told this to Admiral Sampson's chief-of-staff, but the latter had pooh-poohed at it. I did not tell him that this was the usual style of the arrogant gentleman who occupied that office, and whose superior wisdom found insurmountable barriers for every plan suggested by any person other than himself to his immediate superior.

General Laura, chief-of-division for General Garcia, told me that he had some 4,500 men back in the country about forty-five miles by road from Santiago. There were also about 3,000 men, he said, in General Rabi's division, and all of these 7,500 men were well supplied with ammunition and clothing. I do not think

he appreciated that I had been in Jesus Rabi's camp the night before and that I had particularly noticed their lack of clothes and also lack of ammunition. All of these Cuban officers seemed to have that spirit of exaggeration that forbade them giving accurate information to our officers. There were possibly all told in Rabi's camp, so far as I could observe, not over 2,000 people, and of these at least 300 were women and children. They were only half clothed, and I am positive they did not have sufficient ammunition, because they tried to deplete my cartridge belt, urging that I could obtain a new supply when I went back aboard ship. As to their provisions, I do not know much. My breakfast consisted that morning of some baked yams, dried bananas, and a cup of very excellent coffee. I did not see any meat in camp, and from the way those of Garcia's officers who were not ill attacked the steak on the Vixen at dinner that afternoon, I imagine that there was not a plentitude of that article.

When General Garcia arrived at the New York Admiral Sampson detailed his idea already promulgated by his chief-of-staff, that the Cuban army should be brought down to oper-

ate in conjunction with the American troops. General Garcia did not acquiesce, and that night went back to his position with the troops, after expressing the hope that he would be permitted to make an attack on the western side of Santiago at the same time the American troops were attacking the eastern and northern ends.

In the meantime we had received our first indication of how things were going ashore by the interception of a letter from the general in command of the division about Guantanamo, giving the details of our success in that locality, and the serious straits to which their forces were reduced. The letter is here used to show how brave these Spaniards were, even under extremely discouraging and disheartening circumstances, and as also displaying the heroic impudence of the American forces, which was particularly noticed by the Spaniards:

EXCELLENT SIR: The seventh day, at dawn, brought seven ships before the port of Caimanera. They fired grapeshot and all kinds of projectiles on the Playa del Este and Cayo Toro until they set fire to the fort on the Playa Este and burning the houses of the pilots which the detachment occupied. This lasted,

cannonading with more or less intensity, until five o'clock in the afternoon.

As the Playa del Este had only two muzzle-loading guns and sand intrenchments, the detachment could do nothing before six ships firing on them from all sides. They retired into Manigua and to the Cuzco Hill, where they remain to-day making sallies on the beach.

From that day 150 men occupy Punta Caracolas observing the movements of ships which occupy all the outer port with a transport of war and a variable number of armed ships and other vessels of war and armed merchant ships, total never less than four.

I have also taken Enanto Passes and the vigilant Magne, which is disposed to fall on them where damage can be done.

I remain in Caimanera and will only come to the Enanto when I think it necessary, as to-day. I have not been able to antagonize the American ships with rifle fire, no known ground being at hand. Yesterday the captain of engineers ordered to make safe protections that would impede and to make them low. The ground of Playa Este is better for this purpose. I refer solely to disembarkation. Dia F. Sandoval and Cayo Toro fired with their artillery, being impeded with their short range, when the ships retired to the center of the channel and took positions in the middle of the bay, or they would not have stopped answering the fire which the enemy's ships were keeping up with impunity. Sandoval has not over seven discharges of piercing projectiles, and Caimanera battery did not fire, reserving fire until the ships entered the channel, which is where their guns

reached. I am told that the insurgent forces at Baracao have come down to Siguabos, their increased happiness being noticed, and Palamar, and I do not know more.

The American squadron, in possession of the outer bay, has taken it as if for a harbor of rest; they have anchored as if in one of their own ports since the 7th, the day they cut the cables, in the entrance and center of the harbor. I not being able to reach them, they have not again molested me, except with two cannon shots on the 8th. It appears from the work that is being done that they are preparing to plant the harbor with mines, or place their ships for disembarkation at Playa del Este, their favorite place. If it is the first, I call your attention to it in case that some time our squadron should come here. The forces of the brigade are in good spirits. I continue serving out half rations of everything, and in that way I expect to reach only the end of the month, above all in bread, as I have no flour of any kind, as I said, and no way of getting any on account of there having been no corn for some time. Quinine for the hospitals the same. In hard straits I have taken private drug stores, and will have enough until the end of the month. Town in needful circumstances, first need since the 2d ultimo. On the 7th we had only two wounded at Cayo Toro. The cable house, riddled with shell, still stands, and if Americans abandon port, which I doubt, everything possible will be done to re-establish communication, to which end I have everything ready.

To-day there is in the harbor a large

armored vessel and seven more vessels, with a large transport that appears to be a store-ship. They patrol Playa del Este with armed launches, I have just been informed.

I return to Caimanera on seeing the carrier of this start out, he meriting confidence as a trusty of the brigade, having rendered me good services up to date. By sea I have ready a youth that served in the navy and who offered himself spontaneously. I actively recommend him to your excellency should he arrive.

FELIX PAREJA.

THE TROOPS ARRIVE. XV.

EARLY on the morning of the 20th we saw the arrival of the long-looked-for and expected fleet of transports, convoyed by the Indiana, the Detroit, the Bancroft, the Helena, the Annapolis, the Wasp, the Eagle, the Hornet, the Osceola, and the Manning. When they were sighted the men of the fleet swarmed upon the decks of their ships, sending up cheer after cheer, because it was thoroughly believed that with the landing of these troops would come the end of the war, at least in that part of the island.

Admiral Sampson and General Shafter had a conference to which Commodore Schley was not invited, and General Garcia was again sent for and told to make arrangements to bring his troops from Asserredoros to Daiquiri, where the army was about to land.

A very clever scheme of landing deceived the Spaniards. They were naturally watching out

for the arrival of and the disembarking of American troops, and so it was ingeniously arranged that several demonstrations should be made in different localities along the coast. All day long the transports lay off the coast, rolling and tossing in the heavy sea and making life very miserable for the thousands of men crowded upon them, and who formed the army force for the attack on southern Cuba.

At daylight on the morning of the 21st General Castillo, who was to the east of Santiago with about 1,000 Cubans, began moving slowly up from Daiquiri toward Santiago to clear the way for an unopposed landing of the American troops. At the same time the New Orleans, the Detroit, the Castine, and the Wasp began shelling the woods in the vicinity so as to drive out any Spaniards. Commodore Schley had sent from the Flying Squadron at four o'clock in the morning, so that they would arrive at Daiquiri by daylight, all of the steam launches and several of the large cutters from each ship. Simultaneously with the shelling of the beach at Daiquiri, the Eagle and the Gloucester began firing at a point near Aguadores; the Scorpion, Vixen, and Texas at Cabanas; and the Hornet,

Helena, and Bancroft at Altares, points a few miles east and west of the harbor entrance of Santiago.

At the same time three or four of the colliers which accompanied the fleet were dispatched to Cabanas, about two and one-half miles to the westward of Santiago, and began lowering their boats as if intending to land a hostile force. Then at Daiquiri began the greatest hustle that probably ever occurred in the landing of troops, and it was a boat from Commodore Schley's ship, the Brooklyn, commanded by Naval-Cadet Haligan that reached the beach first and, landing her boat-load of American soldiers, was presented with a silk Cuban flag as a reward.

The landing was successful in every respect, only two men being killed, and a few horses drowned by the upsetting of a boat.

It was at two o'clock that morning when, under cover of the darkness, the work of lowering the boats from the New York, Texas, Massachusetts, Iowa, Oregon, and Brooklyn began, the New York sending forty-eight men with her steam launch and cutters.

A short time previous to the first movements

of preparation of the boats for landing, the Spaniards had been terrorized by the Vesuvius. She had crept up through the shadows along the eastern hills of Santiago harbor, and suddenly the darkness was shattered by a blinding flash, followed by a heavy, coughing sigh, and then in about the neighborhood of the eastern battery there was crashing and rending of earth, timber, and stone, and we knew that a mighty shell filled with gun-cotton had exploded, leaving trepidation, if not devastation, in its wake. Three times the Vesuvius shot forth her frightful warning, and then, while the western batteries fired a couple of shots in an endeavor to land a projectile among her terrible mass of gigantic explosives, she hurried back to the protection of the fleet.

Captain Goodrich had the general charge of the landing. The fleet still lay at the regular blockading station, watching for Admiral Cervera, should he make a dash out. When the dawn broke the long line of transports was seen stretched out over the eastern horizon and fading toward Daiquiri.

The Indiana was slowly coming into blockading position at Daiquiri, and the New Orleans,

Detroit, Castine, and Wasp could be seen faintly.

Shortly after six o'clock the New Orleans opened fire. An explosion occurred ashore and soon columns of smoke were seen ascending from Daiquiri, standing out cloudily against the green background of the rugged mountains that rise from the water's edge. The shell had evidently set the buildings on fire, but the thick haze of smoke and mist made it hard to see exactly what was occurring there.

Before eight o'clock the Texas, keeping close inshore, proceeded to Cabanas, two and one-half miles west of El Morro, to make a feint at landing troops there. The transports which were to have accompanied the Texas were still far out of position. Suddenly a puff of smoke shot out from the western battery, showing that the enemy was devoting attention to the Texas. The battleship replied promptly, firing at the western batteries with her twelve and six-inch guns and with her smaller guns at a blockhouse in a small inlet at Cabanas. For an hour the duel between the Texas and forts continued.

The most spectacular event so far in the war

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"*The Colon had obtained a good lead*"

it was. The marksmanship of the Texas was marvelous. Though over two miles away and in an awkward position, she dropped shell after shell right on the ridge of the hill where the enemy's guns lay. Clouds of yellow earth rose high into the air.

The crew on the flagship greeted each of these with loud cheers. Puffs of white smoke shot through the yellow canyon. These were shots from the enemy. The Spanish stuck to their guns well, but their aim was wild, the shots falling some a mile ahead and some a mile astern of the Texas. Finally the enemy's shots became few and far between. They probably had been driven from their guns. All the other battleships of the United States Navy lay in a semi-circle watching the wonderful work of the Texas and not wishing to distract the enemy's attention from the successful feint.

On land still further to the westward General Rabi with 500 Cubans was making a military demonstration to assist in causing the Spaniards to concentrate their troops to the west of Santiago. Meanwhile a lively naval attack was in progress east of the harbor of Aguadores, a village two or three miles east of El Morro.

The Eagle and Gloucester commenced to fire at the blockhouses there shortly after eight o'clock. The bluff was peppered with the smoke clouds of their exploding shells. A few miles further to the east the Hornet, Helena, and Bancroft were in the picturesque harbor of Tusenada De Los Altares banging away at two blockhouses on the side of a hill which rose above the deserted village. The heavy swell caused these craft to roll considerably and the surf broke viciously against the rocks. The sun shone bright, a light breeze blew and the gunboats, half enveloped in white smoke, nestled in these fine harbors, forming a picturesque sight. They were feinting more than fighting.

From Cabanas to Daiquiri, fourteen miles of coast, the ridge was dotted with the smoke of American shells. The battery west of El Morro was the only point where the enemy appeared to make any serious attempt to reply. The sharp reports of the batteries of the smaller boats filled the air, the echoes dying away into the great hills behind. A faint odor of saltpeter drifted out to sea.

The officers and crews of the ships not en-

gaged watched the shore eagerly. At 10:30 the New York ran down from El Morro to Daiquiri, the real seat of operations.

Just as she arrived the first boat-load of troops was landing at the iron company's wharf.

The transports had been slow in coming up. When Admiral Sampson arrived the Suwanee, Detroit, and Wasp were banging away at a bluff to the west of Daiquiri, where the Spanish troops were believed to be in ambuscade.

Around the wharf launches and boats were thickly clustered, some black with troops, others half empty and their former occupants climbing up like ants. The firing of the gunboats was soon discontinued. Flames broke out where the shells had been directed and a long, low, white house was soon burned up. No shots were seen to come from any points on shore.

The waters around Daiquiri were black with small craft of all sorts, plying quickly between the transports and the shore. Smoke curled up from various spots around the village, marking the fires caused by the shells.

In the meantime every indication that came

from Santiago was to the effect that the Spaniards were getting very low in food supplies; that there was little, if any, coal to re-supply the warships, and that the Vesuvius, which had joined our fleet on the night of June 14th, was making it very unpleasant for them. She had been in every night for six nights and had dropped shells containing from fifty to one hundred pounds of gun-cotton, inside the harbor or up on the high hills. One of these shells had fallen very close to the torpedo boat Furor and had compelled her and the battleship Maria Teresa to change anchorage, for fear of total destruction, because, had one of these terrible charges dropped on the deck, it would have blown either ship apart. The hour for the Vesuvius going in was generally fixed at eleven o'clock, and it would appear that this was rather a mistake for had she gone in at various hours of the nights in question she would have kept the Spanish so disturbed that they would have found sleep impossible, either on the fleet or in the city. However, she certainly did her share in putting them in a state of nervous anxiety from which it would appear they never fully recovered during the war. The terrible

power of a ship like the Vesuvius constructed on more practical lines cannot be imagined. The great trouble with this first dynamite cruiser was that instead of having range-finding guns, she fired her torpedoes from tubes buckled to her keel plate, which practically made it impossible for her to train the guns in any direction except that in which the ship might be pointed. Some control of the distance at which the shell could be fired was obtained by the reducing of the charge in the air flasks, the torpedoes being fired pneumatically, but the slightest swing of the boat in a heavy rolling sea naturally disarranged her aim to such an extent that it was almost impossible to reach a specific object. She would have been very much more effective had she had upon her deck dynamite guns of the Zalinski pattern which could have been trained in exactly the same manner as are the secondary battery guns on a warship. But one can imagine, perhaps, the terrible strain under which these people inside the harbor labored, when each night about the same hour, with terrified expectancy they awaited the fall of these projectiles and the consequent earth-shaking

explosions. Those nearest the fleet would hear a sound like the coughing of a huge animal. That was the shell going from the gun. Then those ashore would hear a slight whizzing sound as the projectile displaced the air, and following that, as it struck the earth, the frightful noise and jar of its explosion. Tons of earth and debris of all kinds would go flying through the air, the earth would fairly shake, and the concussion would be tremendous for hundreds of yards around. Then the people would await a couple more explosions, for the ship usually fired three of these shells. But after a few days, when they had become accustomed to the hour and to the number of shells fired, the Spanish made it a point of not retiring until after the Vesuvius had accomplished her night's work.

It is perhaps well, before closing this chapter, to detail the points of difference between the blockade established by Commodore Schley upon his arrival and the later and newer one established by Admiral Sampson, after he had taken command of the fleet. Commodore Schley had based his plan of blockade upon the supposition that the Spanish fleet had entered this

harbor for the purpose of provisioning and coaling, and would make an attempt to leave at the earliest possible moment. He therefore kept all engines coupled, coaled his fleet to its fullest capacity in the face of the enemy and without depleting the line by sending the ships away for any purpose, and at night had kept up a moving blockade, in the form of an ellipse, which kept half the ships moving toward the east and the remaining vessels heading toward the west across the harbor mouth, so that no matter in what direction the Spanish ships attempted to run if they came out, some of the American ships would be already moving in the same general direction, and having an acquired headway would be very much more able to keep along with the fast Spanish vessels than would ships that were lying still with reduced steaming power.

In addition to this Commodore Schley did not have a sufficient number of vessels to use for pickets, the Vixen being the only small boat, in addition to the gunboat Marblehead, that could be used for that purpose.

On June 2d, a day after Admiral Sampson had arrived, he changed this plan of blockade

and established an immobile one which, no matter what the contentions may be as to the superiority of Commodore Schley's mobile squadron, at least demonstrated its entire effectiveness by absolutely preventing the Spaniards, as they themselves have admitted, from coming out at night. Of course, it must be said for Commodore Schley, that Admiral Sampson's method of blockade could only have been used with the larger number of vessels making up the squadron after the latter's arrival. The Sampson night blockade, which proved so thoroughly effective, consisted of placing the large vessels of the squadron in a semi-circle about four miles from the entrance, each ship pointing toward the mouth of the harbor, and using her engines only to keep her in position. This semi-circle, as originally established, consisted of the Brooklyn in shore toward the west and the New York in shore to the east, with the Texas, Massachusetts, Iowa, Oregon, and Indiana between them. Inside of this line, and about three miles from the harbor, was a picket line consisting of the Marblehead, the Vixen, the Suwanee, the Dolphin, and the Mayflower. Still further

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"We've only one more to get"

inside of them and within two miles of the entrance were six steam launches from the warships. These launches were armed with one-pounder rapid-fire guns and were supplied with colored lights which were to be fired if torpedo boats or the fleet attempted to escape, or if there were any suspicious movements inside the harbor.

But more effective than all this was the policy adopted of having two of the big warships throw their searchlights directly in the entrance. This was naturally a risky piece of business, for while by illumination in one place it made the surrounding darkness extremely intense for those on shore and blinded their vision, it still gave a chance for the gunners on Morro or La Socapa to pick out the ships from which the lights were operated and possibly land a shell on them. Curiously enough however, the opportunity offered was never taken advantage of, much to Admiral Sampson's surprise and naturally to his gratification. He had ordered the searchlights thrown with some hesitancy as to the result, but there was no attempt made by those ashore to fire upon the ships at night, and

for the four weeks that we were there this operation was continued. So brightly was the harbor illumined at night by these searchlights that the green of the side hills could be seen and the wash of the surf over the coral reefs plainly noticed. On the ships throwing the lights the secondary batteries were kept manned so that the instant a torpedo boat showed her nose she could be fired upon, this firing also giving a warning to the remainder of the fleet. One night while the fleet was keeping this blockade the Texas thought she discovered a light moving along shore to the west. It was known that the torpedo boat Terror was not with the fleet in the harbor, and it was supposed that possibly she had come over and was attempting to join her sister ships. The night letter, which consisted of a number of colored lanterns, was displayed at the mast-head and was supposed to be immediately answered by the vessel toward which it was directed. No answer came, and the secondary battery crew of the Brooklyn, from which the episode was being watched, were ordered to their guns. One of the men on our after-bridge grew a trifle excited as he saw the light begin-

ning to move along and let fly a six-pounder without any orders. Instantly the Texas opened fire and for a few moments there was fusilade. You would have thought from the actions of Commodore Schley and Captain Cook that it was a mere drill instead of a probable fight, for in the same breath they began to berate the man who had fired without orders. It was very soon discovered that the light was one moving along the beach, probably a railroad train, and that in firing at it we had seriously endangered the Suwanee and the Vixen. The next morning the Suwanee swung under our stern and Commodore Schley called through the megaphone to Commander Delehanty, "Dan, do you think that was a torpedo boat?" To which Delehanty caustically replied, "No, I don't; but if your gunners hadn't been such damned poor shots I would have been under water."

Those who read of the blockade off Santiago probably considered that but for an attack by the enemy or a possible mine, their dear ones aboard the American fleet were quite as safe as though at home. Those who know little or nothing of life aboard a warship seldom realize

what a floating death-trap it is, only made safe by the constant, uninterrupted watchfulness of officers and men. The failure of one of the automatic electrical attachments to a coal bunker to tell of a fire would soon overheat a magazine and send the bottom of the ship crashing out by the terrific explosion of ammunition; or, a single slip in the handling of the tremendous projectiles as they are hauled from the hold up to the guns on deck might result in a disaster equal to that of the Maine.

I remember one day, I was in my cabin, when the door was flung open, and my roommate, Paymaster's Clerk Orin E. Hancock, staggered in, trembling, white to the lips, and with great beads of perspiration standing on his face. He sank on the edge of the berth and tried to speak, but could not. He shook as with an ague, and his trembling lips refused to utter intelligible sounds. I jumped from my seat, and grabbed the brandy flask, toward which he nodded. Pouring him out a draught, I held it to his lips, and as the color crept back to his face and the nervous trembling ceased, he gasped, "My God, boy! Here you

sit, calmly reading, and yet at this moment we might have been at the bottom."

Hancock was a volunteer for actual battle service, his position not requiring him to take part in any of the fighting. He had been placed in charge of the forward eight-inch handling room which is in the hold directly under the eight-inch forward turret, from this place the projectiles being sent up in an electric elevator to the breech of the gun. The shells used that morning were explosive ones, and the plunger which detonates them is at the back and fastened, in order to insure safety during handling, with a sensitive wire. In the room with Hancock were about five men, and the space in which they were at work was not over twelve feet in diameter. The turret is easily thirty feet above, and Hancock, suddenly looking up, saw that a shell had slipped from the cage as the men were removing it, and that it was coming down with frightful speed, point on. With that discipline which marks naval men the world over, Hancock shouted out the order, "Stand clear," and the men stood up against the sides of the handling room, their arms by their sides and heads erect, although they must

have appreciated that if the shell exploded, as it is designed to do when it hits an object, there was no possible escape for them. The projectile came crashing down and struck square into the steel floor with such force that it never rebounded, and this it was that saved the ship. For an instant the men stood there, and then, with a sigh of relief jumped over to where the shell was and carefully lifted it out of the hole it had made. An examination showed that the sensitive wire which holds the plunger and which is broken by the concussion in the gun when it is fired, was severed, but that the failure of the shell to rebound had not given the second impact necessary to drive the plunger against the detonator. This had saved their lives. As soon as they could get from the handling room to God's fresh air for a few minutes they did so. Had the shell detonated, not only would it have killed all the men but it would have exploded the magazine and driven the bottom out of the ship.

BEFORE THE BATTLE. *XVI.*

FOR five weeks the harbor of Santiago had been blockaded, and Commodore Schley and Admiral Sampson had each obtained definite knowledge that the Spanish fleet was in that bay; but, so far as outward appearances went, there had been no indication to those in the fleet that the entire Spanish squadron was there. We had never seen a torpedo boat show her nose, nor had we secured a view of an entire war vessel, with the exception of the Cristobal Colon during the first two days we were there. But on July 2d, there occurred a series of incidents that demonstrated not only their presence there, but seemed to indicate that they were preparing to make a sortie of some character.

The American fleet had bombarded on the morning of the 2d, the Brooklyn, the New York, the Massachusetts, the Iowa, the Indiana, the Oregon, the Newark, the Gloucester,

and the Vixen taking part. We went into action about 5:45 o'clock in the morning, and remained there until about 7:30. For some reason or other, the batteries ashore responded with unusual activity that day, and although none of their shells hit us—while the shooting of our fleet was exceedingly accurate and quite spectacular — remarks were made that the Spaniards were improving. We knocked down a lighthouse, tore up a western battery, dismounting one of their heaviest guns, and finished the performance by the destruction of the corner of the tower of Morro, and knocking down the Spanish flag. No schoolboy was ever so tickled over some juvenile accomplishment, as was Commodore Schley that morning over the lowering of this Spanish red and yellow. Every day for five weeks we had seen that Spanish flag go up in the early morning as if in defiance of our presence, and all day long it would flaunt us, only to be hauled down at sunset, when the evening gun was fired. Commodore Schley watched the bombardment that morning from a position on the port side of the Brooklyn, about half way between the forward eight-inch turret and the port eight-inch

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"*Those are the fellows who saved the day*"

turret. He was standing on the deck, instead of on his little platform near the conning tower, and his flag lieutenant, Mr. Sears, had several times asked him to step back, the latter being afraid the tremendous blast of the guns of our own ship would knock him overboard. It was drizzling rain, and the Commodore had on a rain coat, and once when a forward eight-inch gun fired I saw the blast from it drag the long tails around his legs, so that it very nearly threw him down. Finally, Lieutenant-Commander Mason and Lieutenant Sears together used respectful force and compelled Schley to get up on the platform, out of the way of the blasts.

The blasts from these eight-inch guns are so terrific that they will take things weighing two or three hundred pounds that happen to be on deck, under the muzzle, and waft them overboard as lightly as though they were pieces of paper. Only that morning I saw a large chest filled with paint, and which had been buckled to the deck, swished overboard by the fire of one of the eight-inch guns.

It was at the time that the Oregon knocked the flag off the Morro, that Commodore Schley,

slapping his hands with enthusiasm, and saying, "By George! their flag is down," stepped out too close to an eight-inch gun muzzle and was forcibly hauled back by Mason and Sears just in time to save him.

During the morning following the bombardment, we noticed that a little Spanish gunboat was puffing around the harbor entrance in a very lively style; but as she did not attempt to interfere with the wreck of the Merrimac, no order was issued to fire upon her. From what transpired afterward, it was pretty evident that she was hauling in the log and chain obstruction which the Spanish had put across the harbor to prohibit the entrance of our torpedo boat, and also, probably, removing some of the mines, so that the Spanish fleet could come out. We had two or three disabled five-inch guns on the Brooklyn, while we noticed that the Iowa had reported that her forward twelve-inch turret was out of commission, and we spent most of the morning in fixing ours, finally getting them in usable, although not very excellent shape, there being some defect in the construction of the mounts.

Early in the afternoon a group of us sat on the quarter-deck of the Brooklyn, discussing the situation, and the bombardment of the morning, and watching carefully through our glasses to see whether the Spaniards would make any attempt to restore their partially destroyed batteries. About two o'clock in the afternoon, we noticed that smoke was rising in the harbor, and toward four o'clock, it became so dense, and rose through the still air in such perfectly defined columns, that there was no possible doubt but that the Spanish squadron was firing up. This was the first mark of activity that they had shown since we had come there. At about five o'clock, this evident firing up continuing, Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Cook, those fellows in there are either getting ready to come out, or else they are preparing to move around the harbor into more advantageous positions so as to enfilade the hills with rapid gun fire if the American troops attempt to come over to take the city." Shortly after five o'clock, so firmly convinced did the Commodore become that some aggressive movement was contemplated by the Spanish fleet, that he called alongside

of us the converted yacht Vixen, and told Commander Sharpe, who was in command of her, to notify Admiral Sampson that there were extremely suspicious movements in the harbor. The little yacht hurried away on her quite lengthy journey, because it was a matter of about six miles for her to scurry across the fleet and find Admiral Sampson at the other end. Each ship in the squadron was one-half mile from its neighbor, so this semi-circle of war vessels was about fifteen miles around, the New York and the Brooklyn being at opposite ends, and between nine and ten miles apart. She returned later in the evening, after dark, and before taking her blockading station megaphoned, as she had megaphoned every other ship in the squadron as she passed, that Admiral Sampson desired an extremely careful watch to be kept, and for the ships to stay in as close as possible during the night.

A close watch was kept that night, but beyond the fact that the smokes of the vessels that were firing up could be seen, and that there appeared to be a great deal of signaling going on by flash lights between the forts on

Morro and the ships in the harbor, nothing of unusual character was observed in the entrance itself. Hardly had darkness fallen, however, and the heavy mist enshrouded the island of Cuba, than it was observed that signal fires of some character were burning on the hills to the west of Morro. First one was lighted on the high crest near the La Socapa battery, and there was an answering flash light, at least so it seemed to us, from the ships in the harbor, and the signal station on top of Morro. Then a blaze gleamed up in the west, six or eight miles away, and still later others formed a connecting chain of fire between the first and last.

Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was sitting on the quarter-deck with us, and Captain Cook, both expressed the opinion that these fires were intended as signals to the fleet in the harbor, notifying them perhaps of the disposition of our hostile fleet on the outside. Commodore Schley did not agree with him. He thought that the Cubans from the west, under the command of General Jesus Rabi, were coming down toward Santiago, and that as they drove the Spaniards back, the latter were burn-

ing the blockhouses. But despite this divergence of opinion between the officers, one thing was thoroughly agreed upon, and that was, that the fleet of the enemy, in either event, was making preparations to come out of the harbor, for, naturally, if the Cubans and the American troops captured the city, they would make the place untenable for the Spanish fleet.

All night long the two glaring white eyes of the flash lights kept the harbor illumined, so that no possible attempt at escape could be made by the Spanish inside, but there was no movement of any sort, although from the description given by Spanish officers it is claimed that they had first contemplated coming out that night, and that it was not until midnight that Admiral Cervera finally notified the captains of the various vessels that he would wait until daylight to make the attack.

So without incident Sunday morning, July the 3d, came. It was as monotonous in its birth as had been the preceding days and Sundays during that long blockade. Just six Sundays before Commodore Schley had discovered the Spanish fleet in the harbor, while just four Sundays prior to that Admiral Dewey had cap-

tured or destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila bay. It seemed to be America's province to make Sunday a fateful day for the Spanish.

Perhaps it was because of our long stay here that we found little to admire in the Cuban landscape, or the picture at sea. Earlier in the campaign we found in sunsets and sunrises, in the cool of the night, and the warmth of the noon-day, some few evidences of the picturesque as described in our primers and geographies: but as a plain matter of fact it is a picturesqueness that exists but in a small degree off the coast of southern Cuba. And so the morning came, with the star-lit night, like other star-lit nights, extinguished by a sudden rush of gray, a moving away quickly of the curtain of darkness, and the appearance of the hot sun clear above the horizon without a single parti-colored herald like that which marks our beautiful sunrise in the North. The sun does not rise, in Cuba. It jumps above the horizon, as if there were a mystical hand upon an electric lever that brings it up, while at the same time it extinguishes the myriads of stars. This day it paled the brilliant gems on the masts of the warships, and compelled the signal men

using them to resort to the colored flags as a medium for communication.

We were all on deck early, and our first glances were naturally directed toward the Cuban coast, because we could not see as yet the harbor entrance, for in the early morning, especially at that time of the year, just preceding the rainy season, Cuba looked like a huge fog bank—a surging, rolling wave of tinted mist, in which the huge, shapeless mass of the island had sunk, and seemed drowned, while out beyond it on the one side was the clear blue of a southern sky, and the shining ribbon of barely moving water.

Slowly the bank of white clouds wavered and changed in tone as the sun crept higher, and then we standing on the Brooklyn's deck, striving with glasses to pierce its dense masses, began to see a feathery, snowy mass of foam curling along the line of shining beach, and a few moments later the edge of the mist took a tinge of green as the foliage of the lower hills began to show. Suddenly a light breeze blew in off the ocean, and the mist curtain wavered, and then parted, disclosing the outlines of the battery on the left, and the grim walls of old

Morro on the right, sturdily guarding the strip of blue water which ran between. Still lingering about the higher buttresses of Morro, in clouds of white, tinged with rose and gold, at last the mist disappeared, and from a glorious blue sky, the sun beat hotly down, making us seek the shade of the tiny awning stretched over the quarter-deck.

It was just such a morning, this day preceding the Union's national birthday, as was the morning five weeks before, when, sitting on the after-bridge of the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley saw the fleet of Cervera in the harbor, and made to me the caustic remark: "They will never get home." The sun crept up to where it compelled you for safety, if not for comfort, to avoid its rays; and on all the ships preparations were made to add one more day to the monotonous count that figured up five long weeks.

The line of battle was somewhat broken this morning. The New Orleans, protected cruiser; the Newark, unprotected cruiser and flagship of Commodore Watson; and the Suwanee, a converted lighthouse tender, had all gone to Guantanamo, forty miles to the west,

the afternoon before to coal, and it was therefore very much to our surprise that we noticed the battleship Massachusetts had also left, in the face of the fact that for the first time since we had been there there had been suspicious movements in the harbor. In response to a query from Commodore Schley, the officer of the deck said that the Massachusetts had left the line at daybreak signaling that she was going down to Guantanamo to coal. At 8:45 our surprise and wonderment were increased by seeing the New York fly the signal, "Disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief," and quickly move away to the east. We had heard the day before that it was Admiral Sampson's intention to hold a conference with General Shafter, but we could hardly conceive that in the face of the movements in the harbor he was taking away the fast New York to accomplish that errand when he had so many smaller boats to which he could transfer his flag. It must be remembered that the Brassey Naval Annual, upon which we depended for our information as to ships, credited the Spanish vessels in the harbor with greater speed than any of our ships except

the New York and Brooklyn, so we watched the New York closely with our glasses as she moved to the east until at 9:20 she was entirely out of sight and out of signal distance.

In the absence of Commodore Watson, who was at Guantanamo with the Newark coaling, and the retirement beyond signal distance of Admiral Sampson, the command of the American fleet now devolved upon Commodore Schley. The departure of the New York and the depletion of the line of battle by that ship's absence, coupled also with the absence of the Massachusetts, the New Orleans, and the Newark and the torpedo boat Ericsson, furnished us, together with the fact that the suspicious movements in the harbor were still continuing, with a plethora of early morning gossip. But this did not deter Captain Cook from holding general muster, and ordering Lieutenant-Commander Mason to summon officers and crew to the quarter-deck.

Dressed in a pair of white duck trousers, a shabby blue coat, and an officer's white summer hat, with no insignia of rank upon him, Commodore Schley braced his white-shod feet against the hatch combing, tilted his

chair back, plucked rather nervously at his imperial, and remarked, "This is pretty slow."

Over the water from the Texas came a sweet bugle call to church, and the bell tolled softly. Three bells clanged out on the Brooklyn, and Captain Cook and Executive-Officer Mason, both wearing their swords, came on the quarter-deck. "We're going to have general muster," said Captain Cook, in response to the inquiring look of the Commodore, and the men began gathering in their various divisions. General muster is compulsory every month in the Navy, and the solemn act of reading the Articles of War is gone through with in a perfunctory sort of way. A look through the glasses showed on all the ships similar tableaux, and the typical quietude of Sunday prevailed. On the forward-bridge Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was keeping the long glass trained on the suspicious smoke just back of the high hill at the entrance.

At this time the big warships had all massed to the east, quite a common occurrence for early morning. The western part of the

blockading half circle consisted of the second-class battleship Texas, the flagship Brooklyn, and the small converted yacht Vixen. The Texas was exactly south of the entrance, which points southwest, while the Brooklyn and the Vixen, 5,500 yards to the west, rolled lazily in the swell of the trade wind sea. With the Texas as the central ship, the east was beautifully and effectively guarded by the Iowa, Indiana and Oregon battleships, and the converted yacht Gloucester, the Gloucester nearest shore. The Iowa lay at least half a mile beyond the curve of the circle, and, glasses in hand, I remember calling Commodore Schley's attention to it. He answered: "I understand her forward twelve-inch turret is broken, and they are probably trying to fix it." I remember also noticing that the Gloucester was very close in to shore, and that, while the eastern end of the line was so formidable that no tactician with common sense would have attempted to pass it, there were openings to the west on both sides of the Brooklyn that must have offered tempting invitation to a foe desirous of, and eagerly looking for, a chance to escape.

It must also be remembered that the plan was of immobility, the ships pointing their noses toward the entrance but not moving, and therefore allowing a fleeing enemy a chance to gain a great advantage in a flying start.

Thus, four American battleships, the Iowa, Oregon, Texas and Indiana, with the armored cruiser Brooklyn, formed the guard, with the two converted yachts, Gloucester and Vixen, as pickets. Of the ships of battle the Indiana could not exceed a speed of nine knots, and her forward thirteen-inch turret was out of order, the guns incapacitated; the Iowa had steam up but for five knots, and was also having trouble with her forward twelve-inch turret, and the Brooklyn had had some of her five-inch guns badly strained by the bombardment of the day before. None of the ships had steam for more than ten knots and the Brooklyn's forward engines were uncoupled.

"THE ENEMY IS ESCAPING." XVII.

"AFTER-BRIDGE, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out."

It was the stentorian voice of Navigator Hodgson calling through the megaphone from the forward-bridge to the signal officer on the after-bridge. There was no need for the after-bridge to repeat it. For an instant it had turned everybody into living statues, but only for an instant. Then Lieutenant-Commander Mason's strident tones called, as he himself rushed toward the forward-deck, "Clear ship for action!" and the clanging bells notified those below of the summons to battle, while the orderly mass of men, ranged around the sides of the quarter-deck for inspection, became a tumbling, scrambling heap of enthusiasts, ready for the fray.

Hodgson had been on the bridge for about ten minutes, and he and Quartermaster

Anderson were taking the bearings of the Morro so as to move the ship to its proper day position. Anderson had the long glass, and after looking carefully said to Lieutenant Hodgson, "The smoke looks as if it was moving toward the entrance, sir." "Give me the glass," said the Navigator, and, fixing it on the hazy smoke in the entrance, he took a long look. Anderson caught the glass as it fell, or it would have been smashed, while Hodgson, picking up the megaphone, yelled, "After-bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out."

Commodore Schley was on his feet in an instant, and reaching over back of me to where his binoculars lay on the steel hatchway cover, as he grabbed them up he exclaimed, "Come on, my boy. We'll give it to them now."

Captain Cook was standing just at the head of the stairway leading to the cabin, and as he heard Mason's ringing tones, "Clear ship," he dove down into his room, threw off his uniform coat and hat, tore off his collar, tumbled into an old black alpaca coat and a round linen sailor's hat, and in a jiffy was back on the deck again, issuing orders.

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"*Three cheers for Commodore Schley*"

The Commodore sprang forward through the superstructure, elbowing his way among the men, who in their excitement and delight were paying little attention to rank or station. He was making for the little bridge around the conning tower.

I followed him closely, and as he passed the after-bridge heard him call to Ensign McCauley, "Signal, 'The enemy is escaping.'" Lieutenant Sears, who was near, shouted back, "We have already done so, sir!" and Schley, as he hurried through the gallery toward the forecastle, answered: "Signal the fleet to clear ship."

As he climbed the ladder to the forecastle, I remember his pulling out my watch, which I had loaned him, and saying to me, "It's just 9:35 o'clock." Just as we reached the point of vantage, a wooden platform two feet high elevated around the conning tower, there came the sharp detonation of a six-pounder and we saw from the smoke that the Iowa had fired the first shot and was flying the signal, "The enemy is escaping," having run it up several seconds before the Brooklyn served the same notice. Following quickly the warning

of the Iowa, the doughty Texas opened with a big twelve-inch shot; and, as Captain Cook shouted to the quartermaster, "Full speed ahead," the Brooklyn's forward eight-inch guns boomed out.

"Can you see the flagship?" shouted Schley to Navigator Hodgson and Quartermaster Anderson, who were on the bridge, and Anderson, who was using the long glass, swept the eastern horizon with it, and called back, "No, sir. The New York is out of sight."

Just then Lieutenant Simpson popped his head up out of the forward eight-inch turret, from which he had fired his first gun a moment before, and called to the Commodore, "Did that one hit, sir?"

"I couldn't see, Simpson," answered the Commodore, "but keep at them. Tell your bullies to give them hell!" then, turning to Captain Cook, who was now at his elbow, he added, "Cook, tell your men to fire deliberately, and don't waste a shot."

Here we were in action. From the time of Lieutenant Hodgson's announcement to the time of the boom of the Brooklyn's guns was barely three minutes, and what to a layman

seemed the direst pandemonium and disorder was the finest of discipline and the acme of order. That men flew by dropping their shirts from their backs as they ran, that orders came thick and fast, and that men and officers seemed tumbling over one another was no criterion. That every gun was ready to shoot; that fire had been started under four fresh boilers; that every battle hatch had been lowered; that every water-tight compartment was closed; that ammunition was ready for the reloading of the guns; that the fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and that every man of 500 was in the place assigned to him for battle, completes an indisputably wonderful accomplishment.

Turning so as to fire her port battery, the Brooklyn moved northeast toward the harbor entrance, while the big battleships, somewhat slower in their movements, pointed straight in. Glasses in hand, Commodore Schley tried to make out the enemy's ships. It was a trying and nerve-destroying moment. The terrific effect of the eight-inch gun fire on one's ear-drums, the distressing taste of the saltpetre, the blinding effect of the dense smoke, and the

whiz of projectiles of the enemy in close proximity, all were forgotten, and we stared through our bedimmed glasses at the entrance full of smoke, from the enemy's funnels and our exploding shells, a yellow mass at which the first terrible fire of the American ships was directed with such frightful effect. Out of the midst of it there suddenly projected a black, glistening hull, the position of which showed it to be pointing westward. Would the other follow, or would they break through at different points? Still the frightful fire of the ships continued, and flashes of brilliancy from the mass of smoke in the entrance showed that the enemy had opened. The western battery on the crown of the hill was also dropping shot to the westward.

At Commodore Schley's elbow stood Flag-Lieutenant Sears, also with glasses glued to his eyes. For a minute the pall of smoke rose, and then Lieutenant Sears exclaimed: "They are all out, and coming to the westward, Commodore!"

"Yes," answered this cool commandant, "and the torpedo boats are with them." Then turning to Captain Cook, he said: "Have

your rapid-fire guns ready for those fellows, Cook," and the Captain, smiling, pointed to the guns where the men were already firing. It was just 9:45, and Ensign McCauley hoisted the signal to the fleet to "Close up," following it quickly with another one ordered by the Commodore, and reading "Follow the flag."

The Maria Teresa, the Viscaya, the Colon, and the Oquendo were now in plain view, in the order named, with the torpedo boats Furor and Pluton following.

As we keenly studied the ships through our glasses we saw what probably has not been witnessed since the days of the Armada, ships coming out for deadly battle, but dressed as for a regal parade or a festal day. From their shining black hulls, with huge golden figure-heads bearing the crest and coat-of-arms of Spain, to the tops of their masts where fluttered proudly the immense silken flags, bearing in the heaviest of gold bullion the Spanish insignia which glittered bravely in the morning sunlight, to the brightly colored awnings over their decks, they bespoke luxury and chivalry, and a proud defiance of America's newer sea power. If death and defeat were to come,

they would be met gallantly, grandly, the nation whose naval prowess has been sung in song and story never seeking concealment by doffing a single iota of her pomp or pageant.

Suddenly we were startled by a realization that the situation for the Brooklyn now seemed desperate. The great ship was pointing and moving directly toward the Spanish ships coming out to the west. Every inclination, had a decision been made suddenly, was to turn in the same direction, to the west, to head them off. But had this inclination been followed, the Brooklyn's starboard side would have been so placed that any one of the Spanish fleet would have been able to ram and sink her, or torpedo her, with the same fatal result.

"Much will depend upon this ship this day, Cook," said Commodore Schley, as he noticed that all four of the Spanish vessels were making good speed and that none of our own ships were very close to us. "Don't risk a torpedo attack. Keep well in but keep out of their effective range." The Commodore was as cool as an iceberg as he made these suggestions to Cook, and the hand that raised the

glass to his eyes never trembled, as he watched intently to see how we could best move to keep in the action and yet not permit the enemy to carry out what was evidently their intention, the destruction of the Brooklyn.

Captain Cook was watching the enemy with equal anxiety, for we were now getting into a position where if we turned in toward the shore we were liable to run in between the Spanish line of battle, and the surf. Suddenly Lieutenant Sears, who had his glasses fixed on the Viscaya, said, "The Viscaya is pointing out to ram us, sir."

Sharply Schley swung around from his examination of the leading ship, the Maria Teresa, and looked at the Viscaya. She was certainly pulling out from the line of vessels toward us, while the Colon was pointing in toward the shore. Sharp and clear came the order, "Put your helm hard aport, Cook."

"It is hard aport, sir," said Captain Cook, who had evidently anticipated the order or else was following out the first order given to him, to keep the ship away from torpedo attack. The Brooklyn now began to move around to

starboard, turning a circle away from the enemy.

"Hadn't we better back on our starboard engine?" said Navigator Hodgson, and Commodore Schley answered sharply, "No, we'll lose headway. We must get around quickly." Turning on her heel, in a short circle moved the Brooklyn, her port side a perfect mass of flame and smoke, as the six eight-inch, six five-inch, and eight six-pounders belched forth the deadly shot. Then, as she swung toward the four Spanish ships, her starboard battery opened, and the din was terrific.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called Schley to Captain Cook, and out of the choking smoke and fire Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard quietly instructing the men in the turrets as to the distance. The Brooklyn had described a perfect circle, and, although under a deluge of shot and shell, practically uninjured, pointed west and began her famous fight. The Colon could be seen sneaking up behind the Spanish line, as if intent upon getting away, while the Oquendo and Maria Teresa, evidently striving vainly to shield the

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"*You bullies won the fight*"

torpedo boats, were receiving a most horrible baptism of shot and shell.

As we got fully around we were pointing to the west, almost side by side with the Maria Teresa, the Colon inside of her, the Viscaya just behind the Spanish flagship, and the Oquendo last of all, starting to burn and evidently in trouble. Looking back we saw, instead of what we expected, our own ships in fighting array, simply a heavy pall of smoke, and not an American ship in view. Schley turned around and grimly said to Captain Cook, "Well, Cook, we'll have to stay alone with this crowd." But just then, out from the curtain of smoke there came a mighty foam-crested wave, and after it a flash of immense brilliancy, followed by the roar which spoke for a thirteen-inch gun. It was the Oregon, and as our men and officers saw it, they yelled with delight. Over her low freeboard broke the surging waters that she pushed aside in her mighty race, and they dashed up against her great steel turret, under the mouths of the big thirteen-inch guns that were hurling death and defiance at the enemy. She was coming to help the Brooklyn in her terribly unequal

struggle with these four great Spanish cruisers, and every shot that she was firing seemed to be taking effect.

And, then, as the smoke blew away a little more, we saw, following up the Oregon, the Texas, the poor old "hoodoo" of the Navy, but which this day was to disprove her maligners, and next to the Brooklyn and the Oregon, do more than any of the other ships to destroy the Spanish fleet.

"Clark and Philip are with us," said Schley with a smile, "and we'll lick the Dons yet," and, as if to prove his words the broadside from the Brooklyn crashed into the Maria Teresa, while at the same instant the Oregon, firing at her from behind, put a large shell along her superstructure, fairly raking her.

The sides of both the Brooklyn and the Oregon were now lurid masses of flame, so fast were the guns worked, and despite the fact that the Oquendo and the Maria Teresa both showed the effect of the terrible fire to which they had been subjected as they passed the Indiana and the Iowa, they were answering well. The Oquendo and the Teresa were evidently attempting to shield the Colon, which

was running in, close to the shore, and making great speed in her efforts to escape, while the Viscaya had picked the Brooklyn out for her prey, and was putting up the greatest fight of the day.

Dimly through the pall of smoke behind us we could see the two torpedo boats engaged in mortal combat with the doughty Gloucester.

The first gun had been fired at 9:40 o'clock, and at 10:22 o'clock the Oquendo, riddled with shells from every vessel of our fleet, caught fire. For some minutes we could notice the men on her deck making efforts to extinguish the fires, but from the military tops and the superstructures of every warship flying the American flag there was being poured onto her the deadly fire of small projectiles from the secondary batteries, while the Texas and the Iowa were dropping big shells into her.

Just about the time the Oquendo caught fire, and started for shore, the Oregon and the Brooklyn each put a big shell in the Maria Teresa, Cervera's flagship, and she too began to burn, and at 10:31 o'clock she turned in to the beach, her flag still flying, and we continuing to fire at her.

Lieutenant Sears, however, studying her through his glasses, said, "Commodore, she has evidently surrendered, but she can't get at her flag to haul it down because of the fire," and immediately the Commodore said to Captain Cook, "Stop firing on that ship. Even if she hasn't surrendered the other ships behind will take care of her." And then, as the Commodore heard Captain Cook give the order to cease firing on the Maria Teresa, he said, with that thoughtfulness which always has marked him, "Tell the boys below, Captain, that we have got two of them. Keep them informed of every advantage. They can't see, and it will cheer them up."

At 10:36, just after the two ships had gone ashore, and when we began to fight the Viscaya in the closest action of the day, the positions of the ships of our own squadron were particularly favorable to the enemy carrying out his plan of escaping with at least one or two ships. Back through the mass of smoke we could dimly see the battleship Indiana. She had had some trouble with her engines and although the fight had been on for an hour, she had not moved more than a mile west of

the Morro. The Iowa had followed as closely as she could, but she too did not seem to have very much speed, and when she arrived at the place where the Maria Teresa had turned ashore, she swung in, too, as if to assist in the rescue of the Spaniards who might have survived.

Both of these American ships had sent a perfect rain of projectiles into the harbor entrance as the ships came out, but their lack of speed had prevented them from continuing in the fight. The Texas had moved along at a fairly good speed, fighting like a demon under command of Captain Jack Philip, and she was in the fight up to the time that the first two ships ran ashore.

The Oregon had proved herself a wonder. She had started away from the eastern end of the line, and Captain Clark, the gallant hero who had brought the ship around the continent in daily expectation of meeting the Spanish fleet, having seen the signal "Follow the flag," displayed from the Brooklyn and realizing that the turn of the enemy to the westward would mean the destruction of the Brooklyn if she were not assisted, made as

straight after her as he could. He left the Indiana standing still as if she were anchored. He went under the stern of the Iowa, and raced by her. He crossed the bows of the Texas, for an instant blanketing her fire, but his own guns keeping up a tattoo on the Spanish ships, and he was amply justified in the risks he took with the ships of the American squadron, for he arrived just in time to help the Brooklyn out of a bad predicament. And of course we on board that ship were glad to see him, for as a gunner's mate said to me after we had cheered her, "Not that we can't lick them, but it's good to have help," and I agreed with him very cordially.

Captain Clark in his own description of this great race has said:

"When we discovered the Spanish ships coming out our fleet closed in at once to attack them, each ship being ordered to keep ahead directly toward the harbor entrance. The Spaniards turned to the westward, breaking through our line or crossing it, and our ships swung off to the westward in pursuit. Both sides opened fire promptly and fired rapidly, and a dense smoke soon obscured the vessels,

making it difficult to distinguish them. The Oregon, however, ran between the Iowa and Texas (the next ships to the westward in our line), and soon after we sighted these four Spanish ships ahead, apparently uninjured at the time. Just then the smoke lifted or broke away to the left, and I discovered the Brooklyn. She was well forward of our port beam; broadside to the enemy's fleet, and was fighting all four ships alone. It made a deep impression upon me to find her there. I felt that we should mutually support and sustain each other, and that a battleship was needed, and that we would fight the fight together. The Brooklyn's course was perhaps a little divergent from ours, because the Oregon was attempting to draw up upon the Maria Teresa; but the Brooklyn and Oregon maintained this relative position, bow and quarter, approximately to the end of the battle. The Brooklyn was steaming straight ahead, as nearly as I could judge, and engaging all the Spanish ships. The Oregon was endeavoring to come to close action with the sternmost one, and when she was driven out of action and pointed to the beach, the Oregon pushed on for the

next ahead, and so on until the entire fleet was driven ashore, burning or sinking."

Speaking of passing the other ships, Captain Clark said:

"The Iowa, when I first saw her, was steaming in toward the entrance of the harbor. Her position was a little to the westward of that of the Oregon, and at first she seemed to be advancing faster than we were in the Oregon. It seemed that she was gaining ground more toward the entrance than we were, and I thought she would get in there considerably ahead of the Oregon. Then the smoke became very dense and I lost sight of her, but I could see the Spanish ships as they came out and turned to the westward. I knew that they were turning sharply that way and that I would not get to the entrance in time to strike any of them, and that, therefore, I must immediately haul to the westward. I put my helm hard astarboard and sheered off, and then I saw the Iowa again. She had evidently changed her course to the westward very sharply at almost the same time, and I was fearful she would collide with us—that she would swing too far. I therefore put my

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"*There was a hurricane of cheers*"

helm hard astarboard, or gave the order, 'Hard astarboard,' to clear her, but we went by her and I saw no more of her during the action.

"I saw the Texas just after passing the Iowa, and I was concerned about striking her. I was just clearing the Iowa when the Texas was reported on the port bow, and I had no time except to give one glance at her, and then to give the order, 'Hard aport.' Then I had to jump over on the other side to see if I was going to clear the Iowa. I was afraid my speed would not be quite sufficient to carry me by, and yet I had to get past, and I really cannot tell whether I saw the bow or stern of the Texas. I just saw this great, large object loom up out of the smoke, and I knew I had to give the order instantly to clear her. I knew or thought I would swing enough to clear her, but it might carry me into the Iowa, which I had just had on my starboard beam only about a ship's length off. I do not even know whether the Texas was pointed in or out."

THE VISCAYA. XVIII.

THE fight of the day was on at 10:36 a. m. We were side by side with the Viscaya. The range was not over 1,800 yards, the closest fighting of the day so far, and the nearest ship to us of our own squadron was the Oregon, about a mile and a half astern. The Colon was between the Viscaya and the shore, but clear enough of her so that she could use her guns on us. It was a critical moment for the Brooklyn. The Viscaya had larger guns and thicker armor than the Brooklyn, and she was known to be commanded by Eulate, one of the most accomplished and bravest men in Spain's Navy. This was the ship that had been brought to New York by the Spanish government for exhibition purposes, and the public press had declared that she was far superior to our cruisers, the New York and the Brooklyn.

There was no hesitancy, however, in the

way we were fighting her. Lieutenant-Commander Mason was rushing from turret to turret and from gun sponson to gun sponson, giving the ranges, and the gunners were pouring into the Spanish ships, every few seconds, tons of explosive ammunition.

It was a fight that was to set the naval world thinking and discredit the predictions of the prophets. The Viscaya, with armor double the thickness of the Brooklyn and guns of larger calibre, had often been placed by critics as the superior of the Brooklyn; and there was a low murmur of approval on the latter ship as the word was passed to concentrate fire on the former. Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her." A little turn of the helm sent the Brooklyn in to within a thousand yards of the enemy, and there they were broadside to broadside. "Nine hundred and fifty yards," called the messengers in to the turret decks, and the answer was the terrible boom of the big eight-inch guns, followed by the tenor of the five-inch and the shrill treble of the six and the one-pounders. The smoke was so dense that it was hard to see the target,

but up forward we could see the Colon spitting out smokeless fire from her side. When five minutes had passed and we had not felt the ship tremble with the concussion of Spanish shells, we looked at one another in amazement. The water about us and between the Brooklyn and the Vixen, which had kept near us, absolutely boiled, while the song of the shells over us and a few muffled explosions on deck told that the Spanish aim was not so bad. Suddenly a marine in the foretop at a one-pounder gun shrieked down, "Every shot is telling," and as the word passed aft to the gun crews, the shooting became more vigorous, and 2,000 pounds of explosive metal went banging against the Viscaya every three minutes. The secondary battery fire, of one and six-pounders, was unusually deadly, the Spanish gunners in the Viscaya's superstructure being driven from the guns. At 10:50, after twenty minutes of this close engagement, the Oregon got near enough to land several six-inch projectiles in the Viscaya and to drop a few thirteen-inch shells about the Colon, which was rapidly drawing away to the westward.

Twenty-four minutes of this close action

passed, and Commodore Schley, watching the Viscaya, which was just a little forward of our beam, had twice remarked that she was getting the worst of it, and once, as a shell struck her superstructure and apparently cleaned out a couple of gun crews, he said in an undertone, "My God, but she is getting a terrible baptism of fire," and then almost in the same breath his enthusiasm about the intended result bubbling over, he called to Captain Cook, "Tell your bullies they're doing great work." Putting his glasses up to his eyes a minute later, Commodore Schley said to Lieutenant Sears, "Sears, it looks as if she were coming out toward us." It certainly did look so, for the Viscaya was sheering out to the south as if intending to again try and ram us. Just at that moment, an eight-inch shell from Lieutenant Doyle's starboard turret struck her a slanting blow on the bow, and there was a terrific explosion. Every one of us who were watching her knew it was more of an explosion than an eight-inch shell would make and we held our glasses on her to discover her injury. It became apparent, as the smoke cleared, that the shell had undoubtedly exploded a

torpedo placed in her tube to fire at us, and that it had blown out a large section of her bow. While we were watching her the Oregon fired a shell, I think an eight-inch one, which struck almost on her quarter-deck rail, and which seemingly raked her fore and aft. We could see men's bodies hurled into the air, and see others dropping over the sides. One end of her bridge tumbled down as though the underpinning was driven out, and then at 11:06 o'clock she turned and ran for shore, hauling down her flag, her deck one mass of flames, and the ammunition, which had been brought up to supply her deck guns, exploding in every direction.

It was during the fight with the Viscaya that we received most of our damage from Spanish gunners, two or three shells crashing through our superstructure, and one large one entering our gun deck. The concussion of this as it exploded below attracted Schley's attention, and he said to Captain Cook, "Captain, send below and see how many men are wounded." A messenger was dispatched and he came back with the information that only two men were slightly wounded, and that

none were killed. Both the Commodore and the Captain stood for a moment, silent and amazed, and then the Captain, believing thoroughly that there had been a mistake made, said to the messenger sharply, "Go down to the hospital and tell Dr. Fitz Simons to report to me the number of dead and wounded."

The messenger went, and came hurrying back with the same information, and a radiant smile overspread Schley's face as he received this confirmation of a statement he had hardly dared to believe.

But while the messenger was gone there had occurred the one death that marked the naval battle off Santiago as one of the most remarkable fights in regard to fatalities on the conqueror's side, ever witnessed. George Ellis, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, was the captain's clerk on the Brooklyn. He was a clean-cut young fellow, and he had impressed me very much because he had what so few of us have, the courage to acknowledge in the presence of a conglomerate lot of men, such as you find on the warships, his belief in God, and his love for his religion and his church. Only the day

before the battle we had received the mail, and in it was a great bunch of religious tracts, shipped to him by the Sunday school in Brooklyn which he and his wife attended. He had promptly distributed these around among the crew. He had frequently spoken to me with regret of the fact that there was no chaplain aboard the Brooklyn and that we could not have Sunday services; and on that very Sunday morning he had taken me into the captain's office, where he made his head-quarters, to show me a picture, which had come by the mail of the day before, of his wife and baby. Ellis had served his time as a naval apprentice, and had received an honorable discharge. He reenlisted after a while spent on shore, and had advanced to chief yeoman on account of his superior qualifications as a writer. His station in battle was to assist the navigator in getting ranges, and he had become very proficient in the use of the stadimeter, the little instrument used in taking the distance to objects at which the ship is to fire.

Ellis stood with several of us at Schley's feet just in front of the conning tower, the Commodore being on the little platform and

we standing on the deck proper. He was taking the range, in the absence at some other part of the ship of Navigator Hodgson, and, in order to find the distance to the Viscaya he was compelled to go out in front of the forward eight-inch turret in the open where it was dangerous because the Spanish ship was using her secondary battery. It was just a few minutes before the Viscaya turned into shore that Schley suddenly said, "I think the range to the Viscaya is changing, Ellis. Try her again." Ellis stepped out, raised his stadimeter, took the range, and coolly turning around called back, "1,200 yards, sir." "1,200 yards," repeated Mr. Mason to the messengers, and "1,200 yards" seemed to say the booming powder which sent out the tons of steel that crashed into the side of the Viscaya.

Plainly distinguishable from the hum and buzz of the Spanish shells which were flying over us, there came a dull, sickening thud, and the warm blood and brains spattering in our faces and on our clothes gave warning of a fatality even before the smoke cleared. When we could see, there lay Ellis' body curled

in an inanimate heap on the deck, the head having gone overboard, carried away by the impact of a large shell. Luckily for us, the shell had not exploded, or else very many more of us might have been injured or killed.

Dr. DeValin, who stood near him, stepped forward and gave one look at the body, only to see that life was extinct, and then he and Ensign Edward McCauley, who was close at hand, picked it up to throw it overboard, it being the rule in battle to dispose of mutilated bodies, the presence of which might disturb the equanimity of the men. Commodore Schley saw them, and in the midst of all this hot action, with all this tremendous responsibility upon his shoulders, with the shells bursting over his head and the small projectiles rattling against the turret, from the heat of battle this commander found time to turn and say, "Don't throw that body overboard. Take it below, and we'll give it Christian burial."

Boatswain Hill was called, a blanket was obtained, the body was wrapped in it, and taken to the lee of the forward turret, where it remained until the battle was over. Schley took his handkerchief from his pocket and

wiped the blood from his face and coat, where it had spattered, while the rest of us near by did the same. Lieutenant Ryan, who had charge of the deck engines, was so badly cut by some flying pieces of the skull and jawbone that for safety's sake he had to go to the hospital and have the wounds cauterized. Almost the same instant that Ellis was killed a shell from the Viscaya, fully five times as big as that which had killed the boy, entered between decks on the Brooklyn, striking in a compartment where eight men were working at a gun. It did not hurt any of the men standing near the gun where it came in, but after cutting away a four-inch thick steel stanchion, demolishing an iron staircase, and smashing things generally, it exploded. The results, one might anticipate, should have been very serious; but of the twelve men in the compartment, but one, a coal passer named J. Burns, was hurt—a piece of the exploding shell going between his legs and slightly wounding him.

In the meantime, while we were fighting the Viscaya and the Colon, the little Gloucester, assisted in some measure by the secondary batteries of the Iowa and Indiana, had suc-

ceeded in absolutely destroying the two torpedo boats. It must be remembered in speaking of these that either of them, properly handled, was more than a match for the Gloucester. They were very fast and very much better armed, having twelve-pounder guns upon them, while Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainright, who handled the Gloucester, had only six-pounders as his largest armament.

To Wainright belongs the great credit of having kept his head to such an extent as to remember during that first part of the conflict with the Spanish cruisers, that the torpedo boats were in the harbor and that if he left the entrance they might get away to the eastward and cause havoc among our transports.

Firing a few shots at the cruisers, the Gloucester lay waiting for the torpedo boats to come out, and while she was waiting, obtained a range on the harbor entrance. The moment the first destroyer showed its nose the Gloucester opened a fusilade upon it, and undoubtedly made the better armed boat think that she had a Tartar with which to deal. At the same time Wainright closed in

upon her, and by the time the two destroyers had turned to the west to follow their fleet, the six-pounders, three-pounders and Colt automatics on the Gloucester were pumping shot into them with terrific effect. For a short time the torpedo boats answered the fire very briskly, but the Indiana and the Iowa from their upper tops were firing at them, and there was hardly a chance for them to gain shelter in the lee of their own ships. Shortly the Pluton, which had been the first to venture out, began to slow down, and it was perfectly apparent that she had been disabled. From the way she moved it was noticeable that her steering gear was somewhat out of order, and it was not improbable that a shot had entered her engine as well. At any rate, she turned for shore and running in on a coral reef struck it and broke in two, her boilers exploding, and completely wrecking her.

By this time the Iowa and the Indiana had gotten around the point just to the west of Santiago, and the commander of the Furor, evidently seeing that the Gloucester was alone, turned as if to attack her. The terrible fire

from the Gloucester, however, never slackened, and one of the larger shells piercing the Furor's boilers they exploded and she began to sink at the stern, her bow twisting up in the air. Steam and smoke were rising from her, and the Gloucester, which a minute before had been fighting her to the death, now began the work of rescuing her crew. Lieutenant Thomas Wood took a boat from the Gloucester and went alongside of the Furor at a tremendous risk, because she was in great danger of sinking at any moment and swamping everything that came near her. He managed to get off some ten or twelve of her crew, or pick them up out of the water. Lieutenant Wood's own description of the scene aboard of her, just before she sank, will best describe her condition. He said:

"On reaching the Furor, a scene of horror and wreck confronted us. The ship was riddled by three and six-pound shells, though I observed no damage by larger projectiles. She was on fire below from stem to stern, and on her spar deck were the dead and horribly mangled bodies of some twenty of the officers and crew. One of her boats was at the davits,

smashed to atoms. I afterward found another a short distance away, bottom up and stove, but sustaining two survivors, whom I rescued. In the meantime another of the Gloucester's boats arrived, and boarded the wreck, in charge of Lieutenant Norman, and between us we saved some ten or twelve of the crew who remained on board. Finding it impossible to save the ship, and fearing damage to our own crew from explosion, I directed our two crews, with the survivors of the Furor, to abandon the ship and return to the Gloucester. This was done, and I was so fortunate as to find and take with me the Furor's ensign."

The Pluton's crew, in the meantime, were jumping overboard and struggling through the surf to get ashore and avoid a capture, but a large percentage of those who tried to escape in this way were drowned, or crushed by dashing against the coral reef. Lieutenant Proctor, of the Gloucester, went over in a boat toward the Pluton and tried to rescue some of her crew. He picked up one boat load, most of them swimming about the wreck, but could not do very much because of the heavy surf that was rolling. He said himself:

"I made for the Pluton, gathered in a boat load of people, and returned. I then went back to the Pluton, and attempted to board her; but the surf was too heavy, breaking over her deck. I picked up another boat load, and then landed in a cove near the wreck. In the meanwhile the other boats were taken aboard, and the Gloucester steamed out of sight. I tried, and finally succeeded with difficulty in boarding one-half of the Pluton, but the surf was so heavy and she was bouncing about at such a rate that I could not do much. The mortality was not great from our fire, but large numbers were drowned or mutilated on the coral reefs."

The press boat Wanda had in the meantime come along. She was a yacht used by the Associated Press and was in the command of Mr. John P. Dunning. He managed to rescue some of the men from the water, and threw overboard a wicker chair from the deck, which was floated ashore by the surf so that the Spaniards could put a badly wounded officer in it and carry him into the Spanish lines. It turned out afterward that this officer was Admiral Villamel, commander of the torpedo fleet. He was desperately

Captain Charles E. Clark.

wounded, and after his men had fastened him into the chair he died and the body was left concealed among the rocks. Long after the war was over, it was found and buried in Santiago, and has lately been taken to his native land.

CHASING THE COLON. XIX.

WHEN the Viscaya went ashore it might be thought that the duty of the Brooklyn was to stay by her and help save some of her officers and crew, but Commodore Schley decided that the proper thing for him to do was to capture the Colon, which now had a lead of about six miles over us, and thus effect the entire destruction of Cervera's fleet, leaving the humanitarian work of rescue to the slower ships.

What seemed to be now a forlorn hope faced Commodore Schley, but faith in the Brooklyn and in the splendid battleship Oregon, now close on the chase, never faltered, and he remarked to me, "We may be able to wing that fellow, and then Clark and Philip will get a show at him, even if he sinks us." Captain Philip's Texas could be seen about five miles astern The "fellow" alluded to was the Cristobal Color which so far as indications

went, had to this point escaped unharmed and now had a lead of about four miles over the Brooklyn and the Oregon. The Colon's accredited speed was nineteen and a half knots, and while the Brooklyn's is greater than that, it was impossible to make more than seventeen knots, because the forward pair of engines were not coupled up and were lying useless. The Oregon had a speed at the most of fifteen and one-half knots; so it appeared as if the chances of escape were good, and everybody believed that for one ship to get away would spoil the day's victory. There was one chance, however, and Schley, quick to see it, determined to take advantage of it. The Colon was running close in to shore, and to continue her course had to make a long detour to the South around Cape Cruz, sixty miles west. The Brooklyn was two miles farther out to sea than the Colon, and after consultation with Captain Cook and Navigator Hodgson, it was concluded to run a straight course to Cape Cruz and try and head off the chase. The Oregon in the meantime stayed in close, so as to get a range on the Colon's broadside if she tried to run directly south. This line

of tactics having been decided upon, the chase, which lasted from 11:25 to 1:15, began.

Up to the masthead of the Brooklyn went the signal "Cease firing," and Commodore Schley said to Lieutenant-Commander Mason, "Get all your men out for an airing." In an instant the top of every gun casement and every turret was a mass of half-naked, perspiring, but jubilant, cheering men. Even the men from the powder magazines below the protective deck came up, and joined the crowd. The Colon, in sheer desperation, was firing a few shells, but they fell so short that there were only jeers for them.

In the meantime so cheered was the Commodore with the results of the day and the idea that we would still get the Colon, that he began to get jovial and a trifle facetious. To Ensign McCauley he said, "Wig-wag to the Oregon that the ship ahead of us looks like an Italian," referring to the fact that the Colon was built in Italy, and that she had been sold by the Italian government to the Spanish. Instantly came back the answer from Captain Clark, "Yes, but she will land on the coast of Cuba." Then the Oregon raised a pennant,

"Remember the Maine," and the men with a roar of approval, saw the answering pennant go up, "We have."

Suddenly a big fellow on the top of Lieutenant Simpson's turret, after asking permission of Lieutenant-Commander Mason, shouted out, "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," and in an instant there were three roars that drowned even the thunder of the Colon's guns and made me wonder if the vigor of the jubilant Americans' voices would not drive terror to the hearts of the crew of the Colon. Then somebody proposed three cheers for gallant Captain Cook and for the Oregon, and they were given with a will, and returned with interest.

But if these scenes, lacking in tragedy, were going on above decks, there were men far below the steel protective deck still fighting for the flag; men who are seldom spoken of, but who are always heroes. At the fires in the coal rooms, and at the great engines, in a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees, were men fully as patriotic and enthusiastic as those on deck, and the successful ending of the day now depended upon them. Into the furnaces

the coal was piled, while in almost a white heat naked men kept the fires clear. At the big engines stood the engineers, closely watching for any flaw. Higher and higher climbed the steam, and faster and faster turned the great screws. Once in a while the great steel prison would open while a man was lifted out overcome by the heat, but the moment the air revived him he would go back to his furnace task. One man who gave way was carried up on deck, and his four fellow workers stood about with anxious eyes to see if he would recover. He opened his eyes, looked around at them and said, "Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work. What are yer standin' there for?" And as they slunk away he said to the doctor, "Say, Doc, are we catching the dago?"

Perhaps it is a new thing in the Navy, and perhaps it is not, but one thing struck me forcibly: from the beginning of the fight Commodore Schley issued instructions that all news of any advantage gained by us should be communicated about the ship to those who could not see, and it seemed to raise the *esprit de corps* at least a hundred per cent

The chase continued for about an hour and a half without much gain on either side, the Colon, at 12:15 having a lead of about four and one-quarter miles. Forced draught for the furnaces was being used on the Brooklyn, however, and she began to gain slowly. At the same time it was apparent that the tactics adopted by Commodore Schley had worked well, and it was evident that the Colon, in rounding Cape Cruz, would be near enough for the Brooklyn, and probably the Oregon, to broadside with their large guns.

The problem now was whether the Colon would increase her speed and beat us to the point ahead, and Commodore Schley discussed with Captain Cook the advisability of stopping and coupling up the engines which were lying useless. The original order issued by Admiral Sampson required us to keep steam for moving eight or nine knots with the engines uncoupled. We used the after-engines. In the Brooklyn we could use only just so much steam with those after-engines. Without coupling up all the engines we could not use all the steam that we could raise there. In the early part of the action we had steam enough to

make twelve knots, and we kept on increasing the steam until we had all that we could use with the two engines. We continued to get steam with the idea that if the Colon should get beyond the point we would lose the time and couple up all the engines. It would take about twenty-five minutes to couple up the forward-engines. We had all the steam we could use in the after-engines.

After considering the matter for a little while, the Commodore said to Captain Cook, "No, Cook, we won't stop. I think we will catch her. If she gets around the cape first, we'll stop and couple then, and, by God, I'll chase her to the coast of Spain, but I'll get her." Then he stepped into the conning tower for the first time that day and going to the speaking tube called down himself to the men, "Bullies, we've only one more to get and it all depends upon you now," and up from that steel prison where the thermometer registered over 140 degrees, there came the dull roar of a cheer. Then this remarkable man came out of the tower, and sitting upon the edge of the forward eight-inch turret, chewed on a bit of bacon and

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND TWO CAPTAINS.

1. Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson.
2. Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans. 3. Captain John W. Philip.

drank a cup of coffee while he continued to chase the enemy.

At 12:20 Commodore Schley directed the Oregon to try a large shell, and at 8,500 yards a thirteen-inch shell rushed like a great railroad train by the Brooklyn and struck just short of the chase. A signal was sent to tell the Oregon the effect, and then she tried another. This time it hit just astern, and threw tons of water on the deck of the Colon. The effect must have been terrifying; and when at 12:40 the Brooklyn opened up with her eight-inch and landed a few shots against the Colon's side, it became evident that the game was cornered. However, everybody expected that the ship of the enemy would put up a last fight and only surrender when overpowered, and we were all very much surprised when, at 1:15 o'clock, down came the ensign of Spain and the ship ran ashore.

It may have been a revengeful providence, it may have been a mere accident, but it certainly was a peculiarly strange coincidence that the last of the fleet of Cervera and the flower of the Spanish Navy should have

gone ashore at the very spot where the ill-fated Virginius expedition tried to land.

As the Brooklyn and the Oregon moved in upon the prey, the men poured out of the fire rooms, black with smoke and dirt and glistening with perspiration, but wild with joy, and when some wag raised a broom to the masthead, there was a roar of applause from the Oregon and an answer from the Brooklyn. Climbing up to the bridge, Commodore Schley gazed down at the jubilant men with just the suspicion of a tear in his eye. "Those are the fellows who made this day," he said pointing to them, and then ordered Ensign McCauley to make signal "The enemy has surrendered."

I was standing on the quarter-deck when the Colon surrendered, and I handed my binoculars up to Lieutenant Rush, who was dancing a war dance of joy on top of his eight-inch turret, and asked him to take a look and see if he could see the New York, Admiral Sampson's flagship. He scanned very carefully the entire expanse of water to the east, and said she was not in sight. His line of vision, naturally, from that elevation and with the

glasses was about twelve miles. In order to make sure, however, Lieutenant Rush handed the glasses to a quartermaster who was standing by him. This man took a long look, and then reported that he could see three columns of smoke just over the horizon. As the New York was the only ship in line beside the Brooklyn that had three funnels, it was of course supposed that it was she coming up, and later the suspicion was confirmed.

In the meantime the Texas, which was about five miles astern of us, had made out our signal, "The enemy has surrendered," and seeing that the New York was too far astern of her to see us, repeated the signal, but the New York passed her without any recognition of it.

Commodore Schley had ordered Captain Cook to take a boat crew and go over and obtain the surrender of the Colon, but this was a more troublesome operation than would be supposed. All the boats had been filled with water, and covered over with wet canvas, to prevent them taking fire from an enemy's shell, and it was some twenty minutes before one of the boats could be lowered. Then came the

wild scramble, and many appeals to be made part of the crew, from every man and officer aboard, and when the boat's crew was finally selected it was certainly a motley one, consisting of half-stripped men who had come out of the turrets, handling rooms or boiler rooms with the dirt and smut of battle upon them, and, tired as they were, perfectly willing to pull an oar to get over and obtain the surrender.

Captain Cook took with him from among the officers Lieutenant B. W. Wells, Commodore Schley's flag secretary, and Ensign Edward McCauley; while Boatswain Hill took charge of the boat. When the boat ran alongside of the Colon the Spaniards received it with mild cheers, saying "Bravo Americanos" to the crew, as if they half expected that their captors were going to treat them very badly. Captain Moreu received Captain Cook on board and with tears standing in his eyes said: "I surrender. You were too much for us." Commodore Paredes, the second in command under Cervera, was aboard this ship, and he was very much affected over the surrender, sobbing bitterly as he gave his

parole. They escorted Captain Cook to their cabin, which had been wrecked by a shell passing through it, and there they were told by the captain that their surrender must be absolute and unconditional. Captain Moreu said that the officers would like to retain their personal effects, and Captain Cook replied that that was a matter the Commander-in-Chief would have to settle when he arrived. Much to the surprise of Captain Cook, he found that there had been but a few men killed on the Colon, and that some of these had been shot by officers for refusing to go back to the fires. But two shells had gone through her, and both of these were five-inch shells from the Brooklyn, so it was evident that the fear of the heavy shells of the Oregon, the fact that she could not get out of the bight and run to sea without meeting the Brooklyn, and the frightful fate that had met her sister ships, had caused her to surrender. There was serious evidence aboard that the Spaniards had not behaved in a thoroughly chivalrous manner. The breech-blocks of their guns were missing, and they had evidently knocked off the heads of their

sea valves and opened the torpedo tubes so as to sink the ship. This latter thing could not have been done until after she had hauled down her flag. One other curious thing found was that the Colon did not have her large, eleven-inch guns, and that her two turrets were empty. At first Captain Cook supposed they might have been dismounted for use in the batteries around Santiago, but it turned out later that she had never had these big guns, the ship having hastily been sent over here without completing her. She had, however, two beautiful batteries of six-inch guns, six of them on a side.

Another interesting thing noted by Captain Cook was the fact that several of the officers had packed their trunks and were ready to leave the ship, so that on their run to the west they had evidently determined that they would be caught sooner or later, and had made their preparations accordingly.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. XX.

WHILE Captain Cook was aboard the Colon, Commodore Schley went up on the bridge where he could get a better view of the oncoming American ships and of the surrendered Colon. As soon as he arrived there the signal, "The enemy has surrendered," was raised by Ensign McCauley, who at the same time jointly with Flag-Lieutenant Sears announced that the New York was not yet in signal distance. In the meantime it was noticed that the Texas, about five and one-half miles astern of us, had repeated our signal, evidently appreciating that Admiral Sampson would not be able to make it out on the Brooklyn, but that he might perhaps be able to see it on the Texas. The Commodore reached over to me, took my glasses, and looked searchingly to the east, saying slowly as he did so, "There is the Texas, and there is the Vixen, but I don't see the New York."

And then as he kept the glasses up, in an instant he had evidently found her, for he remarked: "Yes, there she is. I can tell her by her smoke." This was at 1:45 o'clock, and the Colon had gone ashore at 1:15, while Captain Cook had received the surrender at 1:43. Captain Cook, however, was detained aboard the Colon in his desire to be courteous, and had not started to return by the time the New York came in sight. At two o'clock, just as she got where we considered her in signal distance, Commodore Schley ordered the signal raised: "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details later." This signal replaced the one which we had had flying for nearly three-quarters of an hour, "The enemy has surrendered," and which the New York had not answered. Vainly the signal officers on the bridge watched the New York for even the courtesy of an answering pennant showing that she understood our signal.

Nevertheless, as the New York approached rapidly, Commodore Schley ordered another signal set, "This is a great day for our country." Instead of an answering pennant to this signal, there went up on the signal hal-

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"Admiral Cervera and his son were rescued"

yards of the New York a set of flags, which at first officers and men alike on the Brooklyn hoped to be a message of congratulation, but which proved to be a terse command, "Report your casualties."

"Report your casualties," repeated Schley, turning on his heel and walking over to the other side of the bridge, a pained expression on his face; and up to our signal masts went the flags, "One dead and two wounded."

As if in direct contrast to this curious attitude of Sampson's flagship, Commodore Schley immediately began sending messages of thanks and congratulations to the vessels which had been near him during his great emergency. To the Oregon he had wig-wagged: "Thanks for your splendid assistance. If it hadn't been for you we might not have been here." To the Texas he sent the words: "You did glorious work. Thank you for keeping with us." And to the little Vixen, a converted yacht which had kept along with us, he signaled, "Thank you for trying to keep near us. You might have been of great assistance." And in response to each of these messages there came from each of the ships

spoken cheer after cheer, all of which were answered by the men on the Brooklyn.

Somebody raised a broom at our masthead on one of the pennant halyards, and the crew of the Oregon followed suit and then gave three cheers for Commodore Schley. On the Texas the men all lined up on the forward-deck and at request from somebody aboard—I presume Captain Philip himself—gave three cheers for Commodore Schley. The little Vixen circled around us three or four times, her crew yelling themselves hoarse for the Brooklyn, for Schley, and for the victory. But from the New York there came never a sound of joyfulness and never a cheer.

Of course, both officers and men on the New York were naturally disgruntled. It must have been a terribly hard thing to them to feel that after five weeks of waiting they had been cheated out of a chance to take a shot at the Spanish fleet or to help in the entire destruction that five of their sister ships had accomplished. It was hard, of course, to think that the man who had planned and schemed so successfully as to keep the fleet in all of these five weeks, and who had perhaps

spent many a sleepless night plotting methods for their destruction, had only been able to see the wrecked hulks lying along the Cuban shore as he followed up the chase; but yet there was not an officer or a man who did not look forward to a message of congratulation and who did not feel disappointed that if, even in his perturbation Admiral Sampson had forgotten to thank his fleet, his memory was not jogged by his staff officers.

As the New York ran in between the Brooklyn and her prize, it was evident that Captain Cook's slow-going boat, propelled by a lot of weary arms that had helped so hard in the fight that day, would be intercepted. Here was the climax. Schley's ship had borne the brunt of battle. Schley's broad pennant had been followed. Sampson's flagship had never been within signal distance of the fleet, although the Indiana's captain claims that he saw the flagship nearly all the time during the battle, from his extreme eastern position; but if that were so, Captain Taylor knowing that the Brooklyn and the Oregon were out of signal distance of the New York, must explain why he did not repeat the Commander-in-

Chief's signals to the fleet. According to Captain Evans of the Iowa, who ran in after the Viscaya at a point twelve miles to the west of the harbor, the New York did not pass him until 11:30 o'clock, which was exactly two hours and thirty-five minutes after the fight had begun, and two hours after five of the enemy's ships had been sunk or beached. This of course would put her out of signal distance of the fleet, because practically she had to run at good high speed for two hours before she could catch up with the leading vessels in the chase, and it was 2:25 o'clock before she stopped her engines opposite the Colon, while the Colon had beached at 1:15.

Picking up the megaphone, which stood in a convenient corner of the bridge, Commodore Schley did the one thing that day for which I have always criticized him,—lowered his dignity sufficiently to plead with the commander of the fleet that he might have the surrender of the ship whose escape had been frustrated by the Brooklyn and the Oregon, thus making complete the day's victory.

"I request the honor of the surrender of the Cristobal Colon," he said in a clear, distinct

voice; and from the Commander-in-Chief's flagship came wafted back the insolent answer from a cadet, "What?"

"I request the honor of the surrender of the Cristobal Colon," again called the Commodore, and this time his voice trembled slightly. We watched the bridge of the New York closely, and Lieutenant Sears, holding up the megaphone to his ear, waited intently for an answer. But none came. And that message, as had all the others preceding it, which had been addressed by Schley to the New York, since the destruction of the Spanish fleet, remained unanswered, while from the other side of the flagship a megaphone message ordered Captain Cook to report with his prisoners from the Colon aboard the New York, so that the ship that had not fired a shot that day except at a defenseless and surrendered torpedo boat, might have the honor of the surrender.

Captain Cook reported on the New York together with his Spanish prisoners, and at the same time told the Commander-in-Chief that the Colon was in a sinking condition, her torpedo tubes being open and the heads of her

sea valves knocked off. Then the Captain got in his boat and returned to the Brooklyn.

In the meantime, Commodore Schley not being able to see, because the New York shut out the view, that Captain Cook had gone aboard her and surrendered his prisoners, and believing fully that Admiral Sampson would allow him the honor of the surrender, as requested, made preparations to receive the Spaniards aboard. Looking down from the bridge over the motley crowd of sailors gathered upon the fo'castle, some of them half naked, and all covered with perspiration and powder smoke, he called down to them, "Bullies, the Spanish officers are coming aboard. Don't cheer, we have vanquished them to-day and we can afford to be generous," or words to that effect. The sailors looked up, and appreciating the thoughtfulness that prompted the request, responded heartily, "Aye, aye, sir."

As Captain Cook's boat came from behind the New York and toward the Brooklyn, we saw to our surprise that it had been emptied of its Spanish officers, and therefore Commodore Schley's caution to his men was unwittingly superfluous The Commodore there-

upon, after Captain Cook had come aboard and reported, ordered the boat to wait for him, and getting into it, went over to the New York to officially report.

During this time I had seen the Vixen run up alongside of the New York, and suspecting that she was going to take dispatches to the nearest cable station, I asked permission to board her. Lieutenant Staunton, flag lieutenant for Admiral Sampson, had already been put aboard of her, as had also a correspondent of the Associated Press who was accompanying the New York. Lieutenant Staunton objected to the Vixen waiting for me, saying that one correspondent was enough, evidently having in mind the fact that if I got to the cable station I would undoubtedly give the credit of the fight itself to Commodore Schley, while there probably was no such intention upon the part of Lieutenant Staunton or anybody else from the New York. Commander Sharpe, however, with whom I had been quite closely associated and who was in command of the Vixen, insisted upon waiting for me, although Staunton urged the fact that Admiral Sampson desired the dispatches taken in a hurry.

I was thereupon allowed to go aboard to hear, as I did hear, the enthusiastic account of the fight as given by Commander Sharpe and Lieutenant Harlow, who of course had seen the whole battle. Unfortunately we made out a battleship just after we had started, which Lieutenant Staunton asserted was the Spanish ship Pelayo, and we turned around and ran back to the fleet without filing our dispatches.

I was really glad this occurred because Commander Sharpe and Lieutenant Harlow on the one side and Lieutenant Staunton on the other were getting into a rather bitter dispute, the two former declaring that the New York was never for a moment in the fight or even within signal distance, while the Brooklyn had borne the brunt of it, and Lieutenant Staunton arguing that while they hadn't fired a gun from the New York, they had been fairly near the fight and it was therefore Admiral Sampson's victory. The officers of the Vixen had been in an unusually advantageous position to see the combat, her officers not having anything to do but watch the fighting, their ship being too small to take into action.

Just what occurred on the New York between Commodore Schley and Admiral Sampson as to any personal conversation, is with me only a matter of record through conversations with Commodore Schley, but the interview was a cordial one, Captain Clark taking part in it. While it was occurring, however, the Resolute, in command of Captain Eaton, came along and signaled that another Spanish vessel had been sighted, and that he believed it to be the Pelayo, one of Spain's heavy battleships. Admiral Sampson ordered the Brooklyn and the Oregon to go out and find her, and Captain Clark of the Oregon tells the little story of the order so well that I use his statement in full here. Captain Clark said:

"It was reported by Captain Eaton of the Resolute, that a Spanish battleship had arrived off Santiago, and I think he said he had been pursued by her. I will not say anything about that, though, as I am not certain, but he was positive he had seen a Spanish battleship. The Admiral did not seem to be impressed by that; he seemed incredulous. I remarked that it must be Camara's fleet, that they had arrived there to form a junction with

Cervera's fleet, but that they had arrived too late. The Admiral did not dissent; he did not say anything to that. Presently he said: 'Well, Clark, you will have to go after that ship.' Believing, as I did, that there was really a Spanish battleship there, I said: 'Well, Admiral, in war we want to overpower the enemy, if possible. Why should not the Brooklyn go along?' He turned and said: 'Certainly. Schley, you go also.' Then feeling that I had perhaps assumed too much in speaking to an admiral and suggesting that a commodore also accompany me, I turned around to the Commodore and said: 'Commodore, we have knocked out several vessels this morning; we can knock out another one, can't we?' He said: 'Certainly we can, come on,' and started over the side. I started for my boat too, I think, on the other side of the vessel, though I do not remember about that. What I was most impressed with was his cheerful, cheery manner of approving of my having mentioned his going—that he had no feeling as a senior against me for suggesting it, and was rather approving and cheerful in his manner."

The curious part of this order for the Oregon and Brooklyn to go out is, that it was a tacit admission that there was no desire upon the part of those in command of the New York to take an active part in the destruction of the Spanish fleet. The Oregon had damaged some of her biggest guns by using extreme elevation for them. Her crew at the boilers and engines were practically exhausted by the extreme heat during the four hours' fight in which she had taken so glorious a part. Her men behind the guns were naturally affected by the nervous tension under which they had worked, and her ammunition had been greatly depleted by the rapidity of her fire. The Brooklyn was even worse off. The only man killed that day was aboard that ship, the body covered with a tarpaulin, and the only men injured in the fight were lying in her hospital. Six of her five-inch guns were so badly damaged in the mounts that they could hardly be used. Some of her eight-inch guns were likewise damaged. Her boiler force had been four hours in front of the hot furnaces; her gun crews had, according to the amount of ammunition used, worked harder and faster

than any other crews in the fight. She had many a hole through her, and a supposed injury below the water line that had filled one of her apartments, and she had borne the brunt of the fighting during the day.

And the New York ! True, her fire and engine forces had done heroic work, trying to bring her into the fight, but from her guns two shells only had been fired, one at an already disabled torpedo boat, and one at the batteries of Santiago as she had passed them, so that her magazines were full of ammunition. Her gunners, who had stood with their hands by their sides during the four hours' engagement with the Spanish fleet, were ready and anxious for battle, and there is every reason to suppose would have greeted the opportunity to go out after this alleged Spaniard with a cheer. Her officers had stood around idly, simply watching the other vessels of the fleet destroy the Spaniards. Here was the opportunity for Admïral Sampson and his chief-of-staff to put her in active duty. But they did not.

Commodore Schley climbed down the side of the New York and came aboard the Brooklyn, stopping at the stern of the Texas long

enough to receive a cheer from the men he had formerly commanded and asking permission of Captain Philip to use his chaplain on the morrow to bury the dead Ellis. Then as the crew of his gig pulled him away, he called back to Philip, "I'm going out to get another one, Jack."

Once on board, the Brooklyn headed out in the direction toward which the Spanish ship was supposed to be. The signal was made for the Oregon to follow, but the Oregon didn't follow, much to Commodore Schley's and Captain Cook's surprise. Captain Clark doesn't know why he was ordered not to go, and Admiral Sampson has never given an explanation. The Oregon had a hawser to the Colon attempting to pull her off the beach and this may have been the reason why she did not accompany the Brooklyn, but true it is that the latter went out alone.

When Commodore Schley noticed that the Oregon was not accompanying him, he turned to Captain Cook and said, "Well, Cook, after what has happened this day I think we can give them a pretty good circus, any way." And then the Commodore ordered that the port

side on which the guns were in better shape be kept trained on the enemy, as soon as she was sighted. On the way out he met the Vixen coming back at a lively pace and signaling "Enemy's vessel discovered to the east." Admiral Sampson's flag lieutenant, Staunton, who was aboard her, megaphoned over to the Brooklyn, "We have sighted a ship flying the Spanish colors coming from the east. She is a battleship, and I think the Pelayo." Commodore Schley megaphoned back "All right," and the Brooklyn flying her tattered battle flags and under a good head of steam, kept on her way.

Very soon the alleged Spaniard was discovered, and Captain Cook said to Commodore Schley, "That fellow is flying the Spanish flag, but that is not the Pelayo. The Pelayo has turrets and this fellow hasn't any."

Closer the Brooklyn got to her, and began circling around her, drawing the circle smaller each time and keeping her port battery trained upon the strange vessel. Suddenly Captain Cook, who had been looking at her closely through the glasses, turned to Commodore Schley and said, "That's a funny thing. She has up a string of international signals."

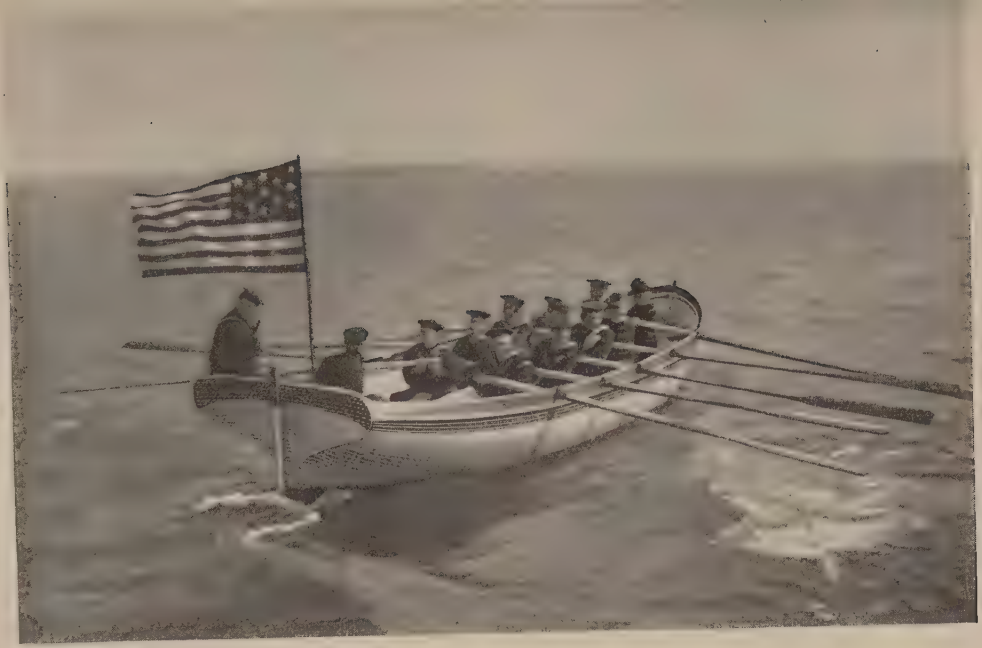
International signals are those made between merchant vessels, or between ships of war during peace times. It not being peace times with us, there was some difficulty in finding the international signal book, and as it was beginning to get rather dark, the foreign ship of war turned her own searchlights on her flags, as if she was very anxious to have us read them aright. Then the Brooklyn's signal officers made out this signal: "This ship flies the Austrian flag. Please don't fire."

I have no doubt that the Austrians heard the roar of laughter which greeted this rendering of the signal. In a few moments a boat was lowered from that vessel, and one of her officers came alongside the Brooklyn. He presented his commander's respects to Commodore Schley, and said that they desired to enter the harbor of Santiago. "You will have to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief concerning that," said the Commodore. The young officer said that he had heard from another American vessel, the Indiana, of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. As he was leaving, he turned to the Commodore and said, "How far shall we lie out behind your

blockade line to-night?" And Commodore Schley, with just a touch of sarcasm in his voice, answered, "Well, sir; the distance ought to be ten miles, but if I were you and had no countersign, considering the situation, I would make it twenty." And he did, as we saw no more of him that night.

Commodore Schley did not go back to report to Admiral Sampson, believing that his proper place as second in command was off Santiago, so the Brooklyn continued on her way to that harbor, where she arrived about midnight.

Where the Colon had gone ashore was, until midnight, a most interesting scene. The officers and men of the surrendered ship were taken off by the yacht Vixen and sent to the ship Resolute as prisoners. The hawser which the Oregon had sent over to the Colon had pulled her off the sliding bank of sand on which she was lying, and she rapidly filled with water. The New York pushed her upon the beach very cleverly, but the Spaniards had done their work so thoroughly that just after the last boat load had been taken away from her, she turned over on her side.



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"*Schley went over to see Sampson*"

In the meantime no cable dispatch announcing the victory having been sent, Admiral Sampson put Flag-Lieutenant Sidney A. Staunton upon the torpedo boat Ericsson and sent him down to Siboney, where the army had established a cable station, with orders to send a dispatch to the Navy Department, the result being that Mr. Staunton wrote this dispatch, signing it, as he was authorized to do, with Admiral Sampson's name.

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the whole of Cervera's fleet. It attempted to escape at 9:30 this morning. At two the last ship, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore, seventy-five miles west of Santiago and hauled down her colors. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo, and Viscaya were forced ashore, burned, and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. SAMPSON.

The men on the ships of the squadron that had taken part in this tremendous encounter with such splendid credit to themselves and the nation were reassembled together before the harbor of Santiago on the morning of July 4th, and upon that day and several succeed-

ing days waited for some message of congratulation from the Commander-in-Chief, or from officials at Washington, but it was not until July 8th, that in an exceedingly formal way the congratulations of the President, and of Secretary of the Navy Long, were conveyed to the wondering and waiting crews. No word from Admiral Sampson accompanied them. Whether or not the dispatches from the President and the Secretary were held up or belated by the cable, I do not know, but it is to be presumed that they were.

SCHLEY IN BATTLE. *XXI.*

I FEEL I ought to devote a chapter to Schley's personality during battle.

The biting, blinding swirl of smoke from the thundering pair of eight-inch guns in the forward turret of the Brooklyn blew aside for an instant, and as Lieutenant Simpson stuck his head out of the cover of the turret and sang out, "Did that one hit them, Commodore?" the lithe, active figure on the little platform outside of the conning tower dropped the binoculars from his eyes for an instant and said, "I couldn't see it, Simpson; but keep right at them."

This tall, slim figure, in blue and white, with hardly a mark on his uniform to identify him, with iron gray hair, moustache and imperial, was the commander this eventful day because of the absence of the Commander-in-Chief of the American squadron, which had suddenly found itself in combat mortal with

the Spanish squadron of Cervera. He stood there on the little temporary footboard placed for just this purpose on the outside of the conning tower, the same erect, energetic figure that years before in the lookout box on the mast of an American cruiser, gazed across ice fields and ordered the ship pushed through them to rescue the starving Greeley and his party from the death that would have come to them in forty-eight hours but for this man's indomitable will.

When he had answered Simpson's query, the glasses went up to his eyes again, and pointing with his other hand toward the first two vessels which had now emerged from the harbor, he said to Captain Cook, "They are coming to the west, Cook. Go straight at them." Then, with that thoughtful, self-possession and kindliness which has always marked him, he said, "Keep the men below informed of the progress of the fight."

The figure in front of the conning tower was that of Winfield Scott Schley, and the battle the culmination of those five weeks of waiting before the harbor of Santiago which had followed the discovery of Cervera's fleet by

this same successful sea-fighter. In these first few minutes as the Spanish fleet moved out, there was the natural hurry and the intense excitement which would mark such a surprise, but this figure in blue on the roughly-erected promenade talked off orders like clockwork. "Signal close in," he said to Lieutenant Sears, who stood near him; "Signal they are going to the west," he said in another instant; and, "Open fire, Cook, and fire deliberately," were some of the orders he gave preceding Simpson's inquiry concerning the effect of his first shot. "I can't see the New York," was the next remark he made. "Can any of you see her?" and he handed the glasses over to one of the signal officers near him. The response to this inquiry that "She was not in sight," brought from him the remark, "Then it's our fight," and he leaned back against the conning tower, and held the glasses as steadily to his eyes as if in peace times he had been trying to get a glimpse of the home shore after a long voyage.

"You messengers look out for that gun blast," he said to a lot of half dressed sailors, as the ship lunged slightly to starboard and the

forward pair of eight-inch guns came swinging around to port. "Don't duck," he said, with a pleasant smile to me as something whizzed over us, "The ones that you hear won't hurt you," and then back he went to the serious work of the day. There wasn't a tremor to his arm as he raised it and pointing to the harbor said, "There comes the fourth one, Cook," and then as he saw the Brooklyn swing in very close to the enemy and saw the enemy's ships spread out in fan shape as if to surround him, he said, "Put your helm hard aport, Cook." "It is hard aport," answered Cook, coughing and spluttering through the smoke. "Well, get her around quickly," he said, and although standing a few feet from him, I could not see him for the smoke, but I could hear the musical voice of the Commodore say, "Damn that smoke. Oh, for some wind."

"We might go around quicker," said Lieutenant-Commander Hodgson to Captain Cook, "if we backed on the starboard engine," and Cook had just started to reply to him when Schley said sharply, "No, no; we will go around faster and not lose headway if we use both engines ahead." We were pretty well

turned now, and the Commodore had stepped around the conning tower until he was on the starboard side, directly facing the enemy. The bugle had blown for the starboard battery to open, and the smoke having cleared so that Schley could see the men going to the five-inch guns, he called to them as they started in to work, "Give them hell, bullies," and then in another instant slapped his side with glee, almost dropping his binoculars, as he pointed toward the first ship, from which was rising a light column of smoke showing that she had been hit and was starting to burn. "That's the stuff; that's the stuff," he said excitedly; and then, to the young range finder, "Get that range, Ellis; we're dropping a little short."

I shall never forget him during those moments; he was all life, activity and nerve. He noticed the most trivial things. I had knelt down, almost at his feet, to take a photograph. He said as calmly as if he had been criticising me in a public street somewhere, "You'll never get a picture there, Graham. Go to the quarter-deck where the smoke blows clear." He was the inspiration of every man

forward. Some small, fourteen-year-old boys, apprentices, who were acting as messengers, had at first shown signs either of apprehension or great excitement; but, as the Commodore told them calmly to take messages and walked coolly around this wooden platform with the shells flying close to him and shrieking over his head and in the deafening noise of his own ship's guns, even the youngsters took heart from his example.

"Look out for the torpedo boats, Cook," he sang out once, as the lookout above notified us through the megaphone that they were coming out of the harbor. An instant after Captain Cook said, "There are no other American vessels in sight." Putting his glasses to his eyes Schley scanned carefully the dense mass of smoke which hung like a curtain three-quarters of a mile behind us. On our starboard side were the four Spanish vessels, each one of them plainly in view, and each of them firing. If Schley had given the slightest indication at that moment that he was afraid of the result, or if he had ordered the helm put over to take the Brooklyn out of the fight, it is perfectly possible that panic would have

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"There was a ragged hole in the Viscaya's bow"

seized us all. But as coolly as if he were saying that he would join a pleasure cruise, Commodore Schley said to Cook all in the same breath, "Well, we are going to stay with them. Keep her in toward them," and, in the next instant, to Ellis, "Get that range, Ellis." He stepped out from the shadow of the turret and took the range. "1,200 yards," he sang out, and turned to step back. The next moment his headless body dropped to the deck. A six-pounder shell had knocked his head off. Two men were about to throw the body overboard, but, in the midst of a rain of missiles, with every indication that the Brooklyn was to be sacrificed, with almost everything depending upon this man in front of the conning tower, Schley said quickly, "Don't throw that body overboard. Take it below and we'll give it Christian burial." Hardly had the body been lifted to a place below the superstructure when there was a slight cheer, and Schley, looking around with his glasses toward the curtain of smoke, saw the nose of the Oregon, with a great white wave piled up in front of her, come rifting through. "By George, you're all right," he said, and almost at the same

instant, the Maria Teresa turned in toward the shore, a great column of smoke rising from her quarter-deck. Catching Captain Cook in an almost vice-like grip by the shoulder the Commodore exclaimed, "Cook, we've got one. Tell the bullies below about it."

In the shadow of the turret just near Commodore Schley stood young Ensign McCauley. It was his duty to send to the top of the masts the signal flags expressing the Commander-in-Chief's wishes to the remainder of the fleet. A flag came fluttering down just in front of us. "What's the matter, McCauley?" asked the Commodore, smilingly; and with much gravity for a young man, McCauley answered, "Halyards all shot away, sir." "You don't tell me so?" said Schley, and as if in answer to his query, there came down with a rattle and a bang a speed cone, striking heavily upon the platform near him as if to prove the truth of Mr. McCauley's statement that the Spaniards were shooting our tops away. The cone is very heavy, and if it had hit the Commodore it would probably have put him out of action, but he paid not the slightest attention to it, except to say to McCauley, "You can

use the halyards aft. I'll send a messenger to you." And then this remarkable man turned his glasses again to the Spanish ships, and discovering that the second vessel was just about going ashore, said to his flag lieutenant, Mr. Sears, "Sears, she looks as if she were very badly hit, and she may sink before she gets to shore." Mr. Sears looked at her for a few moments, and reported, "No, sir, she is in shallow water already, but her magazine will soon be reached by that hot fire."

"Poor devils," said Schley, in a sympathetic tone.

We were now in the thickest of the fight, for we were broadside to the Viscaya, and at closer quarters than any of the other ships had been. There was a grinding, crashing noise from the deck beneath us, and Schley said, quickly, "They have landed something in us. Send a messenger and see how many are killed and wounded." In a moment, the messenger hurried up and reported that a six and seven-tenths inch shell had come in and exploded, but that only one man was hurt. Once, as he glued his binoculars to his eyes and took another glance at the Viscaya, which

was on our starboard quarter, he gave expression to intense feeling in a long drawn-out, "My God," as his glasses showed him the picture of an eight-inch shell from the Brooklyn striking a torpedo in one of the Spanish ship's forward torpedo tubes and bursting out all of her port bow. But, the spirit of the contest overpowering him again, as he saw a shell from the Oregon strike the Viscaya astern, he shouted to Captain Cook, exultingly, "We've got that one, too, Cook. She can't stand that firing." True to the prophecy, she turned at that instant, and started for the shore. She listed a little bit to port where the great, ragged hole was torn in her side, and Schley remarked in an instant, showing the predominance of that humanity which always marks the true hero, "We'd better signal Philip to stay alongside of her. She may go down in deep water." The signal was not raised, however, because before it could be prepared she had run on a coral reef and the Texas was going in to her assistance.

The Colon was now about six miles ahead of us, the only one of the Spanish ships remaining to fight, and for the first time, in all

that two hours of fiercest fighting, this active man who had directed one of the greatest sea fights in history, began to show signs of nervousness. Yet, he did not forget that below the decks and in the turrets were tired, hot men, who, if there was to be any lull in the battle, needed air and refreshment.

"Signal the Oregon to cease firing," was the order given in another minute by the Commodore to Lieutenant Sears, and then he began to study the position of the Colon and the proposition of getting her. He watched her very intently for some minutes, next studying the coast-line. Lieutenant Hodgson came down from the chart room with a map of the coast, and the Commodore carefully conned it. Then again he closely scanned the coast with his binoculars, going out on the fo'castle to get an unobstructed view. Once he clenched his fist and almost shook it at the Spanish ship, muttering, "I'll get that fellow if I have to follow him to the coast of Spain." Once again he studied the map, once more the coast-line, and still once again the Colon. Then he looked around at the Oregon and smiled, giving his shoulders a

quick, characteristic shake as though he had solved a knotty problem. His confidence was returning. He had seen a way to head off the Colon and was positive that he was to succeed. A cape, fifteen miles to the west, projected far out into the ocean. The Colon was running close in shore, and to round this cape would have to make a long detour to the south. "Wig-wag to the Oregon to keep in close behind her," said Schley to Ensign McCauley; and then to Captain Cook, he added, "Cook, make a straight line for the cape. We can head her off that way, and the Oregon can help us."

Then began that long chase, during part of which Schley sat on the edge of the forward eight-inch turret, swinging his feet like a school-boy, and munching on a piece of cracker which had come up in the lot sent for the men.

Once in awhile during the chase a shade of anxiety would cross his face as he spoke of the fact that we were only gaining very slowly, and that if the enemy could but keep up the pace darkness might aid her in escaping. It was in one of these moments

that he signaled the Oregon, "Try one of your railroad trains on her, Clark," meaning a thirteen-inch shell. And Clark answered immediately by firing two shots at the fleeing Spaniard. Lieutenant Simpson, who was in the forward turret, as he saw that neither of the thirteen-inch shells of the Oregon had hit, touched his cap, and he said, "Can't I try it too, sir?" "I don't think you can reach," said Schley, "but if you are very anxious you may try," and again the Brooklyn began to fire.

It was while the Brooklyn and the Oregon were firing that somebody thought they noticed a white flag fluttering from the masthead of the Colon, and there immediately arose a cry, "She has surrendered; she has surrendered."

Schley raised the glasses to his eyes, looked at her intently for a moment, and said, "No, that's steam;" but in less than two minutes afterward, Mr. Mason, who was watching her through a long glass, called out, "She's hauled down her flag and fired a lee gun." Instantly Schley said, "What does that mean?" and as Mason, with a look of sur-

prise, said, "That means she has surrendered," Schley exclaimed, with a smile, "I'm damned glad I didn't have to surrender, because I wouldn't have known how."

It was then that I noticed for the first time under what a strain this man had been. His lips were cracked, and little flecks of blood showed where the saltpetre from the gun smoke had affected him. His eyelids were red from staring through his glasses so continuously, his eyes were bloodshot, and there were dark lines down his face. But his hands were steady; his voice was even, though somewhat hoarse from the loud speaking which he was compelled to do to be heard above the roar of battle, and it seemed as though every instant he was thinking of all those who had helped him in that day's victory. From the New York to the fleet came no word of commendation, and Schley, thoroughly disgusted, went to the bridge of his vessel, to watch the return of Captain Cook, whom he had sent to receive the surrender. While he was there he saw that the New York was going in between the Brooklyn and the Colon, and then saw her intercept Captain Cook's boat.

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"*The Viscaya had been raked by the Oregon*"

A trifle broken in spirit, the Commodore came down from the bridge, and taking his barge, went over to make his official report to Admiral Sampson.

I shall never forget the joyful mood in which he came back, and told Captain Cook, "Cook, they have sighted another Spaniard out there, and we are going out to get her." It never apparently crossed his mind that it was a curious thing that the Brooklyn, with damaged guns, tired men, and reduced ammunition, should be sent out to fight again, when the New York, with fresh crew, clean guns, and plenty of ammunition, stayed by a dilapidated prize. That it was an Austrian ship, and not a Spaniard, may perhaps to-day be a cause for congratulation by the American public.

And when the evening had come, and the good Brooklyn was speeding toward her station off Santiago, and the crew had appealed to Captain Cook to allow them to cheer the Commodore, he stood on the quarter-deck, his hand raised in a sort of deprecating manner as they cheered, and, when they had finished, he said, "Bullies, the victory belongs to every

one of you, as much as it does to me. You men behind the guns, and you men below decks, did the work this day."

And that night, as we ran alongside of the Iowa, it was Schley from the bridge who called to the men on the deck of the Brooklyn, "Admiral Cervera is aboard the Iowa. We have vanquished him to-day, and I hope you will not cheer, but show your generosity to him for his courage."

PERSONAL BRAVERY. *XXII.*

DURING all these four hours of action with the Spanish ships I saw many singular incidents which demonstrated the nonchalant bravery of the American seaman in time of great danger. In a few minutes after the first shots had been fired from the Brooklyn, the almost hysterical enthusiasm that actuates men in a moment of great danger had passed. The coolness of a partial despair born of a knowledge that careful work and quick work were their only salvation had grown on all in the fight. The messengers, who, traversing the most dangerous portions of the ship, had at first rushed headlong to the delivery point, shrieking the message, began to move more sedately; the gunners watched the effect of a shot before they fired again; the men came out of the turrets for a breath of air, and discussed with disdain the shooting of the enemy, although we were hit several

times. Captain Cook of the Brooklyn, scorning the protection of eight inches of steel in his conning tower, walked about and discussed the ship's movements with Schley; and the men not busy at the guns would get in exposed positions to see, as they expressed it, "where the dagoes were." The Spanish had opened with their rapid-fire guns, and partly because the forecastle where I stood was covered with smoke from our own guns, and partly because I wanted to know how the men in the various divisions were conducting themselves, I started to make a tour of the ship.

Passing back toward the quarter-deck I had to go by the row of five-inch guns, and almost every gun crew had something cheering to say to me, in several instances stopping to have me join in an hurrah with them. Going by Lieutenant Doyle's starboard eight-inch turret, I heard one of his best gunners complaining as he watched the shots from the eight-inch gun drop, or at least tried to watch them drop: "Sir, I can't see the shots fall," and Lieutenant Doyle, who was sighting the two guns, answered him tersely, "Well, you

darned fool, that's all right; when you don't see them drop in the water, you may know that they are hitting the ships."

In the after eight-inch turret Lieutenant Rush, with a bandana handkerchief bound round his brow, and no indication of his rank about him to distinguish him from the sailors and gunners in his crew, stuck his head out of the opening in the top, although the Viscaya's and Colon's shells were whistling a merry tune over it, and sang out, "Say, which of these ships do you want us to hit?" and Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was coming by with a word of commendation for the men and giving them change of range, replied, "Just soak the Viscaya; she's our prey; she's 1,700 yards from us now, and you know the New York people think she's a better ship than ours." Rush dived below to begin aiming, and immediately after the two guns had been fired his bandana-capped head stuck up again and he called to me, using a favorite nickname for me aboard, "Say, Cheesi, did you see me soak them?"

It was while coming out from beneath the steel superstructure to give an order to Lieu-

tenant Rush that Lieutenant-Commander Mason, the executive of the ship, nearly lost his head and his life, and yet it was an extremely singular fact that he never knew of it until I told him. Commodore Schley had seen me trying to take a photograph of the Viscaya from the forward-deck, and he had said to me, "Graham, you'll do better on the quarter-deck, where the smoke blows clear." I was kneeling between the superstructure and the eight-inch after turret, my camera in my hand, when a concussion so great as to make me drop my camera, nearly knocked me flat. I looked up through the dense smoke and saw two things—Mr. Mason walking along as calmly as if nothing had happened, and one of the huge steel ventilators which furnishes fresh air for the men below decks, minus its top. The shell, which had taken off the top of the ventilator, had gone not over a foot above Lieutenant-Commander Mason's head. At ward room table that night I mentioned the incident. Mr. Mason immediately alleged that terror over the battle had probably made me lose my head and that he did not think that such an incident had occurred, We escorted

him on deck and showed him where the ventilator had been destroyed, and *then* he only partially believed it.

Up forward on the gun decks was a six-pounder gun that in the close forty minutes' action with the Viscaya had been doing valiant work. As the men were putting in a cartridge the shell loosened from the casing and became wedged. This was on the side near the enemy, but there was not a moment's hesitation. Out on the gun's muzzle crawled Corporal Robert Gray of the Marine Corps, a rammer in his hand ready to drive the shell out. The gun was hot and he could not retain his hold, so he dropped down to the sea ladder. Over his head was the frightful blast and draft of the big gun, while around him pattered the shot of the enemy. He failed in his attempt, and Gunner Smith then tried it, but he too failed. It looked as if the gun would have to be abandoned, but Private MacNeal of the squad, asked permission to make an attempt, and was allowed to try it. Clinging to the hot gun, with death by water assured if he dropped, or was knocked off by the concussion, and the enemy firing at

him, he got the rammer in the muzzle and forced out the shell, amidst cheers from his comrades. I watched these men closely. None of them showed the slightest sign of heroic exhilaration. It was evidently to them a duty of the commonest sort. A few minutes later a six-inch projectile smashed into a compartment just below them. They laughed at the gunner's aim when they found nobody hurt.

About the decks, the men not actually busy at the guns enjoyed the fight hugely. When a big shell hit the upper works and exploded with a roar, they would make disparaging remarks about Spanish gunnery. At one time, during a lull in the battle, but while the Colon was near enough to us to shoot, and I believe was shooting, I took pictures of the men standing on top of an eight-inch turret, in easy range of the enemy's guns, and cheering Commodore Schley.

Up on the forward-deck, just near the conning tower, but even a little more exposed than those who stood on the platform or the lee of the tower, was young Ensign Edward McCauley, who had charge of the signaling,

and who had with him two or three marines and an equal number of sailors. At first he was apparently a trifle cautious, and bent his signal flags on the halyards from the lee of the big eight-inch turret, but as halyard after halyard was shot away, and as the fight progressed, and the Oregon was the only ship in the fight helping us, to which he needed to do the signaling, he would climb up on the top of the eight-inch turret with the utmost *sang froid*, and using a small wig-wag flag, communicate with the battleship. Then, picking up his binoculars, he would watch carefully for the answer. Once or twice Commodore Schley, who was equally exposed to the fire of the enemy, gave orders for McCauley to come down, but he evidently grew tired of giving these orders, for I distinctly remember the action finishing with McCauley still upon the top of the turret.

Captain Murphy, of the Marine Corps, was about as beautiful an example of indifferent bravery as I have ever seen. The Captain is nothing if not stately, and it must have been very encouraging to all of his men, especially if they were inclined to be a trifle nervous, to see

the dress-parade way in which he moved about the decks. He was as courteous, as cool and as collected as if he were running the customary daily drills, and I don't believe he would have ducked if he had seen a shell coming. His position was everywhere on the ship where there was a marine situated, and his particular care was the secondary batteries of six and one-pounders. In this he was assisted by Lieutenant Borden, who, although not quite as dignified as Captain Murphy, was equally as calm and collected.

The enemy's shots had seemed to be fired during the early part of the action, at least so far as their secondary batteries were concerned, a trifle too high, for they had riddled our smok e stacks, had cut away most of our signal halyards, and shot pieces out of the two great American flags at our mastheads. Suddenly a shot cut away the lower halyard of the huge American flag at the truck. I was on the quarter-deck at the time, and looking up, and it appeared as if we would loose the flag in a minute or two. While I was debating whether to go to Mr. Mason and call his attention to it, I saw a marine shinning up the steep ladder

toward the masthead. The small shells were rattling about him, and the black smoke from our funnels under forced draught made it very unpleasant for him. But, choking and spluttering, he reached the top, got hold of the flag, and fastened the new halyard which he had carried up with him to the bottom. He had saved Old Glory. When he came down I asked him his name, but he looked at me in a surprised sort of way, and rushed off to his work. The next day when Captain Murphy tried to discover the man, he would not give his name.

Captain Evans, of the Iowa, told of hearing a boatswain's mate on the superstructure say, as he handled a rapid fire gun, "Now, boys, mind them torpedo boats. Give them hell for the Maine;" and a few minutes later discovering a cadet lately from Annapolis, standing on the forward-deck of the Iowa tilting his camera in his efforts to get a snapshot of the Oquendo, while the machine guns of that ship were making the air sing.

It is related of Lieutenant Heilner, of the Texas, that after the action had been on for about ten minutes, and after he had seen the

immense flags which the Spanish flew, he looked up to the masthead of the Texas, and discovered that they did not have their battle flag up. "Where are our battle flags?" he cried, and Captain Philip replied, "I guess they won't have any misconception about our being in battle." But he wanted the battle flag, and finding that the chief signal quartermaster was not available, and that he had the key for the locker, Lieutenant Heilner smashed it open, got one out, and ran it up to the masthead himself.

It was on the Brooklyn that I heard a boy, a youngster of fourteen years of age and one of a lot of apprentices who had been received aboard the Brooklyn about a week before the fight, remark jubilantly, as he looked out of a five-inch gun sponson, "Talk about your Fourth of July celebrations!" and still another one, a few minutes later, as he paused and saw a shell hit a Spanish ship, clap his hands and yell, "Did you see that one plunk her?"

Captain Cook, of the Brooklyn, during the entire action showed a nerve, coolness and reserve force that were simply remarkable. With the exception of raising his voice slightly so as

to be heard above the din of his own guns, he talked in the same matter-of-fact, methodical manner as he had on any day during the five months' cruise. When queried by Commodore Schley, Lieutenant-Commander Mason, or any of the other officers of the ship, he hesitated before answering, as if pondering his words, and this very thing demonstrated the entire control which he had over himself despite the excitement of the hour. He frequently stepped inside the conning tower to talk to the men at the helm, or to call down to the men below deck in the handling and fire rooms some words of encouragement or advice. The only time that he seemed surprised, or a trifle unnerved, was when after sending a messenger to find out the number of killed and wounded below deck, he was startled at the information that Ellis was the only man killed.

Down below the protective decks of the Brooklyn were over three hundred men practically imprisoned, because the steel gratings to the hatchways were all laid down to prevent shells or fragments from shells going below deck. These men were at the engines, the fires, and in the ammunition rooms, and they

were working as hard, if not harder, and certainly in a more intense heat, than the men on deck and behind the guns, but they found time at intervals to listen to the reports from on deck that came down, and to cheer vigorously when they heard of the Spanish ships running ashore.

Once a piece of an exploded shell came down through a partially opened hatchway, and struck on the floor of one of the fire rooms. Instantly there was a wild scramble, not to get away from the shell, which they might easily have imagined it to have been, but toward it, to get the pieces as souvenirs.

Hearing the concussion of a tremendous shell entering our gun deck, I hurried below to find out its effect, and see if a photograph could be obtained. I found the men clearing away the debris, which I thought a rather singular proceeding at that stage of the battle, because it was in nobody's way, until I discovered that what these men were really doing was digging out of the deck pieces of the shell to send to their relatives. They stood up in line as I came along with my camera, anxious for me to take a picture of them.

When the fight began that morning, there were in the ship's hospital three men, two of whom had been hurt by concussion from the bombardment the day before, and one of whom, a marine, was on the general sick list. One of these men had been thrown against a steel stanchion, dislocating his shoulder, and Dr. Fitz Simons had bound it up for him, using, I believe, some plaster in the operation. One of the other men, who, by the way, belonged to the same gun squad as this first man, had hurt his left forearm and wrist in the same manner, and he too was done up in bandages. Dr. Fitz Simons going through the ship during the early part of the firing, noticed two men serving a forward five-inch gun, both of whom were wearing the signs of surgical treatment. It didn't quite dawn upon him at first what had happened, and believing that they had been hurt by explosion, he said to them rather sharply, "When were you men hurt? Why didn't you report to the hospital?" The men grew extremely busy all at once, getting the next cartridge ready for the gun, although the shell then in the gun had not been fired, and so they failed to respond. Just then

the gun was fired, and the men hustled up the five-inch cartridge to load it again. Dr. Fitz Simons waited until they had loaded it, and then repeated his question. The men, looking rather sheepish, were just about to answer, when he was summoned to the forward-deck to look at Ellis' body. When he had finished he turned to Dr. DeValin, his assistant, and asked him if he had had any cases to attend to, and how the men at the after five-inch gun had been hurt. DeValin looked puzzled for a few moments, answering the first part of the question in the negative, and then, as the truth dawned upon him, a broad smile illumined his countenance. "I'll bet you," he said to his superior, "those are the two fellows who were in the hospital yesterday."

The next morning three very penitent looking sailors stood before the entrance of Lieutenant-Commander Mason's cabin until finally the door opened and Mr. Mason stepped out. He said to them very severely, "You men are accused of leaving the hospital yesterday without permission. What's your excuse?"

The big man with the dislocated shoulder had evidently been made spokesman, for he

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"*The Oquendo's steel plates were bulging* ***apart***"

said in a rather plaintive voice, "Please, sir, you see we heard firing, and I said as how we was bombarding again, but Bill Jones he climbed up in the porthole and looked out, and he yelled, 'There come the Spanish ships,' and when he yelled that he dug out, and we followed him. And that's all I knows about it, sir," and Mr. Mason, martinet as he tried to be, although almost always unsuccessfully, found himself suddenly summoned into his cabin for a few moments to look for a note-book or something, and when he emerged he dismissed the men with an exceedingly mild reprimand.

Quite late in the action Captain Murphy found two of his men wounded. One of them, Private Flynn, had been hit in the back by a splinter, while the other, Private Barfield, had been hit in the leg with a flying piece of shell. He ordered them both to the hospital for examination and treatment, but both of them pleaded so hard to stay, and insisted they were not hurt badly, that their request to serve their gun was complied with, and they remained at their stations during the entire action.

SCHLEY'S STORY. XXIII.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S own story of the fight is told in a most unassuming, modest, and yet intensely graphic and interesting manner. He takes no credit for himself, gives honor and glory to the captains and men under him, and is entirely free of the slightest touch of criticism or censure. The Admiral says:

On July 2d the manœuvres of the American army on shore had been such as to cut off the movements of the Spanish to the westward of the port. The former had very nearly closed in their circle around Santiago, and the Spanish were beginning to abandon the hills to the west of the city, all the while closely followed up and harassed by the Cuban insurgents. These movements we interpreted fairly and properly, and on the morning of July 2d we bombarded the forts again. I understood it to be a joint operation of army and

navy forces, and after a couple of hours' bombardment, we withdrew. I do not recall that on this occasion the Spanish batteries fired upon us during our withdrawal, as they did during the two previous bombardments of the 6th and 16th of July.

We took up our usual blockading station, and toward evening certain fires were observed on the hills toward the westward. I think that Mr. Graham of the Associated Press, who was with me, and I, counted six. They appeared to be signal fires. At the same time I noticed in the harbor a good deal of smoke coming up, going straight into the air, apparently over the hill of the Socapa. It looked to me very much as if the Spanish ships there were arranging themselves in order for a sortie, which seemed to be at that time one of the only things that probably could be done. I was so much impressed by this that I called the Vixen alongside and directed a message to be sent to the Commander-in-Chief that the movements in the harbor looked very suspicious to me. That message was answered, because we all moved into closer position that night. On the 26th of June I had telegraphed

this same information and it was then followed by an order from Admiral Sampson to move in —as we all did move in—to a closer position at night. I am almost certain that the message was brought back on this latter occasion to move in a little closer, as we all did.

In connection with the same matter of suspicious smoke, I sent for Captain Cook, and he and I had quite a conversation in regard to the matter of coupling up engines. He knew his ship perfectly, and he was always a man of excellent judgment and of good command; so we agreed, after a consultation, that with all boilers we could make better speed than if we were to couple up and continue to use the whole force of the engines under reduced boiler power. Another circumstance which controlled this matter was the excessive heat in these regions. It was almost insupportable. The sun shining all day upon the steel hulls of our vessels converted them into stoves at night, so that I, and I think a number of the officers as well, rarely went below until after the land breeze came from the mountains and made it cooler.

We concluded it would be better not to

couple the engines. Captain Cook told me he could make eighteen and one-half knots, to which I replied, "If you can make eighteen and one-half knots you will probably be able to make two or three more than the Spanish ships can, for I am told that their bottoms are very foul." So I know that there was an apprehension in my own mind that if the fleet in the harbor should contemplate coming out soon, we should be unprepared if caught in the act of coupling our engines, a process which required fully an hour, if not more, on account of the peculiar coupling. It was a sort of cone, and the engines had to be jacked around into exact position, and unless the holes were perfectly fair it was a difficult matter to couple. Whilst it was a very strong coupling, it was an inconvenient one for quick work. The result was that we concluded we would trust to the single engines and all boiler power, should that be necessary.

Of course these tandem engines heated up would have made it almost insupportable. The forward engine room was largely used by the boiler force to pass into it, where it was cooler from the updraught, and if we had used it the

probability is that we would have exhausted a good many of our engineer people, which was a very important consideration under the circumstances, and was a matter that had to be regarded.

July 3d broke a perfectly beautiful day. The skies were flecked with white clouds and the breeze continued a little bit longer off the land that morning than usual—light, it is true. After I had gotten my breakfast I came up to take a survey of the situation—to look about and see what could be observed with the glasses. We were lying at that time possibly four miles from the land, and I remember having wondered very much why the Spanish had permitted us to remain so close, for we were constantly under their batteries, and it was a matter of inquiry and discussion aboard the ship why the guns did not fire on us. At a quarter of nine my orderly reported to me that a signal had been made from the flagship to disregard movements, and that she had gone eastward.

I looked over the ground and situation. I did not, of course, know where she had gone. I sat under an awning that we usually had put

into position each day as the sun rose, in order that the officers might collect there. I think we had also one forward for the men.

Mr. Graham, Lieutenant Sears and I sat there discussing the smoke in the harbor, and Ensign McCauley was wig-wagging a few signals to "Jack" Philip, asking his views on the hill fires and the smoke, Philip responding that he thought them suspicious. Then the Chicago Record boat came along and Mr. Chamberlain, who was aboard her, called for news. I pointed to the flagship disappearing to the east and said to him: "Follow her up and you may get some," and he started after her.

After having gone below for a little while I came back on deck with my glasses, and whilst I was sitting in this position, abaft on the hatchway, I heard a call from the forward-bridge, "Tell the Commodore that the fleet is coming out." That was some time after the men had been called to quarters. How many minutes I don't remember, but in the vicinity of 9:35, according to our time.

The Brooklyn at this moment was lying with her head in toward the land in the direction of

Cabanas, which was a little cove to the westward and was one of the marking points that we used in maintaining our position. I looked over the starboard side and saw the enemy coming out of the entrance, and, realizing that there was very considerable time, I looked eastward to see the order of the ships as they were arranged. I saw the Texas apparently, I should say, a point or more abaft the starboard beam. My own recollection now, as nearly as I can state it, is that the Brooklyn's head was pretty nearly north-northwest, she being drifted around.

The Texas appeared to me to be headed on some one of the easterly courses. I saw just ahead of her, to the left, the Iowa. She was, of course, to the eastward of the Texas. The Oregon was to the eastward of the Iowa. The Indiana was to the eastward of that position, and the Gloucester was lying in under the land, in the neighborhood of Aguadores.

The New York was out of sight and out of signal distance with glasses. I looked at that in order to determine what my position in the action was to be. Of course if she had not been, I should not have given or made a signal.

In the meantime I had gone forward to a little platform that I had had constructed around the conning tower as my position in the battle, the position that I would take in order to be very close in with Captain Cook. I had only been there a moment or two when Captain Cook joined me. Mr. Hodgson, who was on the upper bridge, sang out something to the Captain about being connected up and all ready, and he at the same time said to me: "Commodore, they are coming right at us." "Well," I said, "go right for them." The helm was put aport. The ship was started ahead, first at half speed. She took her way very quickly, and when we headed around of course I said to Captain Cook, "Go ahead; full speed," and hoisted the signal to clear ship for action. We generally made that signal because there was around the quarter-deck and the forecastle of most of these ships a little temporary railing, composed usually of oars and rope, to keep the people from getting overboard, and generally an awning of some sort or other. That was followed by "Close up," or "Close action." The Brooklyn, as well as the other vessels of the squadron, charged immediately in to the

entrance, in accordance with the original plan of sinking them in the entrance or driving them ashore there.

We continued directly for the head of the enemy's column, the idea uppermost in my mind being that if we could arrest them long enough for the battleships to close in and knock them to pieces, that would be our best point of attack. We continued on this course, porting and starboarding to meet the movements of the leading ship, which I assumed to be the flagship from a flag at her masthead, and I suppose from the start, as nearly as I can recall, we were ten to twelve minutes turning first with port helm and then advancing directly to the enemy. I saw the ships to the eastward and westward closing in. I said to Captain Cook: "'Close action' or 'Close up' has been hoisted, and it means to keep outside of a thousand yards, so as to be out of their effective torpedo range. Much will depend on this ship this day." Captain Cook was standing alongside of me. He said: "Yes, we will soon be within the cross fire of these ships." I said: "Yes." We had advanced and were firing. The first gun was fired by

Lieutenant Simpson, almost directly over the forecastle of the ship. I saw the leading ship, which apparently had started with the intention of ramming, take a rank sheer to the westward, leaving a gap between her and the ship following, which subsequently proved to be the Viscaya. We were standing in the direction of the Viscaya, when she also, if she had been minded to ram, seemed to have given up the intention, and turned also to the westward, following the direction of the leading ship.

It then became apparent, as we were steering on a diametrically opposite course, that the original plan had failed, and that this Spanish fleet, in order, and apparently at distance, had succeeded in passing the battleship line. The new feature or phase of the fight became immediately apparent, the first having failed. The disposition was to be made, then, that was to control the subsequent battle. Immediately Cook gave the order to port his helm. I did not. I should have done it in a second. I saw the ship's head swinging very rapidly, and I asked him whether his helm was hard aport. I think he said "Hard aport." In

making the turn I have never seen a ship turn more rapidly than she did, and her turn was absolutely continuous. There was no easing of her helm. I never saw the starboard side of the Texas at all. We were never across her bow. I only saw her port side, and she never approached any position that was within 600 yards of the Brooklyn. She was so distant that she never entered my head at all as a menace or danger. We passed completely around the circle.

The last range that was given was 1,100 yards, and a feature of the nearness of the first Spanish ship, which has impressed itself upon my mind, and will never be forgotten, was that I could see men running from her turret to her superstructure deck, and I observed the daylight between their legs as they ran. That I saw with my naked eye.

We turned immediately about, and I was for a long time under the impression that the Brooklyn's starboard engine was backed, from the fact that I was standing upon the starboard side, and upon looking astern I saw an unusual amount of churned water. It looked to me very much as if that engine had been back-

ing, and, though the matter was not one of record, as I found out subsequently, I had always been under the impression, or at least I was for some time, that that engine had backed.

During the turn Mr. Hodgson very properly made some allusion to look out, perhaps, for the Texas. I do not recollect what it was; but there was never any colloquy of any character between Mr. Hodgson and myself. First, he was too good an officer to have transgressed one of the plainest duties of an officer at that time; and, second, if he had undertaken it I would not have permitted it for a second. As I say, that is fiction. There was no colloquy.

Before we turned, the leading ship was abeam, or a little abaft the beam. When we turned about she was ahead of us—that is, on the starboard bow—and all four ships and the forts were firing at the same time. I looked over and saw the forts firing. From that moment, for ten or fifteen minutes, was the most furious part of this entire combat. I remember seeing very distinctly from time to time, as my attention was attracted for the moment, the jets of water ahead and astern

and over and short, and the roar of projectiles was one of the things that can only be heard once in a lifetime, and then never forgotten. It appeared to me at that moment that all four of these Spanish ships were at work upon the Brooklyn; and up to that moment, up to the moment of turning, so far as we could perceive, there was not the slightest evidence that they had even been injured. The thought passed through my mind that after all our precautions and waiting these fellows would get away.

At that moment I felt, and remarked to Captain Cook, that we were alone, and would perhaps have most of that fight upon ourselves, because I did not know then that the battleships could possibly keep up their speed, but I said to him: "We must stay with this crowd." I had no idea that we would escape. I thought, of course, that if they could shoot as well as our people did they would certainly get us and sink us, because they were protected battleships as big as the Texas, while the Brooklyn was a very large target, high out of the water and easy to hit.

When we had got completely turned around

on a westerly course, the ships of our squadron appeared to have become broken up a little, although still in some semblance of formation, and just at that moment I saw the Oregon, breaking in through the cloud envelope of smoke. She pushed through onto the starboard quarter of the flagship. I had hoisted the signal of "Close up," and "Follow the flag," feeling that a new disposition was necessary, and that signal was replied to by the Oregon and by her repeated, for Captain Clark knew very well it was not intended for him, because he was following the flag, and so he repeated it to the other ships.

In a very few moments after the appearance of the Oregon—she was at that time perhaps 400 or 500 yards distant—these two ships, the Brooklyn and the Oregon, were a sheet of flame. I never saw such a fire, and never realized what rapid gun fire really meant before, because at that time both ships were masses of flame. It was within a very few moments after this that I noticed that the leading Spanish ship was evidently badly hurt, for she lagged astern. I saw the smoke coming out of her ports, and immediately after

from her hatches, and the fact that most impressed itself upon me was that the columns were going up almost straight into the air. I said to Captain Cook, who was always at my side and in my confidence, "We have got one. Keep the boys below informed of all the movements. They can't see, and they want to know." And he did, throughout the action. Every few moments messages were sent below to the men, and were answered oftentimes by cheers that we could hear through the ventilators.

It appeared to be a very short interval of time after that that I saw a second Spanish ship on fire, which proved later to be the Oquendo. She evidently had suffered very severely, and she started, of course, immediately inshore, leaving the Viscaya and the Colon. The Viscaya at once took a leading position on the bow, and I thought for a little while that perhaps she would outfoot us. The Colon worked inshore, and from the time of the disappearance, at least the dropping out of the action of the two leading ships, until the Viscaya turned inward was a period of perhaps thirty minutes, during which

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"*The Teresa had a terrible baptism of fire*"

she was abreast of the Brooklyn and the Oregon.

Just before the Maria Teresa and the Oquendo turned in, I looked to the eastward and got occasional glimpses of the Indiana and of the Gloucester. I could not see very well what they were doing, on account of the thick clouds of smoke, but I knew that both were doing admirable work.

When I saw the two Spanish ships lower their flag and run for shore in much distress, I felt that the commanding officers of our squadron whose ships could not be kept up to the pace of the fight, would turn in to the wrecks and take care of all survivors, not only saving the Spanish prisoners from the terrible fires on their ships created by the American shells, but from the insurgents along the shore, who were waiting for any who might make their way through the surf.

About thirty minutes had elapsed from the turning in or the wounding of the Maria Teresa and the Oquendo, until the Viscaya followed their example. The Viscaya was a little forward of the beam of the Brooklyn, and I do not think over 2,300 yards distant at any

time. She was in the most excellent target range, and I remember on the way out inquiring of a man in the top (one of the marines), who was under this heavy fire of the two ships, and he reported that he did not see any of the shots hitting the water; so I imagine from that that he meant they were striking the ship.

A WONDERFUL CHASE. *XXIV.*

ADMIRAL SCHLEY continues his story as follows :

On the trip outward, after the turn, I was very anxious about the ranges, because I did not want the Viscaya and the Colon to get out of good fighting range. Ellis, who was an expert man with the stadimeter, constantly kept his instrument on these vessels; and knowing exactly their heights, he reported to me that they were maintaining the same range. I thought, however, that my eye was a little bit more sensitive, and I said to him "No; they are evidently gaining." He went out from me the second time, and that was the last that I saw of him. In performing this magnificent duty he lost his life. I do not think he was distant from where I was standing over eight or ten feet. His brains and blood were thrown over a great many people and some of it reached me. He immediately fell to the deck, of course, and it was a shocking sight to men

who had not before seen such things. Lieutenant McCauley and Dr. DeValin were standing between me and the tower, and they picked up his body and carried it to the side. I just happened to see them through this opening, and I called out to them: "No; do not throw that body overboard." I said to them that I thought one who had fallen so gallantly deserved to be buried as a Christian; and his body was laid under the lee of the forward turret and covered over with a blanket, and there kept until after the battle was over.

Just before the Viscaya turned to run ashore she put her helm astarboard, apparently starting out for the Brooklyn or the Oregon, I do not know which. At that moment she evidently got a very severe wound, for I saw quite an explosion under her bow. A moment afterward she put her helm hard aport, turning inshore, with smoke coming from all of her hatches, and I thought she was going to capsize, as she had such a tremendous list to port. At that moment I saw a shell strike her, which appeared to me to rake her fore and aft, and I thought to myself that she would sink in deep water, so I told the signal officer to signal the

Texas to look out for her men—her people—and save them. The Texas, however, was too far astern to receive the message, and I made the remark at the time: "Well, Philip is always sensible; he needs no instructions about such things."

In the tremendous part of the fight to the eastward all of the signal halyards of my ship were cut, with one exception. One of the speed cones, that we had hoisted in order to indicate speed, was cut and came very near striking me on the bridge. It came down in front of me and went overboard.

After the Viscaya had turned in, on fire, her colors down, the Colon had edged inshore, and appeared to be following the contour of the coast. I thought at that time, looking astern and having seen what had happened to her consorts, that she was looking for the best place she could find in order to end the matter at once. But from Asseraderos, which is a point some fifteen or sixteen miles west of the harbor of Santiago, to the Rio Tarquino is about thirty miles, perhaps, and I saw she was out of range. So I made the signal to cease firing and told Captain

Cook to let his men come out of the turrets into the cooler air and get something to eat, and to hurry up his men below.

I think I went into the battle tower myself at that time and sang out to the men below that we had got all hands of them except one and that I thought they could be relied upon to catch that other vessel. I heard a good deal of merriment and rejoicing. I then went back again on the bridge and soon realized that they were doing their best. There was a jingle to the rails and a vibration of the vessel; but I perceived at that time that the motions of the ship were very sluggish. She was rolling in rather a heavy way, and I suggested to Captain Cook that possibly we had some compartments filled and he had better look out for that. He said he would send the carpenter down; and it developed that one of the after compartments had filled with water, which we thought at the time was due to the fact that we had received some injury below the water line. The carpenter, as well as the captain, thought it unwise to attempt to examine the compartment until we could get into smoother water where we could pos-

sibly handle it much more readily. That, we decided to do.

The ship's speed naturally came up with some rapidity. I think the Viscaya had run ashore in the neighborhood of eleven, and toward twelve o'clock it became very apparent that we were gaining upon the chase. I said to Captain Cook several times during the action that it would be a good idea to edge in a little closer, as we could "finish these fellows quicker." He replied that we had them in the most excellent target range, and that the guns of the two ships seemed to be doing very admirable work. We were pointing at that time for Tarquino Point—not Cape Cruz; it was Tarquino Point, a point extending to the southward. My idea was in steering that course, if the Colon kept up her speed, she would be obliged to come out; and at that time I said to Captain Cook I would get up a lot of extra ammunition, "so that when we come into close quarters it will be a question of a very few minutes to knock her out."

As we were going out, of course there were various signals between the Oregon and myself—some of a pleasant character

and some official. I gave Clark the order to open fire with his thirteen-inch guns; and I had always been under the impression, until I heard him say otherwise, that that order had been transmitted. That was my recollection.

However, we continued to advance, the Oregon and the Brooklyn. I do not think the Oregon was ever farther astern than 800 yards, and at times she worked up on to our quarter. I do not believe the prolongation of her course at any time would have passed 500 yards inside of the Brooklyn. We were practically and relatively at the same distances. Perhaps the Brooklyn was a little nearer at times, and at times the Oregon a little nearer; but we continued in this position until about 12:50, when we realized that we were within range of the Colon, and we tried the thirteen and eight-inch guns on her. Several of the shots fell short, but I recollect a shot from one of the Oregon's thirteen-inch guns which passed entirely over the Colon, and one from one of the eight-inch guns of the Brooklyn that also passed over her. I saw with my own eyes the jet of water beyond, and thought

it had gone through her; but it appears that it did not strike her.

At that time, the position of the Colon being directly under the fire of the two American ships, there was apparently no question in the mind of her captain but that it would be fatal, and I think he did exactly right. The sacrifice of life would have been unnecessary. So he fired a gun to leeward and hauled his flag down, running his ship onto a bar at the mouth of the Rio Tarquino. I signaled at once that the enemy had surrendered and gave the order to cease firing. We hauled up and immediately passed into a position about a thousand yards from the Colon. I remember that just previous Captain Cook asked me if we should slow up, and I replied, "No, continue in; you look out for the boat, and I will take the navigator and the first lieutenant, here, and we will control her otherwise." The boat referred to was the one desired to be used in going over to the Colon, and we had considerable difficulty in getting her launched, for the steam had been turned off, and also the cranes had been struck a number of times, and were more or less jammed.

Captain Cook went to give orders about the boat and to change his coat, as we were all in fighting rig, and it was certainly 1:30 when we arrived in the vicinity of the Colon. She was about four miles away from us when she had hauled down her flag, and as we were running then in the neighborhood of fifteen knots, the time elapsed would have been perhaps twelve or fourteen minutes, so I think from 1:15 to 1:30 was about the interval of time.

When this surrender took place, I naturally felt interested in the vessels that were following, and I was then on the bridge and with my glasses. I saw three vessels astern. I could see the masts of two, but only the smoke of the third one. We lowered our boat at that time and Captain Cook went aboard. He said to me: "Commodore, what are the terms of surrender?" I replied, "Unconditional. These are matters that the Commander-in-Chief must arrange. We can only receive unconditional surrender."

At about twenty-three minutes after two o'clock the New York came up. We had distinguished her, and I had made signals to her. Of course there was not very much breeze in

under the land to set the flags out, and she was quite a half hour in answering us.

When she came up I also made the signal to her that it was a glorious day for our country, and as soon as I could pay my respects, I went on board.

In the meantime, Captain Cook, who had been detained some little time on board the Colon, started off to make his report and, boarding the New York, did so. When he returned I took the boat and went on board the flagship myself. There I reported substantially what had occurred, narrating the incidents and features of the battle in a hurried way. After having made this statement to the Commander-in-Chief, a group of the officers, who were standing on the opposite side, came up to me and asked me about the details of the battle, everybody, of course, being interested in them, and I again rehearsed them in a hasty manner.

Just then, the chaplain of the New York, Chaplain Royce, came up to me and said, "Commodore, your work is not over yet. The Resolute has just arrived and Captain Eaton reports that there is a Spanish battle-

ship on the coast, and the Admiral wants to see you."

I went over and there I found Captain Clark in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. I made some suggestion to the latter about hoisting the flag on the Colon, and said to him that if he had not come I was prepared to have sent a force of fifty or sixty men, mechanics and marines, on board to take possession, to avoid anything like "monkeying" with her. My impression is that I used those words. I said that, because in approaching her I saw a number of what afterward proved to be breechblocks that were being thrown overboard, and I thought that there might be some possibility of the Spanish injuring her piping below, flooding her, and so on, and that was the occasion of the suggestion. But as soon as he stated that he wished me to take the Oregon and go eastward and meet this ship, I must say that I felt some little delight, because I thought that after the admirable work of the squadron on that day, and the part the Oregon and the Brooklyn had in it, there was not anything that carried the Spanish colors that we should have hesitated to meet. So immediately

I started for my own ship, stopping on the way, I think, to get the chaplain of the Texas in order to bury our man who had been killed, and from there I went on board the Brooklyn and made signal to the Oregon to follow the flag, and started eastward at pretty high speed. After I had been gone some little time I saw that the Oregon did not follow, and I naturally assumed that the Commander-in-Chief had detained her for other work which he needed done.

After I had gotten about an hour away, perhaps a little less, I saw coming from the eastward what afterward proved to be the Vixen, with the flag lieutenant, Lieutenant Staunton, on board. He came up alongside of and hailed me, saying that the smoke which I saw on the eastern horizon was that of the Pelayo; that he had gone close enough to distinguish her and make out her colors, and that he was sure it was the Pelayo.

I told him to go west and inform the Commander-in-Chief, and stated that the Brooklyn would go east and meet the Pelayo. As we approached what was supposed to be the Pelayo, I must confess that I was a good deal

confused in attempting to distinguish the difference in the two colors. She had both at her mastheads, and that only impressed me with the idea that she was cleared and in battle array—the difference in the color being red, white and red for the Austrian flag, and red, yellow and red for the Spanish flag, in horizontal stripes.

We kept our battery trained upon the ship, and had reached a position of about 1,800 yards, and I had just given the order to Captain Cook to stand by. Perceiving, however, that we were a little too close inshore to manœuvre and that our starboard battery was almost entirely disabled, I ported the helm to get a little more room and to engage her with the port side, the battery of which was complete and entire. As I ported the helm she did the same, and that only convinced me that there was no question that she was looking for us or knew that we were looking for her. In a few moments my signal officer, Lieutenant McCauley, called to me: "She is making a signal."

It was then toward dusk, and she had turned her searchlights up onto her flags, in order to

call our attention to them, which, of course, confused us; and that signal, by the code, was interpreted to mean that she was an Austrian. Of course we immediately trained our guns off of her and passing under her stern, stopped. Her commanding officer came on board. He was looking for some one to give him authority to go into Santiago de Cuba for the purpose of carrying away refugees and other persons who would desire to leave the port before the operations of the army were entirely completed. I said to him that I did not believe that he would be permitted to go into the harbor; that it was mined, and that I did not think his wish would be granted. I advised him to keep outside of the line of the blockade that night, inasmuch as, not having the night letter, he might be mistaken and fired into.

It proved that this ship was the Infanta Maria Teresa of the Austrian Navy, a turreted ship—not a barbette ship—as the Pelayo was. We had pictures of these various ships about the Brooklyn and the men were quite familiar with the appearance of almost all the Spanish vessels, so that they could be easily recognized. I remember my attention was

called to the fact, as soon as we could distinguish her turrets, that she was not the Pelayo at all, but that she was either the Carlos V., or the Cardinal Cisneros. When we had, after first sighting her, thus settled her identity we, of course, felt a great deal relieved, because most of us then considered that the fight would be quicker and easier with a vessel nearer the type of the Brooklyn; but, fortunately, we did not have to meet her. With the surrender of the Colon the battle had ended, and there were no further operations.

We returned to the squadron that night. The Commander-in-Chief signaled to me before I left that he would remain and transfer the crew from the Colon to the vessels there, so I went on to the eastward, feeling that under the circumstances the proper position of the second in command would be off Santiago. To that place the Brooklyn went, reaching the squadron off the harbor between eleven and twelve o'clock, nearly midnight. As we were passing down the coast, at about half past ten, just as we were abreast of the Viscaya, one of her magazines exploded, and we said as we

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"The Colon turned over in the surf"

watched the flames in the darkness, "That is her final salute."

As we approached the Indiana all those aboard her were very anxious to know what had become of the Colon. I announced her surrender, and that we had captured her, and there was great cheering. As I passed on, Captain Evans hailed me and said that Admiral Cervera was aboard the Iowa and would like very much to see me. I went over to see him, directing my men while on the way that there was to be no cheering, as I did not think it would be proper to exult over a foe who had fought and behaved so gallantly, and that all such demonstrations should be omitted, which was done.

I found Admiral Cervera on the after part of the ship, and he was, quite naturally, greatly dejected. I said to him that I knew he had lost everything—his clothing, as well as his money—and that I wanted to say that the object of my visit was to inform him that my wardrobe, as well as my purse as far as that would go, was at his service. He replied that he thanked me very much, and said that he had never met a sailor who was not a gentle-

man; that he was very much obliged, but that all he cared for was to send a dispatch to his government, or to the captain-general, announcing what had happened to his squadron. I told him that there would be no objection whatever to that; and the dispatch which he sent practically announced the destruction of the Spanish squadron, and what he had done. I informed him of the fate of the Colon, and that telegram was sent to the captain-general.

The one fact that impressed me most strongly during the day's battle was that the officers and the men who were engaged in that struggle fulfilled in the very highest and in the very noblest degree the traditions of the American Navy.

THE SPANISH SHIPS. *XXV.*

AND the Spanish ships. Four hours from the time they emerged from that narrow harbor entrance in their shining dress of black paint, the golden coat-of-arms of Spain on their prows, and their silken flags standing out proudly in the breeze, they lay shattered, twisted, useless hulks, stranded on the coast of Cuba. But grewsome as were their decks with mangled and mutilated men, appalling as was their terrible destruction, they were magnificent examples of the American gunner's art. Protected in the majority of cases by eleven inches of steel, they had been literally riddled with shot; and then, as the shells had exploded on their decks and set fire to their magazines, they had, by internal explosions, completed their own destruction.

The Maria Teresa had been the first to go ashore. She had been flying the broad pennant of Admiral Cervera, and when she came

VIEW OF BROOKLYN SHOWING HITS.

VIEW OF VISCAYA SHOWING HITS.

VIEW OF OQUENDO SHOWING HITS.

VIEW OF INFANTA MARIA TERESA SHOWING HITS.

VIEW OF COLON SHOWING HITS.

out was prepared, under his orders, to make a sacrifice of herself in order to let, if possible, the Colon and the Viscaya escape. She was a magnificent ship of the same type as the Oquendo and the Viscaya, and in armor and armament she was fully equal to our battleship Texas, although she was called a cruiser. She had turned the mouth of the harbor and started for the west, before she was hurt very badly. But then, as told by one of her own officers, it seemed as if every shell from the American squadron took effect upon her instantaneously. A blaze rose aft, and the sailors were ordered to turn a hose upon it; but to their dismay, a shell had cut the fire mains, and almost at the same moment Captain Concas, who was near Admiral Cervera's side, and one of his lieutenants, were severely wounded. Admiral Cervera was then compelled to take charge both of the ship and the fleet. While heroic efforts were being made to stop the progress of the flames aft, a shell entered the cabin of Admiral Cervera and set that on fire. Orders were given to flood the magazines, but even the pipes leading to these had been cut, and it then became a question

of running for shore, so that those of the men who were still alive could escape from incineration, or from the ship being sunk by her own explosions.

The havoc among the men was frightful. The chief boatswain fell on the deck near where Captain Concas was lying, and when he was picked up was found to have fourteen wounds. Six men working at a secondary battery gun were torn into such fragments that they were unrecognizable. A gun crew forward was blown completely off into the water, and everywhere the decks were running with blood. As soon as the ship was beached, orders were given for every man to jump overboard and take care of himself. It was impossible for the men to go below and get any clothes, and indeed those who had clothes —including Admiral Cervera and his son—had thrown off everything except their under garments, so that they might swim through the surf more easily. Men who were too badly wounded to help themselves were shoved overboard, and then, in many instances, assisted to the shore by their comrades who were uninjured and in the water. The ship was

burning fiercely and many of the men who had been at the engines and boilers were consumed in its hellish bowels. About three hundred of the crew, however, managed to reach the shore, among them Admiral Cervera and his son, and the wounded Captain Concas. But of these many were wounded most grievously, and died while waiting for American relief.

But if the Maria Teresa had had a terrible baptism of fire the Oquendo had fared still worse. She was the third ship out, and by the time she was ready to turn from the entrance she was in close combat with the Indiana, the Iowa, the Oregon, and the Texas, with the Brooklyn occasionally giving her a single shot. Her immense steel plates were bulging apart before she had turned ashore; there were gaping holes in her sides; her bridge was partially shot away, and half of her crew, probably two hundred and fifty, were killed and wounded. On her, too, the explosive shells had done their deadly work. Her fire mains were cut; her forward eleven-inch turret was out of action, with all its men dead inside, and she was devoid of officers. In the upper works the American rapid-fire guns

had created horrible mortality. Before the Oquendo had been out fifteen minutes every man in her superstructure was dead or wounded, or, impelled by excitement and fear, was plunging overboard. Captain Larzaza was killed in the first seven minutes of action; his executive officer Lola had hardly shouted his second order before a shell cut him in two. The third officer Matos took charge, and an explosion of their own ammunition by the concussion of one of our big shells, blew him in pieces. Successively, within a period of ten minutes, the next three officers in rank took charge of the ship, but as fast as they took their positions on the bridge, the rapid-fire guns from the American fleet mowed them down. Within thirty minutes the seven principal officers had been killed, and over one hundred and thirty dead bodies strewed the deck and superstructure, in addition to the wounded who lay mutilated and moaning at the breech of almost every gun. The forward eleven-inch turret had only fired three shots in the action, and just before the captain was shot down on the bridge, he had sent a messenger to inquire the reason for the gun's silence. In the turret

lay the bodies of six dead men, with barely a mark on them to show how they had been killed, while up in the little conning tower or hood from which the gun was sighted, was a headless officer. His head was not in the turret. It had been cut off and had rolled out through the opening and onto the deck, by a most peculiar accident. An eight-inch shell had struck the turret at the point where the gun projects. It had been fired at a long distance, presumably from the Brooklyn, and was lacking in sufficient force to penetrate the ten inches of steel. It had exploded, however, the concussion killing all the gunners inside, and the fire from the explosion entering the turret. The men had started to load the gun and the huge mass of three hundred and fifty pounds of powder, which is consumed in firing an eleven-inch gun once, was just about to be placed in the breech. The powder ignited and blazed up, creating a great amount of gas. With a rush, this gas forced its way up into the opening of the little tower where the officer was sitting, pinning him to the side, and tearing off his head as it rushed through the orifice into the outer air.

When the ship finally ran ashore, so badly had the great shells cut up her hull, that she almost broke in two. The fire was raging so fiercely upon her that the men did as had those upon the Maria Teresa, jumped overboard. A great many of them reached the shore; some of them were dashed to pieces upon the coral reefs, and a number of others who presumably could not swim, hung by chains in the water near the Oquendo's head, almost dead from heat and fear, until rescued by American ships.

In the meantime, the Gloucester, which had sunk one torpedo boat and sent the other ashore, immediately converted herself from a fighting ship into a life-saving vessel, and at once began the rescuing of such of the torpedo boats' crews as were still alive when they surrendered. From the torpedo boat, which ran ashore, some few officers and men managed to escape and join the Spanish forces in Santiago city. In all, about twenty or twenty-five men succeeded in escaping this way, and these were the only ones of the entire number of nearly two thousand in the fight that day, who managed to get away.

The Viscaya, which made a longer fight than her two sister ships and ran about twenty miles from the entrance, while horribly cut up by the shells of the Oregon and Brooklyn, would have remained fighting for some time had not a five-inch shell from the Brooklyn penetrated her bow, exploding a torpedo in her tubes, and blowing out the whole starboard side of the unprotected compartment forward. This was so near to the sea line that she took water in, the result being that she listed heavily to starboard, and abandoning her intention of ramming the Brooklyn, ran for the shore. Captain Eulate was wounded, but he still managed to retain command, and only a few minutes before, at the point of his pistol, had driven a number of his engineers and firemen, who attempted to leave their positions, back to their quarters below. In fact, it is related, although I have no proof of the absolute truth of the statement, that a young officer, who attempted to haul down the flag, thinking it was time to surrender, was shot dead in his tracks by this same Eulate, and no further attempt was made to lower the colors. The mortality on this ship was not so great as

on the Oquendo, although greater than on the Maria Teresa. But even here it was horrible to behold. Several of the guns of her secondary battery were dismounted and lay overturned among a mass of shriveling human flesh. Fire was consuming the decks, and those who were badly wounded were shrieking for assistance to get away from its terrible grasp. Many crawled to the side and rolled overboard, and as we fought her we saw men jumping or tumbling down her sides. When she turned in to shore, the Iowa, which was about four miles astern of her, quickly followed her up, and lucky for the Spaniard's people she did, for the Cuban insurgents ashore began to open fire immediately upon the poor wretches, who, having escaped death by shot and shell, or drowning or mutilation by the surf, had succeeded in reaching the shore safely. The Iowa promptly sent a boat in, warning the Cubans to stop, under penalty of being fired upon themselves by the rapid-fire guns of the American ship. The Iowa remained here instead of continuing in the chase, and with the aid of the Hist and the Ericsson succeeded in rescuing over two

hundred of the Viscaya's crew. The Iowa then left and proceeded to the eastward, taking on board as she went down toward Santiago, Admiral Cervera and his son. It is stated that when Captain Eulate was brought aboard the Iowa, he offered his sword in surrender to Captain Evans, but that that officer gallantly refused to receive it, merely taking Eulate's parole.

The Colon, which had run to the west and which managed to go a distance of forty-five miles before she was beached, suffered very little loss of life, in fact none from our gunnery, and the ship itself was but little damaged, a couple of five-inch shells from the Brooklyn having penetrated her superstructure. Her officers, however, had had severe fighting with their own men. They had given them an extra complement of liquor before they had left the harbor, and had divided up the money from the paymaster's safe, the result being that after the ship had once gotten out of the harbor, a number of the men refused to work at the fires and boilers. Several of the officers quelled the mutiny by shooting some of the men dead, and when the ship surrendered six

bodies were found lying on the deck near the superstructure, with pistol bullet holes in them. That the officers on the Colon expected eventually to be captured after witnessing the destruction of the remainder of their fleet is evidenced from the fact that they had their trunks packed ready to be taken off, and that in the boat load of officers which we brought over to the Brooklyn, one officer had strapped together all of the Colon's log books. I had the honor of taking these away from him and turning them over to Admiral Schley.

Just exactly, by professional account, what great damage was done by the American fire is best evidenced by the report of a Board of Examination appointed by Rear-Admiral Sampson. This Board's report showed that the number of big hits—that is, of four-inch calibre and upward—which were to be seen after the fire and explosion on the ships, was forty. Of these forty, twenty were made by five-inch shells, and the Brooklyn was the only ship in the squadron carrying five-inch guns. Every one of the Spanish ships showed hits from these five-inch projectiles. Eight hits

were made by the four-inch guns of the Iowa, the only ship carrying four-inch guns. This, of course, indicates that the Brooklyn made as many large hits on the Spanish ships as all the other ships combined. Ten hits were made by eight-inch guns carried by the Brooklyn, Iowa, Oregon, and Indiana. Two hits were made by twelve-inch projectiles fired only by the Texas and the Iowa, while of course it is generally conceded that the Oregon scared the Colon ashore by firing a thirteen-inch shell over her.

The record of the damages to these ships is a world record, and is fraught with great interest. The fight started at a range of 6,000 yards, or about three miles, while at 2,000 or 2,500 yards two torpedo boats and two cruisers were smashed. The closest fighting was done at 1,100 and 1,000 yards, by the Brooklyn and Viscaya, with annihilating effect on the Spanish ship. But two projectiles larger than eight-inch struck a vessel, both of these either twelve or thirteen-inch, being put through the Infanta Maria Teresa. The eight-inch, six-inch, five-inch and six-pounders did the bulk of the work, and were frightfully destructive.

THE SPANISH OFFICERS.

1. Fernando Villaamil. 2. John Antonio Eulate. 3. Don Pedro Vazquez.
4. Don Emilio Diaz Moreu. 5. Pasquale Cervera.
6. Don Diego Carlier. 7. Don Victor Concas.
8. Don Juan Bautista Lazaga.

Some idea of the effect can be obtained from a brief summary of the injuries to each ship as found by the Examining Board. The Board had upon it such capable men as Executive-Officer Rogers, of the Iowa; Executive-Officer Mason, of the Brooklyn, an expert on the effect of shells on armor; Lieutenant Haessler, of the Texas, who had made some splendid improvements in gun firing on that ship, and Assistant Naval-Constructor Hobson, of Merrimac fame, who had a reputation for knowledge of ship construction. Briefly, these officers found:—

Cristobal Colon, battleship, first-class, with six inches of steel for protection not only on the water line but around the six-inch guns. This ship was hit with large projectiles but six times, as she kept out of range nearly the whole time, passing behind the other ships for protection and finally making a run for it. The hits were made by the Brooklyn and Oregon. One eight-inch shell went into the port side of the ward room, and left on the starboard side without exploding, but cleaned out everything in the room. A five-inch shell hit just above the armor belt, and a five-inch shell struck her

on the bow. None of the injuries was sufficient to put her out of action, and they were not as serious as those received by the Brooklyn, at one time her sole antagonist. The statement that the Brooklyn was overhauling her, and that the Oregon's terrific thirteen-inch guns were shooting nearer and nearer, and that escape was impossible, seems to explain her surrender.

The Viscaya, armored cruiser of same class as battleships Texas and Maine, two eleven and one-half inch guns and ten five and one-half inch guns, with protections ten and twelve inches thick, double and treble that of the Brooklyn. This ship was the special prey of the Brooklyn and the Oregon, although the Iowa, after her destructive work on the Oquendo and Teresa, aided a little at long range. The Viscaya, exclusive of one-pounders and rapid-fire hits, which swept her deck, was hit with large projectiles fourteen times and six-pounders eleven times. The eight-inch guns of the Brooklyn and Oregon and five-inch on the Brooklyn tore her structure above the armor belt almost into shreds, while the six-pounders and one-pounders made it too warm for the

men to stand at the guns. The Texas got in a few six-inch shots, and the Iowa landed a couple of four-inch shells. No thirteen or twelve-inch shells struck her.

The Infanta Maria Teresa, the flagship, of the same build as the Viscaya, was badly punished, and was the only one of the four ships hit by twelve or thirteen-inch projectiles. Two of that size went into her, and the position of one would tend to demonstrate that it was fired by the Texas, the other being from the Indiana, Oregon or Iowa. An eight-inch shell, undoubtedly from the Brooklyn, because she was the only ship in line with the Maria Teresa's head as she turned west, entered just forward of the beam on the port side, and exploding inside, cleaned out the deck with four gun crews. This is the shot that Cervera said came from the Brooklyn and set fire to the ship. The Teresa's great difficulty and one that compelled her hurried surrender was that all her fire mains were cut and she was unable to extinguish the fires that were driving her men from the guns.

The Almirante Oquendo, armored cruiser, same class as the Viscaya and the Teresa,

went through the most terrible baptism of fire of any of the ships except the torpedo boats. Her upper works were one ragged mass of cut-up steel, and her decks were covered with dead and dying. She was hit on the port side four times by eight-inch shells, three times by four-inch shells, twice by six-inch, and forty-two times by six-pounders. The wounds made by one-pounders show that she met the fire of the entire fleet.

One of the findings of the Board of Survey was that an eight-inch shell had struck the forward turret just where the gun opening was, and that every man in the turret was killed, the officer standing in the firing hood being still in that position. Another fact learned was that the torpedoes in some of the ships were already loaded in the tubes and prepared to fire.

"The secondary battery fire of the Brooklyn was really terrible. It drove my men from their guns, and when you were at close range did frightful work," said Captain Eulate, two days after Schley's defeat of the Spanish squadron; and a rescued officer of the Oquendo said that nearly one-half of the terrible

damage to that ship was done by our one and six-pounders, which constitute the secondary battery.

The injuries, so far as the American fleet was concerned, received during the fight were mainly confined to the Brooklyn. It was on this ship that one man was killed and several wounded, and the ship itself was hit twenty-six times directly by projectiles. The Texas was struck three times by small shells, doing no particular damage. The Indiana was struck twice by six-pounders and not hurt, while the Iowa was struck by two large projectiles and three of smaller calibre.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED. XXVI.

WHEN, following the chase of the Austrian cruiser, Commodore Schley returned with the Brooklyn to Santiago entrance, the night of July 3d, it was midnight. Passing the Indiana as we moved down to our position, there came a hail through the megaphone:

"Brooklyn, there, what's become of the Cristobal Colon?" There went back the answer: "She's ashore; forty miles to the west." And from the deck of the big battleship there arose a mighty cheer.

Then the Massachusetts, which had been cheated out of her share in the battle by being sent to coal that morning, asked the same question, and on that ship also the sailors who had not taken part in the fight and who were waiting up for news, joined in the enthusiastic and noisy welcome.

As we neared the Iowa there came a similar

hail, which we answered in the same manner. Much to our surprise, there was not a cheer. We were a little puzzled for a few minutes, when suddenly there came a megaphone call from an officer on the Iowa, saying: "Admiral Cervera is aboard this ship," and then we understood that the chivalry of officers and men aboard her had prompted them to keep silence. Commodore Schley, as soon as possible, took a boat, and in the absence of Admiral Sampson, went over to the Iowa. When he arrived there he found Admiral Cervera chatting with Captain Eulate, who was also a prisoner aboard. The vanquished Admiral was dressed in a suit of clothes which had been given him on board the Gloucester, and which consisted of a pair of blue trousers, a black alpaca coat, a civilian shirt and a white straw hat. He had been very busy all the afternoon and evening going about among the wounded asking their condition and endeavoring to cheer them up, at the same time thanking them for the gallant assistance they had rendered Spain that day. He had also assisted in the burial of five or six who had died since being brought aboard.

As Commodore Schley entered the cabin of the Iowa he stepped forward briskly toward Cervera, and the Spanish Admiral rose from his chair to receive him. The two men grasped hands, and it is hard to say which of the two was the more affected. But, before Schley could speak further than to give a salutation of "How do you do, Admiral," the defeated officer said: "If we could have passed the Brooklyn I believe we could have gotten away. My orders to concentrate and fire on the Brooklyn were carried out, but your ship has a charmed life, sir. My career is ended. I shall go back to Spain in disgrace."

This was said by Admiral Cervera in French, the international naval language; but Schley, putting his hand upon Cervera's shoulder, said in the purest Castilian: "No, Admiral, you are a brave man. Your country will honor you as it should."

I don't think it was the sentiment expressed as much as it was the surprise at the pure Spanish spoken, but Cervera's eyes filled with tears for a moment, and then the two men went on talking in Spanish, the lighting up of their faces showing they were both forgetting

the terrible strain of the day, the one his defeat and the other his victory, in their exchange of personal compliments.

Before Commodore Schley left the Iowa to go back on board the Brooklyn, Admiral Cervera asked permission to send a dispatch to his government announcing his defeat. Here is the telegram which he wrote and which Commodore Schley had forwarded for him:

PLAYA DEL ESTE (SANTIAGO).

I went out with the ships at 9:30 and sustained a very hot battle with the enemy. The defense was brilliant, but it was impossible to fight against the hostile forces, which were three times as large as ours. The Maria Teresa, Oquendo, and Viscaya, all with fire on board, ran ashore and were then blown up. The destroyers Pluton and Furor were sunk by shots from the hostile guns. The Colon, the Americans say, surrendered after running aground. I estimate our losses at 600 killed and wounded. The rest of the crews have been taken prisoners. Villaamil was killed in the battle; I believe also Lazaga. Among the wounded are Concas and Eulate. The Americans have allowed the latter to retain his sword because of his brilliant conduct. I must state that the American sailors are treating us with all possible consideration.

CERVERA.

The next day, July 4th, was spent very quietly by the fleet in front of the harbor, except that at noon the national salute was fired, to which foreign vessels in the vicinity responded, with the exception of a German who paid no attention to us. The Brooklyn proceeded to Guantanamo, and arriving at that bay we obtained the services of the chaplain of the Texas and buried young Ellis. He was wrapped in his country's flag and placed in a very respectable looking casket manufactured aboard the Brooklyn. Followed by a squad of marines and a detail of sailors, the body was taken ashore. Nearly all the officers of the Brooklyn who could be spared from duty, and several officers from other ships lying in the harbor, reverently attended the burial of the only man who had been killed on the American side in this wonderful contest. A grave was dug near where the marines were buried who had been killed early in June when the first landing was made in Cuba, and here on the nation's birthday Ellis was buried, the body there to remain until such time as it could be taken to his native heath.

On the following day Commodore Schley

paid a lengthy visit to Admiral Cervera on board the St. Louis, which was then preparing to take the Spanish captives up to Annapolis and Portsmouth. For over an hour these two gray-headed men, the victor and the vanquished, sat side by side and chatted of sunny Spain, of America, which Cervera had seen very little of, of their various cruises and their varied experiences.

Captain Eulate had by this time begun to show a great deal of feeling in the matter and had practically refused to give any parole. A marine guard was therefore ordered to watch him and see that he made no attempt to escape. Lieutenant of Marines Thomas S. Borden, of the Brooklyn, was in charge of this detail and took such good care of the wounded officer that he at last consented to give a brief description of his manœuvres. Captain Eulate said to Mr. Borden:

"The entire squadron was ordered to devote the fire of the guns to the cruiser Brooklyn, because it was believed that she was the only ship in the American squadron that could overtake us.

"When we got out of the harbor my ship

was second in line, and I saw immediately that the flagship Maria Teresa was getting a terrible baptism of fire. It was frightful. The Texas and the Brooklyn were riddling her, and in fifteen minutes I saw she was on fire. The Iowa and Oregon were firing on the Oquendo, but as yet I had not been badly hit.

"The Brooklyn was a half mile closer to us than any other ship, and I determined to try and ram her so that the Colon and Oquendo could get away, and I started for her. She was a good mark with her big broadsides, and as I started I thought surely I would get her, but she had evidently seen us and very quickly turned about and, making a short circle, came at our port side so that I thought she would ram us. I moved in toward the shore so that I could avoid her, and then I saw that the Oquendo had gone ashore also, her steam pipes evidently having been severed by a shell.

"The manœuvre of the Brooklyn was beautiful. We opened a rapid fire at her with all our big guns, but she returned it with terrible effect. The Oregon also hit us several times, but the Brooklyn's broadsides, crashing into

our superstructure, simply terrorized the men. We worked all our guns at her at one time, and I don't see how she escaped us. She simply drove us in to the shore, at one time fighting us at 1,100 yards. One shell went along the entire gun deck, killing half the men on it and wounding nearly all the rest.

"A shell from the Oregon hit the superstructure, and it was then that, wounded and knowing we could not get away, I struck the flag and started for the beach. We were on fire badly, and when those men who were alive started to swim for shore the Cubans on shore shot at us until the American ships arrived and stopped them.

"The Brooklyn had prevented me from getting away, for I could have beaten the Oregon out, as I had a two-mile lead of her. My orders were to try and sink the Brooklyn, and I tried to carry them out. I did not think that her battery could be so terrible as it was."

Admiral Cervera himself prepared a summary of the battle, which was forwarded to Spain and from which translations have been made. The report is brief and lacking in

detail, but it is interesting as showing the attention to some minor incidents which this brave officer gave under such a terrible destroying fire. He says:

"In obedience to your orders, in the face of that which would have happened, and of which you were informed, I left the bay of Santiago for sea on the 3d day of July. The order for sailing was established as follows: In the first place the Infanta Maria Teresa sailed to sea, followed subsequently by the Viscaya, Colon, and Oquendo, and finally the destroyers, all having fires spread and disposed for the highest speed. The Maria Teresa should undertake the combat, leading the other vessels to the westward, the destroyers keeping themselves out of action, all endeavoring to escape if combat was impossible. The Maria Teresa commenced a sustained fire against two vessels, one of the Indiana type, steering toward the Brooklyn, which was at the right of the entrance of the bay, and which was the vessel most dreaded on account of her speed. The rest of our ships attacked the other hostile vessels.

"The departure of our squadron having been

effected," continues the Admiral, "we steered the prearranged course in view of the disadvantages that existed for us, which became evident as soon as the exit had been accomplished. The enemy's fire produced terrible damages on board the Infanta Maria Teresa, destroying the elements of defense—among others the net for protection against fire. In this critical moment the captain of the ship, Senor Concas, fell wounded, and it was necessary to withdraw him, I taking command of the vessel, because it was impossible to find the second commandant of the Maria Teresa. Immediately afterward they reported to me that my cabin was burning in consequence of an explosion. The fire soon became very great and ignited other parts of the ship. I gave orders to my aid to flood the after magazines, but it was impossible. Dense clouds of smoke impeded walking in the passages and practicing any kind of operations. In this situation I could only think of beaching the ship, and did so, running aground on Punta Cabra. The contest was impossible on our side, and there was nothing more to be done but to save as much as possible. I thought

to lower the flag but that was not possible on account of the fire, which prevented all operations. In these anxious moments two boats came to the aid of the Maria Teresa, into which a number of us jumped. Those that were not dying were saved with nothing.

"The Teresa lowered a small boat, which sank before it could be of any service. Subsequently they succeeded in getting down a steam launch, but this also sank after making one voyage to the beach. I succeeded in saving myself with nothing, two sailors helping me, one named Andres Sequeros and the officer, D. Angel Cervera, all of us arriving on board the American ship Gloucester naked.

"At a short distance to the westward was the Oquendo in flames, but maintaining a fire against the enemy's enormously superior forces.

"On board the Gloucester there were some 200 Spanish sailors, to whom the American officers and privates gave every attention. Most of our sailors arrived on board naked. In view of the great number of prisoners on board of said vessel, it was decided to transfer some of them, which they did, taking me

GIFTS PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

and others to the Iowa. The insurgents offered their services, but I thanked them without accepting their offer, though I indicated that it would be convenient if they would advise the doctors to assist the wounded that might be found on the beach. In this situation we were proceeding to the westward when the Iowa was detached from the American squadron.

"The captains of the destroyers also gave me an account of that which occurred on their vessels. At our arrival on board the Iowa I saw the captain of the Viscaya, Senor Eulate, who wore his sword and who gave me a report of what had occurred on his vessel.

"From the armored ship Iowa we went on board the transport Paris. In this vessel I asked permission of Commodore Schley to telegraph you, communicating the telegram already known.

"From the text of the report I have only to rectify one error. The Pluton was not sunk, but was beached.

"It remains to communicate to you that our enemies behaved toward us with great chivalry, providing us with good clothes and

suppressing almost entirely the usual hurrahs, to prevent hurting our self respect, and offering to us the most anxious solicitude.

"I do not know the number and details of the loss sustained.

"Summary—The 3d of July has been to us a horrible disaster, as I had foreseen. The number of the dead, nevertheless, is less than what I feared. The country has been defended with honor, and the satisfaction of the duty done leaves our conscience tranquil, with nothing more than the grief for the loss of our companions and the misfortune of our country."

A still more interesting account of the squadron of Spain, because it includes the movements of the fleet inside the harbor up to the time that Admiral Cervera decided to escape, was given by Lieutenant-Commander Centrones of the Cristobal Colon, the morning following the fight while he was aboard the converted yacht Vixen. It was dictated in French to Chief-Engineer Stanford E. Moses of the Vixen, and by him translated exclusively for my benefit. Here is the story:

"It is not true that the heavy fire of the

American ships drove us out. Besides the accident to the Reina Mercedes we had no casualties. The dynamite shells of the Vesuvius did no damage except to terrorize the people. A shell did not strike or hit near the base of the fort. We arrived at Santiago May 19th. We did not know that our whereabouts was a secret. We made no attempt to hide or to cover up our plans. We simply took easy stages to get to Cuba. It was very hot in the harbor and we suffered greatly. We made no attempt to get out and did not use our torpedo boats, as all our machinery was defective and we were trying to repair it. The frequent bombardment by American ships resulted in quite a loss of life, but did little other damage. The batteries were not harmed to any extent. It is not true that we dismounted our ship guns. The Reina Mercedes' guns were all on the fort when Commodore Schley arrived at Cienfuegos and we started to get out. The news had come too late, as Schley had left a couple of his ships to act as decoys before Cienfuegos and in the meantime had come down here. On Sunday morning, May 29th, we found Schley blocking our way out.

It was then Cervera's intention to come out and give battle, but General Linares and the citizens objected and we stayed."

"What about the Hobson expedition?" was asked.

"Well, we were very much surprised and at the first alarm believed that a torpedo boat attack was going on. The shore batteries opened up and the ships used their rapid-fire guns. The dynamos were not going, however, and we had no searchlights, so that we could not find the object. We did not sink her with our batteries or our mines. She sank herself with her own torpedoes by blowing out her bottom. Admiral Cervera, in making an inspection of shore batteries in a steam launch a little later, found Hobson swimming in the entrance of the harbor and trying to get out to sea. On being picked up Hobson asked that his men be saved. Hobson had on a life preserver and was not on a raft as stated." Then Mr. Centrones began the most interesting part of his narrative, that relating to the movements of Cervera. He said: "Admiral Cervera, after the arrival of a great American fleet, did not believe it wise to go out

and try to fight it. He argued that the best policy was to hold the harbor against the enemy and be ready by an enfilading fire over the hilltops to drive back the invading army. At first people in Santiago believed this wise, but as provisions ran short and dispatch after dispatch came from Madrid it was found that public sentiment demanded a naval battle. On Saturday last a conference was called on the flagship Maria Teresa and all the officers of the fleet were present. Cervera announced his intention of going out and it was decided to try it that night. Just after dark and after the ships had got up their anchors ready to start, beacon lights were seen on the western hill and it was decided that the American fleet had been warned of our intention and would close in on us. In addition it was found that the searchlights flashed in the distance from the American ships would prevent us steering by the Merrimac. It was afterward, too late, learned that the supposed signal lights were insurgents burning up blockhouses.

"The order of coming out and the tactics to be used were these: The Maria Teresa, carrying Admiral Cervera's flag, was to go first, and

then was to follow the Viscaya, the Oquendo, and the Cristobal Colon. The torpedo boat destroyers Furor and Pluton were to come out last and run inside of the ships, which were to hug the shore to the west. The west end of the blockading station was chosen because it was thought that the Brooklyn, being light in protection, would be the easiest to sink, and as she was fast would be better out of the way."

Then one of the other officers added: "We never thought that the Brooklyn's battery was so terrible and that she would attempt to fight all of us. She was a frightful sight when all her guns were going."

Continuing the commander said: "On Sunday morning the lookouts reported that the Massachusetts, New Orleans, and New York were not in sight, and it was concluded that it was a good time to make the start. We were the last ship out and we saw at once that the Brooklyn, Texas, and Oregon were doing dreadful work with the two leading ships. That is all I know of the battle, except that two five-inch shells from the Brooklyn went through us and an eight-inch shell from the

Oregon hit us in the stern. We saw no other ships than those in the last two hours, but we had to make such a long detour in going out that we thought best to surrender."

He waited a moment and then said: "Brassey's Naval Annual puts the Oregon down at fifteen knots, but she was doing more than that when she chased us."

Captain Concas of the flagship Maria Teresa, who was wounded during the action, has since written a report of the entire operations of the Spanish fleet, which follows very closely the details presented by the other officers. But he expresses a very decided belief that if the methods employed with the Colon after her surrender and which were designed to save her, had had a little more common sense injected into them they would have resulted in her being added to the United States Navy. Captain Concas says in his report:

"The Cristobal Colon was less fortunate than any of the others, for, although going at a rate of speed of thirteen knots, she ran ashore on sand; and if Admiral Sampson, with a more seamanlike spirit, had ordered the divers to close the valves, he could most cer-

tainly have saved the cruiser, but with feverish impatience he towed her off with his own flagship, the New York. Hardly had the ship been floated when she began to list, at which moment, with great dexterity, he pushed the Colon back again with the ram of his own ship toward the sandy shoal, but it was too late, and, turning over, that noble cruiser went to the bottom of the sea. The few Americans and Spaniards who were still on board hastily saved themselves."

We could never complete this chapter if we were to relate the innumerable acts of courage, but I cannot do less than to mention one which I saw with my own eyes. The Maria Teresa had already been abandoned, the flames mounting up to the height of the funnels, and projectiles exploding on all sides, and when everybody thought that no living soul was left on the ship, suddenly a man appeared there calling for help. Instantly Jose Casado cried, "I will not let that man die!" and threw himself into the water. He climbed up the blood-stained sides of the ship, seized the man, carried him down on his shoulders and, swimming with him to the shore, laid

his burden on the beach. It was hardly possible to believe that that shapeless form was a man with fourteen wounds, who must have been left aboard as dead.

CLOSING INCIDENTS. XXVII.

THE destruction of the Spanish fleet naturally meant the inability of Spain to provision its starving army in Cuba, and therefore meant that the end of the war was in sight. The army quickly took this view of the matter, and shore operations were conducted so rapidly with the aid of the Navy—so far as General Shafter could induce Admiral Sampson to assist him—that within two weeks Santiago had surrendered and the Spanish government was beginning negotiations for peace.

Commodore Schley spent his time between the harbor front of Santiago and Guantanamo bay. The four weeks we were there were long and tedious, although there were several incidents that broke their monotony somewhat. On the night of July 4th the Massachusetts, the crew of which was very much disgusted because of their failure to be in the fight, got

into a little scrap of their own, from which they emerged most successfully. It seems that the Spanish in Santiago, taking pattern by our attempt to sink the Merrimac and blockade their fleet, decided that they would sink the Reina Mercedes, an old and dilapidated cruiser which had been their principal naval defense around the southern coast of Cuba for many years. Stripping her of all her important armament and the then, of course, very scarce provisions, an engineer's crew and her captain started to sink her in the narrow neck of the channel. Hardly had her nose projected from behind the green hills when the Massachusetts saw her and in an instant the searchlights were turned full upon her, for it was dusk. Then the Massachusetts, assisted by the Texas, opened fire at once. Because of the short time that they knew they would have in which to sink her, both ships used their great guns, the Massachusetts her thirteen-inch and the Texas her twelve-inch. Marvelous though the shooting of the 3d of July had been, this was more so. The ships were fully three miles away from their target, and yet the very first shell fired from

the Massachusetts went crashing clean through her. The Texas followed with a twelve-inch and the Massachusetts kept up a fusilade with an eight-inch. The officers and crew of the Spanish ship were so startled by the promptness and precision of this reception, that they immediately jumped overboard, leaving the cruiser to take care of itself, and she performed just about the same feat as the Merrimac before her had, running up on the shoal by the side of the harbor and not obstructing the channel at all.

An incident of some importance was the filing of the reports to the government by the various officers of the squadrons and ships. Commodore Schley prepared his report and on the 8th of July took it to Admiral Sampson. In this report he detailed the fact that he had seen the Texas, the Iowa, and the Oregon, and of course his own ship, the Brooklyn, but "the dense smoke of the combat shut out from my view the Indiana, and the Gloucester; but as these vessels were closer to the flagship no doubt their part in the conflict was under your immediate observation."

Commodore Schley returned to the Brooklyn again, and a little later, after Admiral Sampson had evidently read the report, there came over a wig-wag message for the Commodore to report aboard the New York. Rear-Admiral Sampson handed him back his report with the statement that he was the Commander-in-Chief, and that Commodore Schley's report was slighting him in not mentioning that the New York was present during the fight. Commodore Schley said to him: "I have no objection to putting the New York in. The victory is big enough for us all, and I'll take it back and write it over again." And then this big-hearted man brought back his report aboard the Brooklyn and re-wrote it, addressing it to the Commander-in-Chief and using the words "your command" all through it and speaking in complimentary terms of the arrival of the New York.

On the afternoon of the 8th we went with the Brooklyn to the westward and examined each of the wrecks except that of the Colon. The fires aboard of them had burned out and we went aboard the Viscaya and the Maria Teresa. They were pitiful sights, these huge

ships, their hulls burned a dirty brown in the intense heat, and their interiors a mass of wreckage. Commodore Schley stood on the deck, or what was left of the deck, of the Maria Teresa and shook his head sadly as he said, "Oh, the pity of it."

Two days later a boat's crew, with diving apparatus, was sent from the Brooklyn to examine the Infanta Maria Teresa, the flagship of Admiral Cervera. Among the terrible wreckage made by the big guns and the exploded magazines they found a standard compass, by which the ship was steered and which had tumbled down with the bridge. It was heavy, but they brought it over and, by permission of Captain Cook, presented it to Commodore Schley.

It was a curious sight to see these seamen, bubbling over with affection for the Commodore, shuffle onto the quarter-deck where Commodore Schley was reading. One man represented the entire crew. Two others followed, carrying the compass. They stepped close to the Commodore and then the spokesman, in a stammering way, said: "Sir, the crew would like to make you a present."

Schley was on his feet in an instant, his glasses in his hand and his paper on the deck. The spokesman hesitated.

"'Well, my men," said the Commodore, with an encouraging smile, and the spokesman, hitching at his trousers, continued: "'We found this compass on the Spanish Admiral's ship, and we thought as how we would like to give it to you to remember how you whipped them."

"I am much obliged to you," said the Commodore, with a tremor in his voice, "but the great credit of that victory belongs to you boys —the men behind the guns. Without you no laurels would come to our country. Thank you."

There were three hearty cheers from the men, and then Gunner's-Mate Donnelly touched his cap and blurted out, "'We hope, sir, as how you'll steer a straighter course than the other fellow who owned it," and there was another approving cheer as the men dispersed.

With his eye bejeweled with a tear, the Commodore said, as he turned away, "'I'd rather have a thing like this than the adulation of my entire country."

On Monday the 11th of July, in order to convince the enemy in Santiago that they were entirely surrounded by the army ashore and the navy afloat and that our great guns could reach them, we began a very unique and curious sort of bombardment. Santiago city lay six miles back of the harbor neck and about four and one-half miles from any straight line drawn from the coast. The fleet had to keep out from the shore line fully a mile to a mile and a half to avoid the shallows, and so, to fire into Santiago city meant in the first place to throw the immense shells over hills 210 feet high and a distance of about six miles at a hidden city. The army placed a man with a wig-wag flag and strong glasses on the high hill commanding the city, with orders to keep us informed of the fall of our shells. Again the Commander-in-Chief was absent and Commodore Schley took charge. The Indiana, the Texas, and the Brooklyn moved down to a point about two miles east of the harbor entrance, to a point which they believed to be almost on a straight line with the city. Throwing some of their heavy guns over to port so as to give the ships a list and elevate

the starboard guns a little more, they began to fire slowly. The first few shots did not go into the city, but with the aid of the signal man the range was very soon obtained and for a couple of hours, this fleet, out of sight of the citizens of Santiago, dropped shells almost exactly where they pleased in this hidden city.

The report of the effect of these shells is interesting, and it here follows:

"Twelve houses were completely wrecked inside and one house was burned. Sixteen eight-inch shells struck within three blocks on the Calla De Mariana. These excavated the ground to a depth of about four feet and to a length of about ten feet. The street was macadamized. It is judged from the fact that many of them struck near the water's edge that a number of the shells must have gone into the water. Army officers have stated that thirty or forty went beyond the northern edge of the bay into the Spanish lines.

"A dozen or more of the shells had not exploded. In four of them the base had been simply blown out. In one case a four-inch shell, which was probably a stray shell fired during the demonstration at Aguadores on July

1st, had gone through a tree and had exploded in the ground beyond. When the severe effect of the eight-inch shell is considered, it is a matter for congratulation that it was not necessary to continue the bombardment longer and fire thirteen-inch shells, as the squadron had prepared to do. The effect of these latter would undoubtedly have been of a most disastrous character to the town."

The same operation was continued on Tuesday, the 11th, by the New York and the Brooklyn, and on the 14th, the city surrendered. The remainder of the time, up to the 14th of August, when we were ordered home, was spent in patroling and visiting the earthworks ashore and the city, and in patching up the ship preparatory to our return home.

The return of Hobson was made an occasion for rejoicing by the fleet. Preparations were made for the sending of a squadron to the coast of Spain under Commodore Watson, and this occasioned some little excitement, but its abandonment came almost simultaneously with the announcement, so it was but a ripple.

The departure of the Texas on the 26th for home, the first one of the ships to be

detached, woke everybody to a state of great enthusiasm, and as she left in the evening, each ship cheered her.

In the meantime came the news of the signing of the peace protocol, and on Sunday morning, the 14th of August, we started for home as a squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Sampson.

What a happy crowd we were, to be sure; and the happiest among us was Commodore Schley. Many a man on these ships had no hearthstone of his own to come to, but the fact that we were coming back to our own country, to the United States, was joy enough The man who had won the fight at Santiago was one of these.

Since Schley had entered the Navy in 1856 he has been practically homeless so far as permanent domicile is concerned. Always a sea fighter, always seeking and securing assignments for active duty on shipboard rather than soft billets ashore, as is natural with a man who has served his country for forty-five continuous years, in which he has had to risk his life many times, Admiral Schley has had little time for home building. And

yet the hero of the battle of Santiago is as dear a lover of home and family as any citizen of these United States who, by continual residence in one settled place, has been able to surround himself with the luxuries and comforts which make a home.

It might be said that Admiral Schley's home has been the quarter-deck or the cabin of a United States warship. But that is not true. He has doubtless enjoyed his long cruises, and he is a man who enjoys, if he does not court, danger, and he is a lover of activity. But withal, he loves such home life as in the brief periods ashore he has been able to enjoy, and his devotion to his wife, his two sons, and his daughter, is as deep seated as are the many other traits of his character so admired by the American people.

Now upon the retired list of the Navy, having completed a service of great credit, even of renown, he will undoubtedly devote himself to the completion of a home in which to spend the remainder of his honored days, that will be as much of a pleasure and treasure to him as has been the gradual gathering of

home furnishings which he has been carrying out for years.

Every man, whatever his condition of life may be, has a pet theory, no matter how nebulous, of what his ideal home should be; and perhaps the more active the life a man leads, the more he dreams of and pictures that home and home life which are to be his when the battle and strife are over. Ever in the midst of the strenuous life of active service he has led, Admiral Schley has been gathering material for a home, and when he once sits down, surrounded by his *lares* and *penates*, there will be few more delightful homes, or more cordial hosts than will be found there.

I have seen him in the darkness of the night on the bridge of his warship, straining his eyes for the expected torpedo attack, which, if successful, would in all probability mean no consummation of the dream of home to him. I have stood by his side in the heat of battle, when among excited men he was the cool one, and wondered whether he was giving a thought to those at his fireside in the states. And then I have seen him in his cabin, carefully laying

aside this little memento, or that little treasure, to send home to his wife or his children, for the adornment of what—why, naturally, their home.

For six months his home was the little cabin of the cruiser Brooklyn, and his daily promenade, the quarter-deck of that ship. Every one knows of his heroism, his devotion to his country, and his splendid qualities of leadership as displayed from that steel home on the sea. Perhaps it would interest those who know of, or who have seen, the ship's cabin in peace time, with its beautiful mahogany trimmings, the elaborate rugs and hangings, to know just how this temporary home of Admiral Schley looked. The mahogany lining and decorations were ripped out, and, in their place were the lead-colored bulwarks of steel plate. The rugs and the portieres were gone. The little silk curtains from the portholes were missing, and in their places were rope nettings to keep the splinters from flying, and steel covers to keep shells from entering. The only bit of furniture left in the big cabin was the round table and a couple of chairs. The breeches of two big five-inch guns swung into this room, and, in the

little apartment adjoining, sometimes used as a sort of second drawing room, the breeches of two six-pounders rested. And when a battle call was sounded, bare footed, shirtless men would stream into the cabins and take possession of these guns, the ammunition carriages would roll in the heavy shells and ammunition cases, and the Admiral's home would be converted into a veritable pandemonium. Just off one side of this general reception room, which in times of peace is undoubtedly very attractive and pretty, was the one little spot which had some semblance of the real home. Here was the little brass bedstead, with snowy white linen and coverlid, a skin rug on the floor, a cheval glass and dresser in mahogany, and, separated from this room by an attractive portiere, a perfectly appointed little bathroom.

Beside the bed in the Admiral's private cabin stood a tiny table, and here and on the dresser and walls were the souvenirs of his home and family; photographs of his wife and children, of his daughter's country place in Connecticut, where they had all spent so many delightful hours; a few choice books, for the

Admiral is a constant reader and a fine linguist, so that literature of various countries was continually at hand, and a few little treasures such as are always deemed necessary to man's comfort and happiness by the women who love him.

It was in the big cabin that the Admiral dined, and, here in solitary state, with the grim implements of war surrounding him, and alone, as naval etiquette demands, unless some officers from another ship and of equal rank should come aboard, his personal servants waited upon him.

We arrived in New York harbor on the morning of the 20th of August. Nobody can fail to remember the magnificent welcome accorded to the fleet on that day, or the fact that Commodore Schley, as his ship came up the Narrows, received word that an at least temporarily grateful government had promoted him to the rank of rear admiral. Two-thirds nearly of all the ships and excursion boats that gathered to meet the fleet made their object of interest the cruiser Brooklyn and Rear-Admiral Schley, and it was evident then, as it is now, although the sentiment has continued

to grow, that the great public had marked him as an American naval hero.

Commodore Schley had been surprised as the Brooklyn passed the Texas, to hear a rear admiral's salute fired, but when he got a little beyond and a press boat threw aboard a notification of his promotion, he was as joyous as a child. Of his reception ashore, of his triumph on the day of the Dewey celebration—a triumph second only to Dewey's own reception—and of his continual growth in the affections of the American people and their admiration for his courage in battle and graciousness under criticism, every good American knows. The failure of innuendo, of jealous criticism, and of bureaucratic partiality is evidenced by the fact that despite the trial through which he has been he has emerged unscathed, receiving from that other great sea warrior and American hero, Admiral George Dewey, the following beautiful tribute to the closing work of his career, the successful campaign off southern Cuba.

Admiral Dewey says:

"In my opinion the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the Flying Squad-

ron with all possible dispatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers. The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective.

"Commodore Schley, in permitting the steamer Adula to enter the harbor of Cienfuegos, expected to gain information concerning the Spanish squadron from her when she came out.

"The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about twenty-two miles south of Santiago was made with as much dispatch as was possible while keeping the squadron a unit. The blockade of Santiago was effective.

"Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape. He was in absolute command and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

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